MEMORIES

KATHARINE TYNAN

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BY

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CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

It was on a day in 1874, a cold Spring day, I fancy, with perhaps snow on the ground, for there was a cold glimmer on the marble mantelpiece and in the mirror above it, of the room where we sat in front of a blazing fire that I first heard of Mr Parnell in politics. His name would have been known to my father and mother who were Wicklow people. A. M. Sullivan, a well-known public man of that day was speaking, and I, a child, was of the circle and listening with an absorbed interest. A. M. Sullivan was over from London and full of London stories. There had been the great Tory *débâcle* when Lord Beaconsfield was turned out of office. "This year," he said, as the results began to come in, "I shall see the roses blow at Hughenden":— and as the full magnitude of the disaster was borne in on him he said to a sympathiser: "There has been nothing like it since Overend and Gurney,"— referring to a great bank-smash still fresh in men's minds.

Of that conversation but two memories survive. The first I have just told. The second is of the young Wicklow Squire who had stood for County Dublin as a Home-Ruler and at his first meeting in the Rotunda had been so overcome by shyness that he had not been able to utter a word.

His joining the Home Rule party was a matter of particular interest, since he was the grandson, or great-grandson of Sir John Parnell, "The Incorruptible," who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer

in Grattan's Parliament and had voted against the Union.

A. M. Sullivan described him for us, handsome, tall and slender, brown-eyed, gentle, with an air of great refinement, a distinguished bearing. He was a notable recruit to the Home Rule Movement though there was nothing very wonderful in his adherence, since Isaac Butt's Home Rulers were largely composed of the best and most patriotic of the Irish and Anglo-Irish gentry.

I wonder if he seemed negligible in his diffidence to the audience before which he had broken down! He had touched the imagination of certain people like A. M. Sullivan and my father, but none could have foreseen that within half-a-dozen years Parnell would have "taken off his coat" to clear away the things that lay between him and what he saw as Ireland's destiny.

Session after Session Isaac Butt and his party of high-minded gentlemen had brought forward their Home-Rule Bill in the House of Commons to have it received with something like derision and hung up for that Session of the House. Looking back one marvels at how easily and how often England could have treated with Ireland and the opportunity was allowed to slip. When Parnell took off his coat this party of his peers was to go by the board, swept away in the fierce rush and turmoil of the Land League Movement. None could have guessed what was coming, except perhaps the carman who drove him from Rathdrum Station to Avondale after the declaration of the poll which left him badly defeated. "That's a regular divil of a man," he said. "He talked about nothin' the whole way but fightin' them agin an' batin' thim, an' he lookin' rale wild and fierce."

He had grown up like any other young gentleman of his class. He had been at Cambridge and had been sent down for some breach of the rules.

He had captained the Rathdrum cricket-team; he had been what Squires usually are, a magistrate, a churchwarden, a landlord of course, a farmer, a breeder of prize cattle—always with dreams in his head of the gold and treasure that lay in the Wicklow mountains. He dropped a good deal of money over those dreams. The story was that whenever he showed signs of closing down the mines they were "salted" by someone interested in keeping them going.

His genesis as a patriot—well! There was Sir John Parnell, of course. There was the American mother, who had filled her Dublin house with refugee Fenians in '67. Except in that he derived from her I doubt that she influenced him very much. In old age she was a flamboyant person, very American, obviously "a handful," who must have been a trial to her grave and dignified son.

His real genesis lay where the genesis of many of the Anglo-Irish rebels and patriots lay, in the talk of the servants, the people in the cottages, wayfaring men, old people with immensely long memories. The relations between the Anglo-Irish Protestant gentry and their servants was a very strange one. What the Irish Catholics called "the black" Protestantism of the Anglo-Irish gentry was in abeyance when it came to their Irish Catholic servants. There was very often a most tender attachment between them. The children of the Normans had been fostered by Irish mothers and not all the Poynings' Acts ever imagined could sever that soft and milky bond. The relationship persisted with the "new" gentry who were the result of various plantations; so that people to whom the name of priest was anathema, and "the Chapel"—they would not concede it the name of Church—was the House of Rimmon, yet gave their children to Irish nurses, and in their most impressionable years, smiled upon the warm ties of affection between them and

the people in the kitchen, the gate-lodge and the cabins outside.

Many an inexplicable conversion to Irish nationalism can be explained in this way. Many a rebel has been snatched out of the Unionist fold. It is perhaps at the root of the extravagant affection of the Anglo-Irish for the people from whom they are so widely separated by race, religion and political opinion. The Celtic-Irish can look on the Irish with a sane and even a critical eye. With the Anglo-Irish the criticism, the jealous dislike of the Colonist, is for England, the idealising affection for the people they look upon as irresponsible children, without the sterner instincts, yet whom they needs must love. Mr Parnell got his rebelly opinions from old Hugh Gaffney who lived in the gate-lodge at Avondale. The old man remembered the Rebellion of 1798. He used to tell how a rebel named Byrne (who was probably a collateral of my own) had been flogged from the Mill to the old sentry-box in Rathdrum and back again by order of a savage named Colonel Yeo. This agreeable gentleman had ordered the lashes to be given on the front of the body instead of the back. The unfortunate's bowels at last protruded as he ran stumbling and shrieking: "Colonel Yeo! Colonel Yeo! The Lord deliver me from Colonel Yeo!" without any abatement of the hideous punishment till he fell over in a heap and died.

That tale was the genesis of Charles Stewart Parnell as a rebel. One can see him in the dim room, slim and elegant, his brown eyes burning and brooding, as he listened to this and other dreadful stories.

I sometimes think that Parnell was rather a great rebel against England than a great patriot for Ireland. It would be quite in keeping with the Anglo-Irish blood and character as one knows it. We Irish, before the late calamitous days came to humiliate us, suffered from a strange national vanity, at least

officially. Perhaps it was our way of obtaining a hearing, being a small and moderately successful people tacked on to a very prosperous people. Perhaps we liked the dope that made us believe ourselves a nation of saints and heroes when we only *possessed* saints and heroes, and as for the rest of us, like all the rest of the world, we were just mixed. I know we used to admire and praise each other often without sincerity, feeling that we praised ourselves. But I think there was none who insisted so much on the virtues and graces of the Irish as the Anglo-Irish, especially if they lived out of the country, with perhaps a memory of the soft bosoms and the soft eyes and the soft coaxing voices of their childhood.

Parnell, it seems to me, was the only Irish leader of my time fit to treat with England as an equal in every way. If England had treated with him fairly and squarely, if Ireland had not broken and thrown him away, how different must have been the history of the last dozen years!

Parnell came into politics—to the huge scandal of his peers, on the Land Movement of Michael Davitt. There was then, I believe—I am far away from my books—a little group of Irishmen battling in the House of Commons; Biggar, and a few others, not much larger than that party of four, of which Lord Randolph Churchill was one, which fluttered the Tory dovecotes and perhaps the Whig, somewhat earlier with their policy of obstruction.

The people had been apathetic. There had been a succession of beautiful dry summers and the Irish farmers—who are much of a determining force in Irish politics by reason of their number rather than their quality—had prospered and had no stomach for anything that could disturb the prosperous time. But the people on the Western seaboard of Ireland and in the North Western corner were always on the edge of a famine, always striving to wring a harvest out of land that grew only stones and moss, never

being able to do more than live barely in the most propitious circumstances. The cycle of fine summers ended with 1877. A couple of wet years brought the famine and Michael Davitt, the son of an evicted tenant, who had served his term in Portland for his Fenianism and had just been released, joined other men of his kind and the Land League was formed.

Mr Parnell had been taking the opinion of the old Fenians upon what his course in politics should be:

"Do you think the question of the land would rouse them?" he asked Charles Kickham, the gentle old Fenian.

"I'm only afraid they'd go to Hell for it," was the reply.

The Land League could have had little natural appeal for Mr Parnell. But there lay the Land Question, as it had lain for generations, right in the path of all the idealistic movements, something heavy and immovable. The idealists had walked round it and over it, looking askance at it, but some time it had to be faced and got out of the way. For a long time Agrarianism has been the household enemy of the Irish idealist. It is the savage desire for the solid land of the men who have snatched it from a shifting world of bog, under skies perpetually flooding the unkindly land. A million cruelties have been committed for the sake of the land. Even yet the methods of Agrarianism are a menace to any kind of Law and Order. Perhaps land is so precious to a country the whole middle of which is bog and water.

But there were crying evils to be remedied. Even in these latter days, after many Land Acts, the misery of life on these small bogland and mountain farms is only endurable because man there does not know what it is to stand upright. He has no idea how miserable is his lot, how different the lots of other men, for he has no means of contrasting them. They are stoics, men and women. Mired to the knees; dragging a weight of earth on

a pair of soldier's high boots that have not been cleaned since they left their original owners; wet through her rags to the skin, I have seen the wife of a small farmer in the West of Ireland as she trudged after the few cattle, that as like as not would perish from murrain because of the incessant cold, soaking wet and damp. Her husband would be more uncouth and as miserable.

That people should live so and pay rent for the land that causes them such misery, is a crying shame. Poor creatures! the land has become their Frankenstein monster, the land they created out of incredible, inhuman labour. It possesses them: it presses them to the earth: it shuts out all hope and joy for them: it is the most unrelenting, the most savage of tyrants.

I said once to Sir David Harrel, who has held many offices in Ireland and was equipped for the highest, that I disliked the Land League Movement.

He said:

"Well—I don't know. There were great wrongs." Then he began to remember.

"I recollect," he said, "when I was a young police-officer in Tyrone, that some very bad cases of injustice by landlords to their tenants came to my knowledge. There was one in which a land agent cleared a country-side to make himself a park. There was another of a family who had lived in the same farmhouse for two hundred years. They had made it and the land beautiful and smiling; but, as she drove by the road, it drew the eyes of a cast-off mistress of the landlord, and she coveted it. To please her the man and his family were cast out on the roadside, and she took possession of all they and their forebears had created.

"When I heard these things my heart burned within me, and I sat down and wrote the whole story to Mr Gladstone, but since I did not dare sign it in my own name, I signed it in the name of my son, Alfred Harrel, then an infant of eighteen months old."

(I smile over that disguise of a big and simple-hearted man.)

"Six months later," he went on, "Mr Gladstone introduced his first Irish Land Bill in the House of Commons."

"The worst enemies of the Irish landlords," said a man who was himself a land-agent, "were their own agents and their own bailiffs."

I can see now the drawing-room of a West of Ireland mansion, the time is after lunch, and the noble owner, by way of entertaining us is pointing at the features of the view from his windows.

"There," he said, and laughed, "there used to be a big straggling village. Of course it spoilt the view; and so my grandfather, who was a great man for a view, turned the people out and razed the village to the ground."

Well, that was what Mr Parnell was up against. Perhaps the Irish Land Question will never be really settled till people are given some other way of living than farming land which is only stones and bog, where the slimy water-weeds come up under your feet even in a hard-beaten gravelled road and squish over your shoes.

So Mr Parnell took off his coat and went into the Land League with Michael Davitt, for the sake of the vision he saw beyond it of the Promised Land, which he was never to realise nor to enter.

The Movement was foreign to all his traditions, for there was nothing of the natural democrat about him. More than any other man I have seen or known he was the natural aristocrat, taking little or nothing from his American mother. I should say that he was proud as Lucifer, the Star of the Morning, though he was always singularly gentle. He had a very beautiful and inspiring voice. Altogether his personality was of the finest and most distinguished.

As an old Parnellite I have smiled at my friend,

Lennox Robinson's play "The Lost Leader," without abating anything of my admiration and affection for the author. It was only that he was too young to have known Mr Parnell. The idea that there could be any possible confusion between Mr Parnell and Mr Lennox Robinson's old visionary could not have been possible to anyone who had known Parnell. You could no more have disguised Parnell in a peasant or a bourgeois than you could have disguised the Morning Star in a rushlight candle.

While his party gathered about him he made little effort, I think, to secure men congenial to his mind. As time passed he did make personal choice of a few men: John Redmond came to him from a clerkship in the House of Commons and was followed by Willie Redmond. The story went that Willie telegraphed to John on the first announcement of John's intention to go up for Parliament as a follower of Mr Parnell,—"For God's sake do not disgrace your family." However, Willie came in in time, was the youngest member of the House of Commons and won the affection of Mr Parnell, who seems to have loved a boy, as well as general affection. There was James Carew, young and debonair. I do not know when "the Stripling," Henry Harrison, joined the Party, but I think it was much later.

He had others he could depend upon. Edmund Leamy, the black-haired, blue-eyed solicitor from Waterford, who, despite that unpromising and unlikely collocation, was an orator, a poet and an idealist. There was Richard Power, also from Waterford, and Colonel Nolan from Galway, a nephew of Nolan of the Charge of the Light Brigade. There was Dr Kenny, his medical attendant, and there were others—all men to his mind, whom he could trust.

The Party certainly contained some very remarkable talents and personalities. Michael Davitt was, as a democratic leader, not unworthy to stand by

Parnell. Mr John Dillon had an impressive personality. Mr Healy's ability is well known. Mr Sexton, coming out of a Dublin newspaper office, had such a gift of exact and precise oratory that it was said he was the only speaker in the House of Commons whom the Press could report verbatim. There was also Mr Frank Hugh O'Donnell, a brilliant but erratic person, who was reported to be something of a thorn in Mr Parnell's side. There was Biggar, also a great character, and Mr James O'Kelly, who had filibustered in many of the wild places of the globe, and there was Mr T. P. O'Connor.

I do not think that Mr Parnell set out to collect these Talents. I think he drew a few young men to his side, not knowing how he was going to have need of them. For the rest he let the constituencies choose. Only once did he try to force his choice on a constituency—that was when he ran Captain O'Shea for Galway and was defeated. It was the chink in the armour, and it laid him open in the most vital part to his worst enemies.

I do not know why he should have had bitter enemies for he was immensely tolerant even of people and things he did not like. His natural lonely aloofness might have passed for haughtiness with the thin-skinned. He may have had occasion to put someone back in his place, and may have done it with a definiteness consistent with his extreme gentleness. I think myself that apart from those personal likings of his he counted his men too much as votes, and he had no intention of being a *roi fainéant*. Therefore he did not seek for men who would have stood by him when the day of trial came. Doubtless he was wise in rejecting such an one as Wilfred Blunt, who would have gone off at some tangent of his own: but he could have had a wide choice of all manner of men if he had chosen. He did not choose.

Personally, I knew nothing of Mr Parnell before I joined what was called the Ladies' Land League,

the band of women which, under Mr Parnell's sister, Anna, was formed by Michael Davitt to carry on the work of the League when the League was proclaimed and the men went to prison. Apart from casual glimpses of him, I saw him once at Kilmainham Jail, having accompanied some one who had business with him. I may say that I was an extremely unimportant but highly popular member of the Central Branch. I think gifts were more common in the Ireland of that day than to-day. Perhaps it was the full flowering that came after the Irish Catholics had been allowed to emerge from the century of repression, when their natural capacities that had lain fallow and held rich possibilities found sudden and quick development. Anyhow, apart from Anna Parnell—the other half of her brother's soul,—there were many and unexpected gifts and graces among these young women of the Ladies' Land League.

There was great good-nature too; and when I envied the young woman who was going to see Mr Parnell at Kilmainham Jail on the business of the League, she said simply,—"Come along then!"

We stood in a sort of cage. As far as I can remember it there were three divisions. We were in one and a warder occupied the narrow slit between us and Mr Parnell. I cannot remember a word he said, except when my companion told him that a harmless youth named Hugh Gaffney, the grandson of the old lodge-keeper at Avondale, who used to post letters for us, had been arrested. He said then with a reversion to his mother's Americanism,—"Poor boy! His mother will have chills and fever." His voice made the simplest thing he said beautiful and memorable.

The Ladies' Land League had been getting very rapidly through the money subscribed by the Irish Americans, themselves children of evicted tenants. I believe Mr Parnell never liked the organisation: indeed in the end he closed it down, refused to sign

cheques and generally made the continuance of its work impossible. The sad thing was that his action broke off relations between him and the sister who, as I have said, was the other half of his soul.

In my volume of Reminiscences, *Twenty-five Years*, I have said all I had to say about Miss Parnell, who died as lonely as she had lived, being found drowned off the coast of Cornwall where she had been living under an assumed name, painting pictures as an occupation. She had a real artistic gift.

Mr Parnell had, even in the days of the Ladies' Land League, begun to be mysterious. He was not always to be found when he was wanted. Walking along Whitehall one night in February 1883, with Timothy Harrington, having listened to a debate in the House, a cloaked and hooded figure went by us in the darkness. "Do you know who that was?" Timothy Harrington asked. "No." "It was Mr Parnell."

I can remember a day when, looking very shabby, he came into the offices of the Ladies' Land League. A very pretty young woman, whose husband was one of his most important supporters, and a treasurer of the funds of the League, said:

"Oh, Mr Parnell, it is not fitting that the Leader of the Irish People, the Uncrowned King, should wear an old coat like that. Why, it is positively green with age."

He smiled and went on with the business they had been discussing.

I think it was partly a matter of bad health, the beginning of the succession of illnesses which, no less than his love for Katharine O'Shea, withdrew him greatly from public life in the years covering the rapprochement with the English Liberals and the "Union of Hearts." Those were pleasant, friendly years, when there were so many kindly visits of

Liberals and their ladies to Ireland, so many interchanges of hospitality and opening of hearts, a very fair prospect, and the Irish ready to believe once again in the good faith of their English friends,—but never a sign of Mr Parnell.

Let me hark back to an incident of the early Land League days, when the leaders of the movement used to meet in the Dublin Mansion House once a week. I think it must have been before the League was fully established and offices taken for it.

Mr Parnell was in the chair. The business was in full swing. One of its pleasant functions was to record the royal contributions of the Irish-Americans week by week to the funds, which the Irish newspapers used to describe as "Filling the War-Chest." Trust the old Irish for a military metaphor: they are come to plainer and uglier language in these days.

Mr Parnell got up suddenly and went out of the room very quietly without any explanation to the meeting. Presently he returned and took his place as though nothing had happened.

"I had forgotten to give my dog water," he said: and went on quietly with the business.

His retirement into what we called afterwards "Winter Quarters" was most favourable to the forming of a cabal against him. He had apparently laid aside his executive power. There were murmurings among his followers. I think he was almost forgotten when we were junketing in the Union of Hearts. It was about 1886 when Sir Charles Dilke said in Rosa Mulholland's presence, "He is nothing at all: Healy is the man."

The affair with Mrs O'Shea was very well known for a period covering, I think, several years. I can remember the young woman who had taken me to Kilmainham Jail referring to it jestingly in Miss Parnell's presence, and Miss Parnell's pale Sibylline

smile. Mrs O'Shea had been Parnell's intermediary in his negotiations with the Liberal leaders. She was credited in Ireland with so much fascination that it was believed she could do what she would with even Mr Chamberlain, even Mr Gladstone: I don't think any of those with whom I was associated thought of the affair as anything very serious. To me it was as a vague, a distant rumour. We were taken up with other things. Politics were in abeyance till the Times Commission and the Pigott forgeries brought Mr Parnell to our minds again.

Meanwhile—some time in the later Eighties—I was at the house of the young woman who had taken me to Kilmainham, a house where I had received much pleasant and congenial hospitality. She was a kind, clever, erratic creature, with a somewhat reckless tongue. It was a house where a certain amount of irresponsible statement counted for nothing. You dismissed it from your mind as soon as heard.

To that young lady came, when I was present, a letter from Mr Parnell. It referred to the stories she had been spreading about him and Mrs O'Shea. I can see now the rather dim room with the bright fire and the lamp on the table, the recipient of that letter and some of her sisters grouped about the table. It was a house where there were always books and papers and magazines. I heard the letter read aloud and I sat staring at the one to whom it was written. It was a masterpiece of icy and dignified rebuke. There must have been something rather terrible about it, for I remember wondering how she could live—and laugh: she had laughed a little unsteadily—after receiving such a letter. I wonder what became of it. She burnt it perhaps. It was such a terrible document in its perfect politeness that she might well wish to destroy it.

It was a very Puritanical Ireland of course, some of the Puritanism quite genuine, some not so

genuine. Dublin was not a specially moral city, although family life was very innocent and there was a reserve never broken about such matters as sexual immorality. Mr Biggar and Mr Healy had challenged Mr Parnell in the matter of the Galway Election and a good deal of pent-up bitterness had become apparent. Mr Parnell had made enemies in his own household. It is quite possible that to some his entanglement with a married woman meant simply a vicious connection for the sake of which he was willing to fling Ireland aside. As I recall it, Mrs O'Shea was the one love of his lonely life. She was a neglected wife. To a woman of her character, an ambitious woman who, having done badly enough in her marriage, found a great man passionately in love with her, he must have been irresistible. The *maîtresse femme* in past time at least, had sometimes less ambition to rule herself than to be the power behind the throne, to have a lion at her feet. He was a sick man and he needed a woman's tenderness. The sick man is very apt to fall in love with his nurse: the nurse sometimes falls genuinely in love with her patient: it is the maternal instinct perhaps.

I daresay she gave him what happiness his life had. She was a beautiful, brilliant and dominant woman. Rumour had it that all through Captain O'Shea was aware of the condition of affairs. To give him the Galway seat was to keep him quiet.

That may or may not have been true. But if Parnell had died before the divorce case and the Split and the magnificent fight which only death cut short, I think he would have held a much less assured place in history. That laying down the active direction of affairs during those years of his sickness, his practical abrogation of his position, might well have made people agree with Sir Charles Dilke that the rank and file were greater than the Captain.

There remains yet a Life of Parnell to be written. As yet his mind and heart and his hidden motives

have not been discovered. Barry O'Brien's Life was good so far as it went, but it was too near, too contemporary. His memory suffered the final wrongs from the books that were written about him by his family, especially the book that purported to come from his wife. That reads like the last intolerable betrayal of the lion, but, despite all evidence to the contrary, I disbelieve in the authorship.

The greatness of Parnell is to us to-day an assured greatness. He has not yet taken his place in History, but the Fourth Muse has done her sifting, and he remains. I never knew any man who came in personal touch with Mr Parnell who was not conscious and convinced of his greatness. It was never more fully revealed than in Committee Room 15, and in the tremendous fight he put up in Ireland against the power of the Church and the men who had betrayed him. I saw him at the great moments of that fight and other men were pigmies by him. The fight was against tremendous odds, and he had only a handful with him. For a man of his pride it must have been an intolerable torture, since he was struck at through the woman he loved. Perhaps only a celibate Church could have been so merciless.

It was the real end of the domination of the Catholic Church in politics in Ireland. Many a time I have heard a good and a wise priest lament that the Church broke Parnell. He was the most finely-tempered weapon to Ireland's hand in hundreds of years, and Ireland broke him and flung him away. Therefore is she in the wilderness.

I thought I knew most of the happenings of the days of the Parnell split. I did not know till recently that after the finding of the Divorce Court, when Mr Gladstone had demanded his resignation, Parnell sent four of his followers to ask his price,—the immediate introduction of a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. Gladstone refused with as much roughness as Gladstone was capable of.

This, I believe, is a bit of unwritten history. It did not come to my ears at that time when I was in the movement and we lived, ate and drank the passionate politics of the moment. I remember Mr Parnell's bitter cry in Committee Room 15,—"If you sell me, see that you get my price." I never knew that the cry took definite shape and was acted on by his wish.

The Parnell betrayal is a very bad page in Irish history and it marked the passage of other things besides the political power of the Church. There was a *farouche* virtue in the Ireland of my girlhood which in some of its manifestations was rather a vice. It was certainly very un-Christian. I remember to have told Alice Meynell once with a certain pride—I swallowed shibboleths with great ease in those days—of the punishment that fell upon a girl who "went wrong" in rural Ireland in those days, that even her own parents turned her adrift. She looked before her with the brooding, mournful vision that made her eyes like Dante's. "However deplorable," she said, in her thrilling voice, "it is not a crime: it is natural. Oh, I would never turn a child adrift for that or anything else." It was not the first nor the last revelation she led me to. I know now that that *farouche* virtue was more a crime than a virtue. It was strange that it should have flourished side by side with the institution of the made marriage.

Whatever Parnell suffered he bore greatly and with gentleness. He said of the priests who were his really formidable opponents,—"They were our good friends once and they will be again,"—checking the denunciations of the priests by some of his friends. But when it came to the men who had betrayed him, some of them little in a position to stone any woman or any man,—the human nature came out. That was a time of hot, vehement living when we laughed and were bitter at the same time;

and Mr Parnell's collection of epithets for his opponents, extremely appropriate, in many cases, much exhilarated us.

The tale of those days which proved his greatness, which set at rest for ever that story that he was a *roi fainéant*, who owed his significance to this or that of his followers, or all his followers put together, that he had a ghost who did the work for him, is told in my *Twenty-Five Years*, and I shall not repeat it here. He was invincible against all things but Death; Death was the only enemy that could overthrow him; if death had spared him, the history of these days would have been written very differently.

We were not worthy of him. As Tom Kettle wrote after the welcome to Mr Asquith, organized by Mr Redmond's party in the streets of Dublin a year or two before the War.

> "We, dumb, in the shouting crowd, we thought of him,
> Of him too great for us and our souls and ways,
> Too great for laughter and love, praise or dispraise,
> Of him and the wintry swords and the closing gloom,
> Of him going forth alone to his lonely doom."

That is how an old Parnellite—there are not so many of us left now—thinks on Mr Parnell; and indeed we have cause for bitterness.

THE DEAREST WOMAN—
ALICE MEYNELL

ALICE MEYNELL

She was my friend for nearly forty years. I came to the Meynells in 1884, with an introduction from Father Matthew Russell. I had had an absurd adventure in presenting myself, for I had written half of a letter asking if I might come, had discarded it and re-written it, and finally had sent the half-letter without any signature. Of course I overtook that misadventure very quickly.

It was an early Spring day and I have still a memory of entering the drawing-room at 21 Phillimore Place, which George the Third used to call Dish-clout Terrace, because of the pediments above the doors and windows. There must have been a March sun in the room for I remember it as very bright and cold. There were daffodils everywhere in pitchers and vases. I always associate daffodils with Alice Meynell. Like her they have an upward spring: they are flamelike. She loved the great single daffodils, the trumpeters of Spring. There were peacocks' feathers somewhere: and the walls were terra-cotta: it was a very favourite colour in those days.

There was Wilfred Meynell, young and kind, coming warmly to greet me: and, standing a little apart—she would always stand a little apart—was the woman who looked her poetry more than any poet of whom I am aware. "Smitten with singing," that might have been Francis Thompson's phrase for her. Her poetry had set her apart, consecrated her. She was in a sense heavy with it, as a golden bee is heavy with honey.

She had always a starry look and her expression was the expression of Dante,—a certain noble and austere sadness.

She was surrounded by young children and the children were coming year by year.

I came often after that first visit when I stayed in London from February to May. Regularly I lunched at 21 Phillimore Place, perhaps once a week: at least between my visits there was always another visit to look forward to. I was staying in the North of London. Certain 'bus routes of that time are associated in my mind with happiness. One was the ugly stretch between Camden Road along the Caledonian Road to King's Cross Underground. London was still an adventure to me. I still thought how surprised some of my Dublin friends would be to see me plunging into these dark depths and springing on to the black trains that waited for no one. I used to crane my neck to catch sight of the engine with "Inner Circle" on it, for by that I travelled to Phillimore Place. I had great adventures in those days for a country-mouse, exciting adventures. But I believe the happiest occasions were those days with the Meynells.

I was very much thrilled by the literary atmosphere, the papers and books and pictures, the various things that suggested foreign travel: the names that were spoken, the easy reference to people of thrilling interest. One day when I was there Cardinal Manning came in his little brougham. He came into the room where Alice was lying on a sofa, and I heard her ask his blessing for herself and the child that was coming.

After that visit we corresponded. There never were any hesitations or languors in my friendship with Wilfred and Alice Meynell. I came again in the Winter of 1885-6. Between these visits I was constantly writing, constantly sending flowers from

Ireland, in a happy confidence that they would arrive with some life in them. I began with the first little bunch of snowdrops, primulas and wall-flowers from the sheltered garden where they came about Christmas. I went on through all the flowers of the Spring and Summer, up to the great Madonna lilies like young angels that thronged the beds between the box-borders in July. When I had no garden-flowers I sent field flowers with what I feel now to have been a misplaced confidence, but if they arrived limp and dead I never was told.

Once she wrote: "There was a little flower of ground-ivy in your garland: it brought the fields."

They had been extraordinarily generous to me, giving me admiration as well as love, the admiration so essential to a young writer. *Merry England*, a magazine run by Wilfred Meynell, had housed a good many of my young verses. Somewhere midway of those years Wilfred Meynell took a sheaf of them to Kegan Paul who was then the poets' publisher, and it appeared as "Louise de la Vallière and Other Poems" in 1885. The friendship sweetened those years, but it was not till 1889 that our intimacy grew as intimacy only grows when people are under the same roof. I stayed with the Meynells between May and September of that year, leaving them for occasional visits to other people, but always coming back again with a joyful heart to a joyous welcome.

It was a wonderfully happy Summer. There had always been something worshipping in my love for Alice Meynell. There is that still, mingled with some humility, some doubt of my own deserts to have come so near her. I am proud to know that she loved me, and loved my frank adoration of her. Fortunately I am not tongue-tied where I love and reverence and admire. I am only tongue-tied with people for whom I have no value. Being at least amiable I would respond to anyone who cared, however little we had in common. She knew

my feeling for her. Indeed it was quite outspoken, and my letters must have been full of it. I remember her coming to the door with me after one of those very first visits to Phillimore Place and calling after me as I went down the steps, "Dear Thing! Dear Thing!" I do not know what I had been saying to her. One of the Meynell names for me in those early days was "the fiery-hearted vestal": and that recalls to me the very smell of the little room in Ireland where I received a book so inscribed.

That was a heavenly Summer of 1889. There was not a crumpled rose-leaf in all the months. I came to the beloved friends at a house they had taken temporarily in Linden Gardens while they were building their house at 47 Palace Court. We were all young enough to be building then. I revisited Linden Gardens a couple of years ago and was sorry to have broken the spell that lay over it in my memory. I have many memories of that house in Linden Gardens, though I have forgotten the number even, and when I looked for it in the wintry weather there was no light in the tall, sun-bereft, dreary house-fronts. I remember the big rooms, little cumbered with furniture; brought up in Italy Alice Meynell would always have chosen an austere furnishing. There were many flowers and brass pitchers full of young leaves. There was Venetian glass—I am still fascinated by the memory of the ice-plates—and the dinner-table was as much like a meadow as a dinner-table might be, for it was dotted over with slender glasses full of meadow-flowers and grasses. Alice Meynell had a peculiar love for all the varieties of grass: and I used to send her great swathes from Ireland, shivering grass and the slender brown grass that drips like a fountain, and cocks-foot and meadow-plantain. Nothing came amiss to her that was of the fields.

There were beautiful young children in the

nursery at the top of the house in Linden Gardens. I cannot remember the boys there, but there were two most beautiful little baby girls. One I thought by far the most beautiful child I had ever seen, her hair, with the gold of Venetian glass in it, beginning to ripple from the crown of the little head and falling forward in ripple after ripple about the exquisite face.

I think perhaps the children were not very long there with me. I think they went to Bonchurch with their nurse, Dimpling and Prue, and Monica who was always with her parents; but Monica had to be fetched back from Bonchurch, having wept incessantly from the time of her arrival till her father came to retrieve her. They were most tender parents.

Alice Meynell was beautiful as a mother. If it was possible she would have done everything for her children that a nurse usually does. It was at once humorous and pathetic to see her mending for them. She had the greatest possible sense of the dignity of motherhood. I remember her saying once that she could never be shy about impending motherhood, because she felt it too great and sacred a thing not to be proud of it.

There was in her always much of the immortal child. She moved through the world with wide aloof eyes of wonder. When I looked at her in those moods, while she sat with clasped hands and her great mournful eyes uplifted, I used to remember Wordsworth's

> "Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

She could never be staled to the marvels and miracles of the world about her: yet in a sense she had the look of a lost child in it.

Once I saw it in those early days at Linden Gardens when Wilfred was away for a few days. He was always her dearest friend as well as her

husband, and she leant on him. She was peculiarly lost without his presence.

All sorts of people came to Linden Gardens. One day it fell to me, in some unavoidable absence of Wilfred and Alice, to entertain Sir William and Lady Butler at lunch, when I went through lunch without knowing that Lady Butler was deaf. She must have read my lips, for she seemed to understand and answer all I had to say.

Once came St George Mivart who later was to be the chief actor in a painful business, when his articles on the "Happiness in Hell" brought him into conflict with some of the orthodox. I wonder if we have travelled a long way since then, or whether nowadays any Catholic would receive ecclesiastical censure for believing in happiness in Hell. I very much doubt it.

That question of eternal punishment was one that very much grieved and perplexed Alice Meynell. Perhaps that was why she looked like Dante. It was not, I think, that she believed in it, but rather that the doctrine existed or had existed or that people had believed it or still believed it. Perhaps she did not wholly discard it, though she found it unthinkable, else it would not have troubled her so much. She could not put it aside light-heartedly as a born Catholic might have done, nor was it in her nature to be satisfied by having it explained away as a thing which had one meaning for the vulgar and another for the literate. She was too sincere and simple for that.

This fear and repugnance of hers had been imparted to a great friend of hers and Wilfred's,—an old priest. I think she told me the story and that it went in this way: but I have a curiously dream-like feeling about it all; and if someone assured me that I had only dreamt it I should almost believe it, but not quite. When he was dying he said to her: "If I can come back from the other world and tell

you what it is like I will do that." I think he came to her in a dream and said: "Do not be troubled again: it is all happiness." I believe, indeed I am sure, that she told me this story herself.

We made various expeditions from Linden Gardens in the early summer of that golden year. We went to spend a week-end with the Blunts at Crabbet. I came up from Oxford where I was staying for that week-end, and returned to finish my visit when it was over. It was beautiful weather at Crabbet where we sat on the lawn all that summer Saturday afternoon, our fellow-guests being Mr Percy and Miss Pamela Wyndham from Rogate, and two Brands and the wife of one. They were very pleasant young people indeed and very charming, and they went all too soon, as pleasant people in a big country house are apt to do. The next day, Sunday, when Wilfred suggested that Alice should accompany Lady Anne Blunt and some other visitors on a walk through the woods without him, she was like a frightened child. She all but wept for shyness, and I think it ended in our all going together.

It was on the night of our arrival, that, having left the male members of the party in the dining-room, Lady Anne lit her bedroom candle at a hall-table as we passed out and saying: "I hope you will excuse me as I rise early in the morning," went, leaving us—the other women had departed after dinner,—not knowing where to go to. We had not even discovered the drawing-room as we had sat out-of-doors all the beautiful June afternoon. It ended in our going to bed too, or at least to our bedrooms which adjoined. We must have delayed a little, because as we went sadly round the gallery on our way to bed, we saw Wilfred Blunt settling down for a game of dominoes in the hall below, where we had dined. We had not the courage to return, but we heard afterwards that our disappearance had caused some surprise.

Another day we went to the Herkomer Play at Bushey, and later on there was the sale of Arabs, and the garden party following, at Crabbet, which for so long was one of the events of the London summer, where one met everybody who was anybody.

There was a hunting and sporting gentleman at Crabbet when we paid that first visit who greatly amused and delighted Alice Meynell. She was attracted by the simple masculine. Of course we lived in an atmosphere of horses at Crabbet and the constant discussion of horsey matters greatly delighted her. I can remember her sitting with a face of rapt absorption, as though she heard the music of the spheres or the singing angels, listening to an animated discussion on spavin, ring-bone and seedy-toe. I think seedy-toe gave her most pleasure of all. She loved the sound of it. She was much interested in this sporting gentleman with his riding breeches and horsey talk. There was some strain in her of freedom, of wildness. I think if she could have chosen it would not have been the literary life or literary surroundings. She admired immensely a Byronic person like Wilfred Blunt. Perhaps the Corsair had more than a touch of attraction for her.

She must have been aware of this male visitor as he came in from riding, for I remember her telling me with delight of the many straps he removed from his legs when he had sat down in the hall.

Our best days that Summer were yet to be. They came when I returned from visiting in the country to the new house into which the Meynells had removed before it was dry. It had been a-building all the Summer, and we had spent many hours among the shavings and sawdust, watching the progress of the workmen. Monica, that bonny sprite, was always there, darting hither and thither: she had chosen to spend a London Summer, turning a deaf ear to her mother's praises of sweet Bonchurch, where the other children were having a glorious time.

Monica was often in mischief, turning the workmen's tools, or whatever else she fancied, to her own purposes. One day she came to tell us that one of the men was such a "cross-patch." He had missed a bit of dove-tailing which belonged to the window-frame he was putting in; Monica had taken it for her "candle-stick": she was playing at houses, I suppose.

Alice listened, or seemed to listen to the tale, her head in the stars as usual.

"He said he couldn't bear it," reported Monica, "and I just told him he'd 'ave to bear it."

Alice, more mistily remote for the haze of cigarette-smoke about her head,—she was one of the women to whom smoking is an added grace,—"Oh, Monnie, 'ave'!"

Just that! It was like a later day when Monica reported picturesquely that she had awakened a visitor, who would not rise early, by emptying the water-jug over him in bed.

Alice shook her head sadly. Like Queen Victoria she was not amused.

"No, Mon," she said, "No. *Not* a man with heart-disease."

I made a verse on it which I called

ANY OTHER MAN.

Monnie spilt the water-jug
Over Angelo's sleeping mug.
Mother smiled: No, Monnie, *please*
Not a man with heart-disease.

In the same way she refused to laugh when I came home one day that Summer without Willie Yeats who had gone out with me. "What have you done with the poet?" she asked. "Strayed him at Oxford Circus," I answered and proceeded to tell how I did it. (It was only because Willie talked poetry in and out of season.)

"No, K.T.," she said. "I refuse to laugh. It was too cruel."

But I think inwardly she was amused. She was always amused at pranks, and as it happened she had a very prankish and freakish family. She loved Mrs Inchbald because Mrs Inchbald loved the adventure of a runaway knock. I am sure she was often highly amused behind the solemnity of her looks. She liked to be told that she had a natural streak of rowdiness. It seemed an absurd word taken in conjunction with her. But, cannot a very solemn child be rowdy? I know she liked it when I used "language" though she was quick to assure me that it was only because it was incongruous with me, which I don't altogether accept.

It was always lovely to capture her laughter which was as fresh and unexpected as the sudden song of a bird in a silent time. The piquant thing was that one never was sure of capturing it. There was a considerable element of uncertainty. One might bring her one's best jests, and she respond with—"Ah!" Perhaps she was too far away for the moment to have taken them in.

Incongruities always made her laugh. In later years I arrived at Palace Court one evening for dinner to be met with a general shriek from the bunch of beautiful little girls,—"K.T. dear,—have you any idea about who murdered Miss Camp?"

The spectacle of her children, like Murillo angels, vastly interested in the latest London 'Orror, brought her delightful laughter. Perhaps they did it for that. She never could resist Monica's saying: "I don't care a tuppenny dam!" though she was quick to explain that it was the "tuppenny." She had a very reverent mind and rather took me aback once by saying that the English were a reverent people when I had been remarking on the great Irish oaths and curses, to some of which I had grown up. I did not think of reminding her of the great Tudor oaths,

by God's Eyes and God's Beard, and God's Looks, which were in a sense religious oaths. I did try to point out to her that the Irish oaths went to prove the intimacy of the Irish with sacred names and personages.

I must have gone back to Palace Court from Norfolk some time in August and taken up my abode there in one of the little rooms high up, looking into the tree which had once been a garden tree and was now caught into an arid little space of London dust. Monica used to call that space the backy-garden and go out with a duster occasionally to dust the tree. It must have been her mother stirring in her that thought of the tree, for Alice loved trees as she loved grasses, and was mindful of them all, the unsleeping trees of the London open spaces into which the lamplight looks when daylight is gone; the beautiful, heavy, dark trees of the late Summer; the trees of Spring and Autumn and the no less beautiful stripped trees of the Winter.

Life at Palace Court was still a picnic. The house was in process of furnishing. We had a good many of our meals in restaurants. We had found a very agreeable one in Westbourne Grove, to which we went often. I remember that gamin, Monnie, giving a shy young waiter his tip on top of her minute nose: how she balanced the coin I do not know.

In the wide, low, drawing-room, with its line of latticed windows and its gold Japanese panels round the walls, Alice used to sit smoking a cigarette with dreamy enjoyment, the smoke about her as a mist. People were always coming and going. One brought in all one's friends. Never was there a house where one was more happily at home. When we wanted tea Monnie used to run out for the milk. Once I had been having lunch with a lady who particularly desired the privilege of meeting Alice Meynell.

As we came down Palace Court we met Monnie, bareheaded, carrying the milk in an unmistakable kitchen jug. Alice was a little touchy about that lady. She said she was dowdy with the dowdiness of the day before yesterday, which was the real dowdiness. The farther back you got the less dowdy things became till they ceased to be dowdy and were fresh and charming.

It was nice to catch Alice in a captious mood. She *might* have been too bright and good, but she was not, though it did not take such little things to save her: she was saved by her warm humanity. She was always a little grieved with herself when one reminded her of her captiousness that day.

Monnie was a most delightful child. I was an inveterate gazer at shop-windows in those days,—I am still. In the mornings before the family was visible—we all had our breakfasts in our rooms—I used to take my walks abroad, varying them nicely. One day it was along one side of Oxford Street, down Regent Street, back by the opposite side and home by a bus from Oxford Circus. The next day by the other side of Oxford Street, down Bond Street doing one side thoroughly, into the Burlington Arcade and back to Bond Street, and so home. I expect Willie Yeats had interfered with these perambulations or threatened to, when I strayed him.

Alice loved to hear what I saw in the shop-windows. At that time I could see. Now, alas! I can only pass and see a little bit and depend on younger and stronger eyes to tell me what is there. She was never much at home in shops, though she loved them too. It is only a little while ago that she said plaintively: "I don't know where you get all those bargains, K.T. dear. I tried going to the sales and I only got one pair of stockings at seven shillings. They did not seem very cheap to me."

Monnie was very gay company. Once in the midst of Oxford Street she thought she would like

a game of hide-and-seek, and so darted into one of the big shops and hid under a counter, explaining to the startled assistant that K.T. was coming to look for her. I sought her on that occasion, but the next time I pretended not to miss her, and gazed steadily into a shop-window till she rejoined me crest-fallen. Once, as we went home on top of a bus, a big wagon of mineral-water passed us by. Monnie jumped up and shrieked: "I say, what a jolly lot of bockles you've got!" But she had a disconcerting way of giving a full, true and particular account of the day's doings at the dinner-table. She was not to be recommended as a gooseberry.

Of course she made love indiscriminately to every young man who came to the house. She was an irresistible child. Once in the drawing-room at Palace Court, when some rather austere people were present, Monnie cut into the conversation with,— "Oh, that's quite another pair of . . . " Wilfred said: "You should have said 'boots,' Monnie." Monnie had not said "boots."

These trivial happenings I put down, trying to recreate the atmosphere of that dear long-dead Summer and those delightful days, of which Alice was the centre of happiness. I want people to get a glimpse of her in her intimate human aspect. If any great painter of character, such as Sargent, had painted her,—it is surprising no one did for she was unique and unforgettable—he would have painted her only in one aspect: the little aspects, which she kept for her intimates, he would not have known. She was very woman through and through. Years later she told me that Meredith had written a poem to her beginning:

"Beauty in ruins leaves her yet a trace."

"He did not see that it would hurt K.T.," she said, as we went up the stairs together at Palace Court. "No woman would have liked it."

I quite agreed with her. It was a male *bêtise.*

That bit of opaqueness belonged to the last man who made his finished heroines sixteen years of age. Perhaps he thought that after thirty women accepted their old age. I can remember too the piercing pathos of her voice when she said to me a year or two ago "I am aged now."

She was still beautiful and still stately, because her soul shone through her frail body. Long before she was old, perhaps twenty years ago, she stood in the garden of our house at Ealing. As she looked up, her eyes following the flight of a bird, I suddenly saw her soul. For a moment it was as though there was only that: that she was disembodied. But indeed never did flesh,—very little of that and very transparent—so clothe soul that soul and body were as one.

There used to come into the drawing-room at Palace Court that Summer many people well known in their day, many of them now forgotten. There was Vernon Blackburn for whom Alice had a great affection. I can remember still the happy stir of the Summer evening when he arrived from Italy, bearing gifts. Alice was especially thrilled and delighted with a miniature hat of the Bersaglieri. He was in and out of the house much that Summer. Sometimes as one came down Palace Court one heard him playing the piano. He always went to the piano if he found everyone out. It was the Summer of *The Yeomen of the Guard* and the strains of Gilbert and Sullivan floated through the house pretty constantly. All the intimates came in and waited if the hosts were absent. One very seldom indeed found that drawing-room empty.

Alice had a great liking and admiration for the other women-writers. One of the early events of that Summer had been the very first Women-Writers' Dinner, a delightful function, discontinued since the War. It was quite a piquant novelty then for

women to suffice to themselves. Perhaps now there would be little outside interest in such a function. We were all very fluttered and rather shy. A section of the London Press had been making merry about it, which only shows the immense distance we have travelled since then. Mr Barrie had written an article in the *Scots Observer* headed "On the 30th of May, the Literary Ladies of London of a Dinner."

It was a time when women depended for their pleasures on men, and men were jealous of their prerogative of conferring them. I am sure it was a better time than this.

We were all tremulously interested in each other, very uncertain of procedure, and rather suspicious that the waiters were London journalists in disguise. Amy Levy, who had just written a novel worthy of remembrance, *Reuben Sachs*, and was a poet as well, sat opposite to us, her delicate little Oriental face dreamy amid the cigarette smoke. I believe there were doubts as to the propriety of smoking and a considerable body of opinion against, and the waiters saw to it that we had very little champagne,—perhaps they were London journalists and drank it themselves. The difference of opinion about smoking ended in those smoking who would. Alice expressed no opinion. She smoked as to the manner born; and it was an added charm in her, when many other smoking women smoked for effect.

One of the guests was Graham Tomson, with whose dark beauty, set off by the dress of pale yellow she was wearing, we fell in love; there was Mona Caird who had made a stir by starting a discussion on "Is Marriage a Failure?" in the *Daily Telegraph* that Summer: newspapers then had their silly season, when nothing happened because Parliament was not sitting; and there were others whose names would be quite unfamiliar to this generation.

Was it that night or another,—for I went to

several Women-Writers' Dinners with Alice Meynell, —that it happened to be the night of Derby Day? As we came out of the Criterion, Piccadilly Circus was given over to disreputable revelry and we were glad to escape from it into a hansom. One of the deplorable creatures we used to call cab-runners, who have now happily disappeared from the London streets, had climbed on to the cab, and the policeman was very short with him. I can hear Alice murmuring plaintively—"Ah, don't hurt the poor rough!" while she tried to find some money for him.

Afterwards, as we drove down Regent Street, we met the Salvation Army marching and singing hymns. There was something about,—"I take pleasure in His sadness." At that time it was the natural and inevitable thing to guy the Salvation Army, and it was being guyed from all sides of the crowded Carnival-making street.

"Oh," said Alice Meynell, "I feel that I must get down and walk with them! They, alone, standing for God and the Other World in this terrible scene of worldliness,—the World, the Flesh and the Devil."

I was aware at that time, though she did not tell me, that her dress-allowance, beyond a most meagre portion kept for herself, went to the poor. She was not one for whom that kind of mortification was easy: but it was practised all the same.

All sorts of expeditions we made that good Summer. Once it was to the Docks, standing idle and empty because there was a great Dock Strike that caused wide-spread misery. We were there twice, I think. Once we went with one of the Yeats girls and had a picnic lunch on the s.s. *Clara* of Sligo, which belonged to the Pollexfens of Sligo: Mrs Yeats had been a Pollexfen. We were entertained by the mate, Mr Quinn, a nice, blue-eyed Irish sailor-man. The *Clara* had been held up by the strike. Another time we went down by river-

steamer, and had tea with some blue-and-white nuns in a little convent in a waterside street. These were expeditions Alice loved. Fate had made her a literary woman, but she loved the active and the simple things of life.

When I came back to London nearly four years later to be married, I found the Meynells caught into the literary movement of the time. Those were the poetic 'Nineties. The Bodley Head was discovering new poets every day and issuing them in limited editions. Francis Thompson had risen above the horizon from selling matches and holding horses in the Strand. Every old poet, and any new poet, was held in a startling honour. The illustrators had come or were coming with the poets. Henley had begun it all as far back as 1889 when he gathered the brilliant young into the *Scots*, — afterwards the *National Observer*. The moment was one of admirations. There was a Rhymers Club where the poets read their poetry to each other and afterwards printed it in books—Yeats, Lionel Johnson, Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, Davidson, among them. Aubrey Beardsley had come, and in his train Laurence Housman and the Robinsons; Rackham was just beginning. Every new book was being produced more beautifully than the last. Such a time could only come in the midst of a long peace.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the editorship of Henry Cust, was such a paper as surely never existed before, nor will again. It was financed by the Astor of that day, and Henry Cust was very generous with the finances. He loved poetry and the arts. He gathered about him all the writers who fitted in with his scheme. He himself wrote his leaders, the brilliant audacity of which kept literary London in a delighted exhilaration which could hardly bear the time between one issue and the next. When you saw people in the train reading the *Pall Mall* you knew they were the right sort of people. You watched the delight

growing in their faces, and noticed how they passed on the paper, with a pointing finger at the leader to a companion if they had one. That connoted men and brothers, or women and sisters, moreover, all sworn *Pall Mallites.*

One of the features of the paper was The Wares of Autolycus, under which heading an article appeared every evening contributed by one of six distinguished ladies, of whom Alice Meynell was one. Another feature was the Occ. Poem, which appeared daily. I can remember a time when the *Pall Mall Gazette* and its staff appeared to me as something so wonderful that I resented it when a mere ordinary man told me that he had had drinks at a pub. in Charing Cross Road with George Steevens and others of those supermen. I did not believe him. Yet I was old enough to know better and a married woman at that time. I remember telling Alice Meynell once that I always detested and despised myself of last year. She said: "But, K.T. dear, *how* young!"

The *Pall Mall Gazette* did Literature the service of bringing Alice Meynell back to poetry, and setting her to write her beautiful prose. Writing as she did it was marvellous how willing she was to refrain from it. It was, perhaps, one of her abnegations.

Henley and Henry Cust set her to writing again. Coventry Patmore and Meredith acclaimed her, and Francis Thompson made his poems of and to her. Even apart from Francis Thompson a volume might be made of the poems written to her.

During those years of her greatest triumphs,—it seems the wrong word for her, she would never have been triumphant—she went on in her gentle, withdrawn way, just the same as of old. She visited America and was treated with great honour by the best America afforded; and she always loved America afterwards, especially its women. But she was held up over Christmas, which she had thought to spend at home, in San Francisco. She had not

known that she could not get back once the snows held the Rockies. She had a very lonely soul away from those she loved best; the friends who surrounded her with luxury little knew how she felt. She told me, that on that Christmas Day in San Francisco she had *seen* Wilfred and the children. Her lonely longing had brought them, their disembodied spirits perhaps, from sleep.

During those working years I can see her as she used to sit in that library at Palace Court doing her articles. To read them one would have said that they had been written in silence and recollection. Nothing could have been less true. She never possessed a writing-room of her own, by her own choice I am sure. Her life was full of those unmarked and unspoken renunciations. She worked in the library, a pleasant room, as all the Meynells' rooms were pleasant and full of interest and charm, but it was the common-room of the house and its visitors. She always wrote uncomfortably to my mind, with people talking around her, seated on an uncomfortable chair, just as she had come in, an outdoor garment laid aside, but still wearing her hat. She must have had a great power of abstracting herself, but she often heard something of what passed, for once when someone was talking extravagantly she said—"Dear, do have some sense of the value of words," and relapsed into her Sibylline silence.

One of my happiest memories of her is with a child, her godson, aged five years and an inveterate talker. They sat through a little luncheon-party entirely taken up with each other. He must have done most of the talking, for whenever she talked he said "Listen to me!" She pealed with laughter all through the meal and it was delightful to hear her.

She was an ascetic, delicate creature. She hardly ever ate with appetite. There was a poem of mine she liked because she said it made her feel hungry. I think it must have been one called "The Gardener"

which appeared in the *National Observer*. She used to listen with rapture to my accounts of what I had eaten for breakfast, with a vicarious pleasure in a good meal, and her godson's list of what he had eaten at a birthday party filled her with rapture, in which she could only say; "Not eleven ices, surely, Toby. *Not* eleven! Are you quite sure?"

She had not indeed much to lay down except her loves when she left this world, in which she was so tenderly cherished. No woman ever received a more watchful devotion. Everything was laid at her shrine. Her husband, himself the possessor of a literary gift and style, witty, deft and distinguished, chose to stand in her shadow,—if she cast a shadow. She had a devotion that was worthy of her and she leant on it and was supported by it. I am happy now that it did not come to her to do without it.

I know how unworthy this is to be anything like a true picture of her, but it would be even more unworthy if there were no lines and no shades. People might well ask had she any faults. She was too human a creature, and she would have insisted on her humanity—like St Paul—to be faultless. She had her slight unreasonablenesses, her antipathies, her irritations. They hardly ever appeared because she was a saint. But if she had not been a saint she might have been intellectually intolerant. Sometimes indeed it flashed: for a moment one saw that she *might* have been arrogant if she had not been a saint. Her nature could not endure what she would have called the cheap and trivial, the facile and ready-made, but she had a way of bowing her head after that flash—so momentary that one could hardly be sure of it,—as though she accepted and was humbled. She could not bear Francis Thompson's talking about his "buik" while she bore in silence far heavier trials on her patience from the poor poet.

There were many things she renounced and put away from her. I am sure she would have been

naturally an Imperialist in politics. She had a very proud nature and she was a patriotic Englishwoman, with a due sense of English faults and failings all the same. She very much disliked the use of the word "un-English," as it is used in the sense of national vanity; and "English," as applied to all sorts of things in the sense that being English they are better than the products of any other people, always aroused her scorn. Yet with all her wide outlook, though she felt the lure of foreign speech and frontiers in her blood, I am sure she was ineradicably English. Yet the Imperialist in her was held in check by the Saint. She had learnt to love all poor and oppressed people and peoples. The natural aristocrat in her became democratic. In a way I always found it incongruous in her that she was a Suffragist, when Suffragism was militant. She had suppressed all violence in herself, but somewhere beneath the sanctity haughtiness was held in check. It flashed even to the end.

She had had theories in her prime. Once when hydrophobia was still a terror she thought it right to contribute an article to the *Daily Chronicle* in which she made the statement that if it should fall to her to press the button by which every dog in the world should be destroyed to save one child from hydrophobia, she would do it. I daresay it greatly offended many of the dog-loving people, but they were silent about it, being English. She had always looked on with some wonder, but infinite tolerance, at people's devotion to their dogs. But even she could hardly have known what a dogless world would mean to a great number of people, though if she had she would have written that article all the same, and been prepared to press that button.

The War broke her: she took it terribly to heart, literally to heart, for the agony of grieving set up, or at least hastened the heart-affection from which she died. I don't know if she refused the uplift of

the great moment in 1914. Perhaps being a Sybil as well as a loving woman she foresaw the end. It was a thousand pities if she suffered without that compensation. She could not endure the sacrifice of the young. No one has written more terrible things of the War, in which the tortured rose and white of boyhood became "one wet corruption." With the War her feet were set towards the grave. She never looked back at life again, though she lingered a while.

She still wrote wonderfully. Her mind continued to grow. She wrote poetry in which every line was weighted with thought and demanded a noble response from the reader. Her greatest and most exquisite poetry was written in the War years. She had arrived at the mature perfection of an art which had always been held in reverence by its possessor, to which nothing insincere or easy or trivial had been permitted to draw near.

To me she was the most beautiful woman I have ever known. I am dismayed and grieved that no great painter should have kept that face for posterity. Sargent sketched her and made her more than common tall. It was because she was drawn upward like a flame. I only discovered one day when we passed a mirror, side by side, that we were much of a height. I wonder that Sargent could have refrained from painting her.

> "I think Nature hath broke the mould
> Whence she that shape did take"

wrote the Elizabethan poet. There is not such a face left in the world nor such a voice to match the face. There are hints of her in the *Ring and the Book*, in Caponsacchi's description of Pompilia. Perhaps hers was an Italian rather than an English face.

By the Kindness that gives all good things I saw something of her the last May she was to be on

earth. She had been stealing away into the shadows for a long time, but, as often happens with the dying, she had come back. Her light had never shone so brightly. She was all tenderness and love, but Heaven already lay about her and where she was was holy ground. She was very frail, but shining, when last I saw her and went back again and again to say good-bye, knowing I should not see her again in this world.

At Cologne I woke up in the dark hours of an early November morning from a dream of her, and remembered how I had said at that moment of parting when one stretches out to a meeting which may never come, "I will bring you a jolly big bottle of Eau de Cologne when I come back." Someone was going to England and I resolved that she should not wait for her Eau de Cologne till I came. I sent someone to buy the biggest bottle that could be carried. My messenger brought back a paper with the news of her death. I had not even known she was in her last illness.

"This is not tragic: I am happy," she said, almost at the last. It was her final message to those left behind. One says to her as Cowley to Crashaw in Heaven:

> "Thou need'st not make new songs but sing the old."

"Deepest love and profoundest veneration," that was her sister's tribute to her. One pauses upon that. There is nothing more to be said.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND—
LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN

I CANNOT pretend to give anything like a portrait of Lord Russell of Killowen, but

"The years like great white oxen tread the world"

and the hoofs of the War years have stamped into mud and dust many a memory that else must have remained or might have remained. Lord Russell of Killowen, who died Lord Chief Justice of England, was a man of big personality and one who loved and sought justice. I met with him not very many times, but for a great number of years I was in constant association with members of his family: I heard him constantly talked of by his friends; and his biographer, Richard Barry O'Brien, was my dear and valued friend, so that I have some claim to write of him something that may make my readers turn back and remember him.

His was a four-square personality. He feared no man; he feared God, but not in the sense of being afraid of Him. He was indeed a good servant of God and of the Right, stern and uncompromising where questions of truth and justice were concerned, admirable in his domestic life, a man of the world, yet one who must have stood well with the other world.

Personally I was rather afraid of him. He had that rapid, dominant way with him which made me, at least, wriggle under his piercing gaze, and I dare say many others of my calibre. He was generally accounted an overbearing man, and his conduct of some of the cases in which he figured as an advocate, notably the Langworthy case and what was known as the Pearl case, provoked a good deal of hostile criticism in those days. He was not a sensitive,

though he was a kindly, man. The North of Ireland had its share in making him what he was, brusque, intolerant, domineering, overbearing, but all in the way of a very big man, a benevolent despot who was not in the least conscious of tyranny. He provoked a good deal of dislike in his life from those whose susceptibilities he had trodden upon unawares, but none ever said that he pushed anyone out of his way for his own purposes. He was uniformly a successful, immensely competent man, without any doubts as to himself or the course he was to pursue in any of his transactions. Such men are apt to be intolerant in the face of opposition, to call it presumption, to put it down with a strong hand, never doubting their own rightness. He was a giant, and a North of Ireland giant. A giant in his progress is not always aware of little things scattered before his feet.

Consciously I am sure he would not have hurt anyone. He sometimes hurt people in the cause of Justice, and possibly he may have thought that justice was affronted in him.

There are two things I like to remember about him. One was this illuminating scrap from a contribution of one of his daughters to Barry O'Brien's *Life*.

"My first memory of my father is of a curly head upon the nursery floor."

Well, that is worth many pages of biography. It reveals Charles Russell as he was in one aspect of him, a tender father, a devoted husband, a man without blame in the domestic relations.

The other is of Barry O'Brien saying to him—in the full tide of success:—"Why do you make yourself so much disliked?" I quote from memory.

"He went to the window and stood looking out for a few seconds before he came back to me. 'I am better liked than you think,' he said. I believe he was right."

It was the North of Ireland; and the North of Ireland Catholic is every whit as little accommodat-

ing as the North of Ireland Protestant. They have been up against each other for so long.

Lady Russell repudiated this and other passages of the *Life* in a letter to the *Times*, which would not have been written by a South of Ireland, or a South of anything, woman. The uncompromising phrases of the North were in the letter. She was her husband's helpmeet, and she had withdrawn into his shadow with a sense of wifely duty. A woman of many gifts and strong character, the wide world which knew of him hardly knew of her. He was perfectly satisfied with her. In many ways it was an ideal Christian marriage; but a softer woman might have fined down some of his angles.

I remember once saying to Rosa Mulholland that her sister was a woman of the world. She took it as though I had said she was a worldly woman.

"Oh indeed, she cares very little about the world," she commented with a certain disapproval and offence. Charles Russell was a man of the world, but perhaps he was too positive to have acquired the give-and-take, the pleasant urbanity, that makes the man of the world at home and welcome in his world, which does not necessarily mean that he is a worldling. No matter what world Charles Russell entered he would never have forgotten the other world. He would have been quite insensible to the lures that draw weaker men.

I remember arguing in the Nineties that he *must* be a good fellow, because he was a friend of King Edward, then Prince of Wales and often of his circle. "Sport," said the others; but I didn't believe Sport would have brought him there or kept him there if he had not contributed something to the enjoyment of the circle. He would have conceded nothing of his convictions. From my knowledge of that family I am pretty sure that a salacious wit would have found no tolerance with him. I cannot imagine his enjoying an after-dinner story of any

gross kind. There must have been something. Perhaps it *was* Sport, that feeling for Sport, so common in all classes in Ireland, which does not always connote love of the animal.

Personally I liked Lord Russell and looked up to him, while regarding him with sheer terror. I am very sorry now that I did not know him better, as I might have known him. I can remember evenings at his house at the time he was in Parliament and in office, besides being the busiest man at the English Bar, when he would come home just in time to dress for dinner and go out again. I saw the helter-skelter of his children to be with him while he dressed. Long after I heard a son of his say—"I am immensely proud of my father, but I have never dared to tell him so." Perhaps he was one to be more tender with his children when young, and always with his girls than with his grown-up sons. And yet,—when his youngest son went out to the South African War he went with him to Tilbury Docks, ran to the pier-end to see the last of the transport, and when it was nearly out of sight gave the two blows on the whistle which was a family signal to be answered from the ship.

When there was the great political gathering at the Russells' house in Harley Street in May 1889, which was in some sense meant to mark the rehabilitation of Mr Parnell after the breakdown of the *Times* Commission, I went there with the Meynells. There had been a dinner first at which the guests had included Mr Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr Parnell. Everyone of note in politics and art was at the reception that followed. I wrote an account of it for the *Boston Pilot* and sent it to Lady Russell when it appeared, but received no acknowledgment. A little later, meeting Sir Charles at the sale of Arabs at Crabbet Park I asked him if she had liked the article. He said, "She would have very much preferred that nothing had been written about it."

I was very thin-skinned at the time and I am sure tears came in my eyes. It was a convention in Ireland at that time that no one, however much he or she lived in the public eye, or however little, could bear any publicity. I imagine that he represented something Lady Russell had said rather than his own feelings. Or did the convention really cling to him? Certainly, later on, when he had become Lord Chief Justice, and I had written about him with his full consent and the assistance of his sister-in-law, Miss Clara Mulholland, who illustrated the article, I was in hot water with the Russell family. I discovered later on that the cause of the trouble was a statement, taken from the notes Father Russell had supplied to me for the purpose of the article, that the family had some remote cousinship with the Bedford Russells. I should have thought the Bedford Russells would have been pleased: but perhaps Lord Russell thought it made him appear snobbish. Anyhow, a period of dreadful silence was followed by a letter from Rosa Mulholland which made me very unhappy. The family did not encourage the journalistic instinct.

Still I think Lord Russell would have been very kind, and I hope he would have liked me if he had known me better. I was really very humble at the time, else I should not have been so fearful of him and so overcome at his displeasure.

I believe he had only seen me a few times at his own house; once at a historic party, where I should certainly have avoided him: once or twice as I left his house on a winter evening wearing one of the wide hats which were then in vogue.

He must have had an extraordinary memory for faces. On that July day in 1889, when I went down to Crabbet, I ran up against him at Three-Bridges Station. There was an enormous crowd for the sale of Arabs and the garden-party which always followed it. Now I come to think of it I wonder that I knew him, for even then I was purblind; anyhow, he was

unforgettable. We walked out of the station side by side. Every hireable vehicle in Sussex was requisitioned to carry the guests up to Crabbet Park. On this occasion, it being splendid July weather, every vehicle was open except Lady Anne's little brougham, which took just four people.

It had come on to rain. I made for an open brake. Sir Charles with an air of, "No, you don't!" seized me. "You'll get wet," he said. I protested feebly that I did not mind getting wet, but he did not listen. With a hand on my shoulder he steered me for the brougham. Within sat Lady Wentworth, a very haughty person as I remember her: perhaps I only fancied it because of the circumstances. She was Lady Anne Blunt's sister-in-law. Another occupant of the brougham was Lady Mary Milbanke who succeeded her in the title: I had met her during a week-end at Crabbet and she was not at all alarming. The third passenger was Lady Wentworth's maid, who was sitting on the front seat with a red jewel-case on her knees. Obviously, to me, the brougham had been sent for just that party and they had been at the moment of departure when Sir Charles flung open the door. He had meanwhile seized upon the charming American wife of a well-known Liberal M.P. of that time. Her company saved the appalling situation for me.

"Come out!" he said to the maid, and she came out without any protest from anybody, jewel-case and all. He was not a man to be disobeyed.

He then handed us in politely and, tucking in our skirts—they were voluminous in those days—he closed the door and went off, leaving us whom he had championed to our horrid fate.

Well, I should have preferred to be dragged through several rivers, rather than have such immunity from a shower. During the short drive to Crabbet Lady Wentworth sat, a frozen image of indignation. Lady Mary Milbanke kept her eyes fixed on her lap.

Luckily it was a short drive; but I have not often experienced as bad a quarter of an hour.

I don't think I saw Sir Charles again till more than four years had elapsed. I was married by that time and living in London. There was something more than the annual meeting of the Institute of Journalists; a quinquennial or anniversary or something specially important in connection with it, and there were many important visitors to London—among them Emil Zola. He addressed a meeting at Lincoln's Inn Hall —and Sir Charles Russell was on the platform, perhaps in the chair. It was an odd thing that with his stern convictions he should have been there to do honour to a novelist such as Zola. He recognised me at once. I was sitting directly under him. I don't know why I should have been so alarmed of him, but I would have done anything to get away from that piercing gaze. He came and spoke to me after the meeting in a very friendly way. I can't remember that I ever saw him again.

I might have seen more of him, but during the years after my marriage I was engrossed with domestic matters. I think I could have liked him immensely as I admired him if I had got sufficiently near to lose my fear of him. He would probably, being the man he was, not have continued to be alarming to a woman. I heard of him now and again from the friends who were of his circle. He kept up the old traditions of Irish hospitality and had big dinner-parties for his male friends: while at Tadworth Court in Surrey there was much entertaining. I think it was to Tadworth Court that Father Russell was led reluctantly by order of his Provincial, Tadworth Court, very much of the great world, from which he returned so joyously to the *Irish Monthly*, and all his children, literary and spiritual. Not that he lacked devotion to his family; far otherwise; but of necessity the world came into Tadworth Court, although God was never forgotten

there. The last thing the Russells would have lost or whittled down would have been their Catholicism, their militant Catholicism.

Afterwards came the Lord Chief Justiceship. I have heard a guest at the L.C.J.'s dinner-parties relate how the host himself brewed a mighty punch from which no man might escape. My friend not being of the breed of giants, had neither head not stomach for the mighty punch, so on many occasions he had eluded the searching eye of the L.C.J. who sat above the punch-bowl ladling out the steaming brew, determined that every man should drink his punch and come again, unless he was a total abstainer. There came a terrible occasion when the unready one sat next to his host. There was apparently no way of getting out of it, for the L.C.J. was not to be denied. He had an unexpected unhoped-for deliverance, since sitting under the host's arm so to speak, he was forgotten: the punch passed him by. He had just begun to breathe freely and be happy when the L.C.J. discovered the omission. He immediately set his own untouched glass before the shirker, and watched him while he drank it—compounding a second brew the while—to the last drop.

"And what was the result?" I asked.

The unwilling toper only shook his head and said reproachfully: "Ah, K.T., what dreadful people you Irish are!"

That appearance of Sir Charles on the Zola platform now. I dare swear he had never read Zola, and I dare swear also that if he had he would not have been there, for he was incapable of compromise. Nor should I have been there. I well remember the misery of mind I endured once when staying for a holiday at a bookless Surrey inn, I went over to Dorking to borrow books from Marie Belloc Lowndes and took away among them *Le Paradis des Dames*, in the English translation published by Vizetelly. Those Vizetelly translations had horrible pictures—

I don't mean immoral—but desperately ugly. There was something about the production that was *greasy*, slabs of grease,—it affected you with nausea before you had read. I did not get very far with *Le Paradis des Dames* which some of my friends assured me was perfectly harmless; I knew that it was a masterpiece of detail: every reel of cotton and yard of tape in the great shop lived and talked. But the gloom and the ugliness! When I heard Zola was dead I rejoiced unselfishly because he could add no more to the heaviness of the world.

No: I am quite sure Charles Russell had never read Zola. I don't think he had a literary mind. If he had he had put it down with a stern hand: as Lady Russell had put aside all that was literary in her, laying it at the altar of his service and advancement.

There was a story Father Russell told me—very characteristic—of how he and the future L.C.J. and some other child had gone out in a boat on Carlingford Lough and had been out all night, unable to get back again. The future L.C.J., then of tender years, took command of the enterprise, and the future Editor of the *Irish Monthly*, who was the baby of the enterprise, much annoyed his elder brother by being babyish and helpless and falling fast asleep at his post. I have an impression that the returned prodigals, having been fed and warmed and put to bed, had still their punishment in reserve for them at the hands of their mother. They came of stern stock. I believe even Father Russell, gentlest of the gentle, believed that a just severity was part of the equipment of a good mother. Once he published in the *Irish Monthly* with high commendation a letter from a mother to an erring son. Well—you could just see the lashes falling on the poor writhing wretch's back. He was quite distressed by my comments on that Spartan mother, but as he looked at me while I poured out vituperation, I could see that his point of view was changing, or at least that

he saw that another point of view was possible. It was his loyalty to the stock he came from, to the mother who had borne him, a valiant mother in Israel of the stern North. He must have been gentle with the worst sinner.

Not long before his death, Lord Russell, who was then engaged in legislation making penal bribes and secret commissions—he had brought a broom to the Augean stables of public life—appeared at a great public dinner. There had been a big scandal of a bogus company or some such thing, from which certain high functionaries associated with the occasion, had just been able to clear themselves. In his after-dinner speech — how the lights must have burnt blue!—Lord Russell referred to this business, and, in tones like the Last Judgment, congratulated certain people that they had been able to clear themselves.

It created an immense sensation in the London of that day. People were divided upon the manners imposed on a guest, the tactlessness of the L.C.J., his Roman virtue and his fearlessness.

I think myself it was a good thing to go out with. He had stood greatly for honour and justice and the cleanness of public and commercial life. Unfortunately he died with his work but half-accomplished.

I imagine he had suffered a good deal from ill health, though it never affected his energy nor his tremendous zest of living. That ivory pallor was not healthy. He had worked like a Titan. To begin as a Newry solicitor and end as Lord Chief Justice of England needed such energy in man born of a woman with a few short years to live. The body and brain so relentlessly worked are apt to suffer at last. He must have had an iron constitution, for one never heard of serious illness till the last, when he died under an operation.

"He was fortunate to the last," said someone. "He died under the first operation and escaped the torture other men have to bear."

JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

JOHN REDMOND

I REMEMBER John Redmond first as a young man in love, very much in love and unashamed as young men used to be at that time. There was a procession going by the windows of the Land League Offices in Upper Sackville Street, Dublin: a scaffolding had been erected with seats, and he was sitting by a fair-haired girl whispering in her ear, with an absorption in her which took no account of anyone or anything else. It was a not uncommon sight in those days when young men really fell in love, and the memory is something to smile and sigh over. He was bonny then, not heavy with responsibilities as I remember him later, even before his world began to fall in pieces about him.

That was a fleeting passion. It was waning when he and Jim Carew and Edmund Leamy, and perhaps one or two others, who were the bucks of the young Irish Parliamentary Party, used to come strolling about the 1882 Exhibition, which was held in temporary buildings on the Rotunda Gardens site, very much fluttering the hearts of some of the girls.

I do not remember Willie, the brother whom John loved so much, at all in those days. I think he must have come in later. Both brothers went on a political mission to Australia in the following winter: and when next I saw John Redmond it was at a dinner-party in London at the house of Dr Rae, the Arctic explorer, who had brought home the Franklin relics, and had married a very charming wife, a descendant of the Right Hon. John Foster, the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

That was in 1884. John Redmond had brought home an Australian wife, full of life and very unconventional, with whom again he was very much in love. I think he had a capacity for falling in love, and a good many girls liked him very much indeed. I think when I sat by Willie at that hospitable board it was our first meeting.

John was already an orator in those days, speaking with a great fluency and correctness, but his was oratory rather of the debating-society kind than pure unpremeditated oratory, sped by passion into passionate words, such as was the gift of his colleague and friend, Edmund Leamy. He was very boyish at that time and very amiable, with still much of the pleasant and well-bred schoolboy about him. He recited after dinner and his unsophisticated choice was Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus." He had a charming voice and a clear and pure enunciation. At the close, one almost expected to see him standing up as the head-boy of the school to receive his prize. Though none would believe it in after-life, when he had grown heavy, there was a good deal of Willie's boyish temperament, which used so to please the House of Commons, in John.

Edmund Leamy told me once that John Redmond never passed a magpie without taking off his hat to it for luck.

He was perhaps away a good deal or I was out of politics and interested in other things, or politics were stagnant, because the Parnell Split was an accomplished thing when next I remember him. He was not seen much in Dublin, I fancy, during those latter years of the Eighties. He had become a widower early and rumour had assigned him more than one bride, but rumour was incorrect then. I think he had always been something of "a dog with the girls," to use that phrase which I heard Frank Matthew say ought to have been Shakespeare's; in a perfectly innocent flitting from flower to flower

way, of course—Irishmen had a prerogative at that time of making love without intention: and while the girls had some delicious pangs, I don't know that there was much serious harm done.

There was a day following the Parnell Split which had drawn all Parnellites very closely together, when Anna Johnston, who wrote afterwards as "Ethna Carbery," went with me to spend a long day with the Leamys at Killiney. We met Michael Davitt crossing the railway-bridge on our way, and while he lifted his hat to me as he passed hastily, he and Edmund Leamy, who had come to meet us, took no notice of each other. Parnellite and anti-Parnellite did not speak in those days.

We were always in those days spending long delicious days with our friends and never boring each other. We used to arrive by a quite early train; sit about or stroll about till lunch-time, after lunch stroll about or sit about till tea-time; go home about 6 o'clock, seeing as much beauty on the way as could easily be compressed into the time. The coast-line by Killiney and Dalkey, by bluest-blue Killiney Bay, with all the Italianate houses dotting the cliffs and stretching out into the water, is as beautiful to my mind and dearer than the stretch of coast between Genoa and Spezia. Then in the quiet evening we went via the Blessington steam-tram under the lovely line of mountains to Tallaght, whence we walked by my father's quiet fields along a lane which in June was a sheet of wild-roses on either side and never lacked honeysuckle any day of the year, to the little house in the valley and my father's welcome and eager interest in all we had been doing. One thinks of it as Summer—always Summer and always fair weather, but the rain was hardly less lovely.

If John Redmond was at the Leamys' that day he has slipped out of the picture; but I remember going after lunch up the steep hill to Saintville, a

little house tucked away behind a high wall, which had a flowery garden, followed by a succession of other flowery gardens going down-hill, between which wound a private road where the seeds of the flowers had fallen and flowered, to see Willie and Mrs Willie Redmond. Willie insisted that I should have a bouquet although I lived among flowers then. He collected a great bunch, disappeared within the house and came back with a piece of lace-bordered paper, such as used to go with a bouquet in Victorian days, and a long piece of blue ribbon with which he had tied the flowers in a bow. Everyone laughed affectionately as everyone used to laugh at Willie Redmond. He was a most lovable boy. He had ransacked his wife's wardrobe for the ribbon and the lace paper, leaving things in wild confusion.

He had married Mrs John Redmond's niece, and they were a very devoted couple. Alas, they had lost their one little son, a beautiful boy. I cannot have known Mrs Willie before then, for she is in my memory a sad woman, or a sick woman, Willie waiting on her with anxious and tender affection.

Again there was a delicious picnic. Oh, Ireland knew how to be happy in those days! We drove in brakes from the Leamys' house at Killiney to Kilmurray Grove, at the entrance to the Glen of the Dorns, which belonged to Mrs Leamy's father. I can see myself standing at the foot of the steps of the Killiney house, talking to John Redmond and taking him for Willie. The likeness must have been remarkable, for it often happened, as with John O'Leary.

"You're all right," said John O'Leary, meeting John Redmond one day, "but what the devil does that brother of yours mean?"

"Mr O'Leary," said John Redmond. "Are you not mistaking me for my brother Willie?"

"Oh, I was, I was," said John O'Leary. "He's all right, but what the devil do you mean?"

I am assuring John Redmond that I very much enjoyed the books which Willie in his exuberant way had pressed upon me, and that I shall certainly return them safely and quite soon: and John Redmond is saying: "Are you not mistaking me for my brother Willie?"

Then in the lovely morning we are driving behind spanking horses betwixt beauty and beauty, the mountains to one side, the sea to the other, and sometimes the sea out of sight and the road running through glens all gold and purple,—it *must* have been June. Then there is Kilmurray Grove, with the luncheon-tables spread in the open air on the lawns and John Redmond leading by the hand his little daughter Essie, her wild red curls coming from under her white sun-bonnet, her little freckled face uplifted while she told someone that she thought she liked gentlemen better than ladies. John Redmond was a tender father, and these things are poignant now when one remembers what suffering had to be borne and how of all that family there survive only one son and two sad widows. After lunch there are childish games on the lawn and no one is too self-conscious to take part in them. Mrs Edmund Leamy, a young bride, is organising the games, and there is one called "Chickens, come cluck!" and Edmund Leamy, radiantly happy, is refusing to play because he has already caught his chicken. Trivial things, but all belonging to the golden day and the lovely scene and the kind people and the great hospitality and the beloved Ireland that seems lost in these sad days. I suppose there must have been twenty or thirty guests. There was an abundant out-door tea later and there was dancing, and a supper when the shades began to fall and the happy day was drawing to an end. Is there such hospitality as that now,—in Ireland or elsewhere? I think in Ireland it began to disappear with the new generation even before the War. The last feast of the

kind I sat to was a dinner at the Swift MacNeills' house in Dublin, in April 1914, when twenty sat to dinner and everything was of the choicest. We have fallen on the lean kine of the Apocalypse: yet I think there are still many of us who cannot be withheld from giving.

I believe that time of the picnic to Kilmurray Grove must have been the highest moment of John Redmond's life. After the death of Mr Parnell he had been accepted as the Parnellite leader; and though things could never be the same, yet one's heart beat a little faster to the tune and the song of "The Boys of Wexford" in the Dublin streets. Dublin was Parnellite to a man or a woman—poor Dublin, which we used to say was always politically sound! The tune of the old rebel song—"The Boys of Wexford," had been adopted in honour of John Redmond as the Parnellite slogan, and, lacking Parnell, he was Dublin's hero.

Not long after these days I married and went to live in England, and for many years I had no touch with John Redmond. I had lost interest when the Parnellite and anti-Parnellite sections of the Irish Parliamentary Party joined forces under Redmond's chairmanship. I remember Edmund Leamy assuring us that the Parnellites had won a great victory because Redmond was chairman of the re-united Party. But we had lost interest: we lost interest for many years. The Irish Party became very much a Parliamentary Party. I think when the Liberal Alliance came John Redmond had got a good deal out of touch with Ireland, and with America; it was vital to an Irish leader to keep in touch with America. I think he did not realise that necessity.

Things were still looking fair enough when revisiting Ireland in 1903 I met him one day coming out of Mr Yeats's studio at 7 St Stephen's Green, where he had been sitting for his portrait. That was the high-day and holiday of the Dudley-Wyndham

administration in Ireland when Dublin was at its gayest. He stood a little while telling me what a remarkable man Lord Dudley was. I did not need to be told about George Wyndham.

Many of us in those days had a disbelief in anything good for Ireland coming from a Liberal Government. I remember my husband being challenged for our Conservative friendships by an English Radical and replying that the English parties in their relations with Ireland were like the man in the Bible who said: "I go and went not"—being the Liberal Party—and the one who said: "I go not but went"—being the Conservative. The Conservatives had given Ireland the gifts worth having—and now there was the University and there was the Wyndham Land Act. Redmond was on the top of the wave. If the calamitous thing had not happened once more! If George Wyndham's dream had not been pricked! If he had not been betrayed on every side, and,—there are many ifs. The calamity always did happen in Ireland. The Liberals came back to power. George Wyndham died with his dream unfulfilled that he should come again and do all he had meant to do.

The Liberal Alliance found John Redmond too trusting perhaps. He had always a real aptitude for the Parliamentary life and procedure, helped by those years of his service in the House of Commons clerkship. He liked things done decently and in order. He was a gentleman. I doubt that he would ever have made a democratic leader. During these years of the Liberal Alliance, a very good Irishman who is now one of the Free State Party, said to me: "The Redmonds have become very good Englishmen." I know what was meant: it was said kindly. John Redmond had followed Parnell through wild times, but he could not have led a wild movement and I believe he would have hated wild times. He was doing what he sincerely and honestly believed to be the best for Ireland, in keeping the movement within

Constitutional lines. He would have made Ireland a little England, with all the differences of environment and temperament and history and religion. He would have made her happy and peaceful, with the chicken in the pot on Sundays, as Henri Quatre desired it for his subjects. God knows it was no ambition to scoff at! Ireland has been too bloody.

If he could have steered Ireland into the safe harbour of Home Rule all would have been well. Unfortunately, it seems to be that by some natural law Ireland must break into fire and flame every quarter of a century or so. Ireland had been very prosperous during the couple of decades following the Parnell Split. It was a kind and a smiling and a gentle Ireland that we went back to in 1911.

John Redmond had no doubt at all about his Home Rule Bill. They had begun to murmur in Ireland saying that the finance of the Bill would be disastrous. "We have been so much criticized," said John Redmond to my husband, explaining why he had objected to an article of mine in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He thought his critics captious. The Home Rule Bill had been received by a great part of Ireland with acclamation.

Even then, if it had been given fully and freely it might have worked—but it hung fire. The North would not have it and began to arm to resist it. In 1913 I was in Tyrone and used to meet the Ulster Volunteers coming back from drill with rifles on their shoulders. I just missed seeing the review at Baronscourt of the Ulster Volunteers in the Autumn of that year when they were camped out in the Duke of Abercorn's park for more than a week, to be reviewed by Carson and Galloper Smith.

In Dublin, a reference to the Ulster Volunteers brought cheers from the National crowds, because they had shown the way of armed resistance. As Ulster grew more truculent the Irish Volunteers were formed in Dublin. English sympathy was, on

the whole, overwhelmingly with Ulster: to England the little finger of Ulster has always been thicker than the whole Irish body. Smart young men in England were going to join the Ulster Volunteers and fight for Ulster if it came to Civil War. The cavalry messes buzzed with excitement. Their sisters and cousins were attending classes in nursing so that they might come and nurse the Ulster Volunteers. It made no difference even when sedition began to be talked in Ulster and references were made to the great Protestant Power which was to rescue Ulster from Home Rule: when Winston Churchill, attempting to hold a meeting in Belfast, had a narrow escape from the fury of the Orange mob. England believed implicitly that Ulster had all the money, all the business faculty, all the industry, the character, the citizenship, within the four seas of Ireland.

Redmond came over to Dublin, rushed the Volunteers, who were looking dangerous for the Constitutional ideal, and placed his own nominees on the governing body. That meant a split. Those who would not follow him formed the Irish Volunteers as opposed to his National Volunteers.

He still believed in the Home Rule Bill and the good faith of the Liberal Party. A gentleman and an honest man himself he never doubted the good faith of others.

Someone who served in a Conservative Ministry said to me once: "If there had ever been a real body of opinion in England favourable to Home Rule it would have been given long ago." That was quite true—Gladstone brought his men up to the fence, but they balked it, and he split his party over it. Asquith, with his great majority, tried to keep his party steady, but they had no stomach for Home Rule for Ireland, and the Bill hung fire till chill doubt began to creep upon the Irish at home. What little of the elements of a settlement it possessed was to be whittled away by amendments in Committee.

The Southern Irish learnt that what was sauce for the Northern Goose was not sauce for the Southern Gander. Ulster held her armed parades in full daylight. The Lord Lieutenant of the county gave them hospitality. All England was patting them on the back. Sir Edward Carson with F. E. Smith for his galloper was carrying the Fiery Cross through Ulster. The Ulster Volunteers brooked no interference and when the servants of the Crown offered them resistance they simply shut them up in a temporary prison. The Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh declared their intention of refusing to march against Ulster if they were ordered to do so.

In Southern Ireland, the Volunteers were suppressed as an illegal organisation.

Meanwhile, Redmond persisted in trusting England and the Liberal Government: he still had a following of moderate men in Ireland who only wanted peace. There is always a majority of such, but they are not heard. There was always Fenianism somewhere in Ireland, whether under or over ground, and the Irish Volunteers were taken as representing those extremists.

During the late Spring and early Summer of 1914 events followed each other rapidly in Ireland. There was the gun-running at Larne at the end of April; the Curragh Mutiny, which so grieved and alarmed those who had the morals and discipline of the Army at heart. England thought it a fine romantic thing and the mutineers were not a penny the worse. There was much talk of Civil War. With the bitter knowledge of the Irish Civil War of 1922-23 before one, one is tempted to wish that the Civil War could have come then. If England would have kept out of it the combatants might have fought out the ancient fight and shaken hands. It would have had dignity and a certain romance. A quite surprising number of gallant and adventurous gentlemen of Unionist stock would have been found fighting on

the side of the South. Now they have all had their houses burnt and in many cases themselves driven out.

The day of the Bachelor's Walk affair, when there was the gun-running at Howth and later in the day the King's Own Scottish Borderers fired on a Dublin crowd from which stones were being thrown, we were entertaining a man home on leave from an important administrative position in Africa. When the news came he said: "If there is going to be a scrap I'm in it." If there had been a scrap there would have been a great many unexpected people in it, in the South as well as the North — men accustomed to command, trained men.

Then into all the big possibilities, tumbled the Great War, obliterating them all.

A certain number of Irishmen were doubtless thunder-struck when Redmond offered the Volunteers, in all good faith and believing that he could carry out the contract and deliver the goods. A great part of Ireland was with him. He was generous and trusting. He had not haggled. It was the one moment in all history when an Irish leader could have made his own terms with England. He scorned to do it. I think he had got away from real touch with Ireland. He had been very much flattered, very much looked up to in England. England believed implicitly, as he believed himself, in his power to speak for Ireland.

Real statesmanship might have made all the difference. Ireland was in a generous mood. Those most opposed to Redmond were still idealistic. Not long before the Rebellion of 1916 a hostile crowd on the edge of a recruiting meeting being held in the open-air in Dublin, burst into wild cheering when someone spoke of the gallant deeds of the 10th Irish Division. There was not much of remembering the ancient grudge when the sober citizens of Dublin and the solid prosperous men throughout the country

who had been Nationalists all their lives, sent their young sons to the Colours.

For the moment there was a genuine rapprochement. All classes met in the Volunteers and all creeds. The menace of Civil War was forgotten. Old army officers were drilling the villagers: the old men and the little boys could not be kept out. Unionist peers were presiding at Volunteer meetings. Only the few on either side held apart, watchful and distrustful.

I am sure Redmond had the proudest hour of his life when he offered the Irish Volunteers and the offer was received with an amazed wonder and delight that broke into such cheering as Westminster can seldom have heard. For a little while he was the most belauded man in England.

"Redmond put his cards on the table," said a high Irish official. He had the King's signature to the Home Rule Bill, but very soon he knew that it was to be hung up for a more propitious moment. The Irish Brigade that was to have gone to the War under its own banner, which Irish ladies had set out to embroider with immense enthusiasm, was kept dangling. For a month or six weeks or two months, while Irish enthusiasm went cold, Redmond's offer was laid on the shelf. He and John Dillon cooled their heels on the steps of the War Office through all the time of the Retreat from Mons: Lord Kitchener had no time for them.

I met Swift MacNeill one day then and he asked me what I thought.

"Oh," said I, "the edge of enthusiasm has worn thin."

"Yes," he said: "the edge of enthusiasm has worn thin."

The ladies, under the presidency of the Countess of Fingall, who had worked the banner for the Irish Brigade had it returned to them. There was to be no Irish Brigade. The edge of enthusiasm had

indeed worn thin, and Kitchener or some one else had lost another great chance for Ireland, and for England.

One of those days I met an Irish Unionist lady. Some reference was made to Redmond's offer. "Yes," she said. "It was very fine, *if he meant it!*"

Poor John Redmond! So that was what was being said!

The Home Rule Bill was hung up and the War went on and presently the people who had sent their sons to keep John Redmond's word were asking what they had given their boys for, and sometimes cursing Redmond when the boys were killed. Still, I think he did not in the least know what he was up against. He had lived so long in the ordered security of the English Parliament, and the Party had come to believe that the Party was sacrosanct and that it could do no wrong. So in the days of the Parnell Split, every country curate out against Parnell considered himself the Church.

To John Redmond the rising sea of opposition to him in Ireland was but a cabal, something to be put down with a strong hand. He was to share the fate of the Irish leaders generally. Those were happiest who went down fighting with the ancient enemy, their own people behind them.

John Redmond was an honest and honourable man. He served Ireland with devotion and ability, and he would have steered her into smooth water if he could. But he was up against raging seas. Unfortunately for him the greatest crisis in the history of the world found him titular leader of the Irish people. If any man could have ridden the whirlwind of Irish politics in those days it was not he. He had no genius of leadership though he had many talents, nor had he the craft and cunning to deal with England.

In the years before he died the revolutionary party in Ireland hated John Redmond with a

passion. It seemed so disproportionate, that hatred for a man who had served Ireland loyally according to his lights and always unselfishly. He had been a dictator. I don't think he ever really recognised how things had changed in Ireland: and indeed it was difficult enough to recognise the old Irish in all this violence and hatred: on the edge of the abyss he still kept regarding his enemies as a handful of mutineers.

He had grown heavy with ill-health and sorrows. Willie, whom everyone loved, was killed in the War. His daughter Essie, whom he dearly loved, died tragically young. All over Ireland so many of his old friends were against him. He must have recognised that England had let him down, but he never acknowledged it. He was in a way immovable.

When the 1916 Rebellion came, John Dillon saved his face by a furious speech in the House of Commons defending the rebels if not the Rebellion. I mean "saved his face," from their point of view. None could doubt his impassioned sincerity. I imagine when Irish history comes to be written, when Ireland once more sets out to build up what Irishmen have destroyed, that speech of John Dillon's will live. I do not think Redmond said a word. To him it was the destruction of his life-work and he would not palter with it nor condone.

Some time before the Rebellion I had a letter from him in reply to a request of mine that he should ask for my husband's transfer from Mayo, where he was a Resident Magistrate, to a more congenial place. He wrote:

"I will see what I can do, but I have absolutely no power."

Nothing was done. It was a tragical confession and tragically true that having ruined himself for the sake of England, with Ireland he had no power, not even to effect a mere exchange of districts for a Government official.

His last activities in Ireland were on the Irish Convention, where again his readiness to make concessions dismayed some of those who still believed in him. He walked out of the last meeting he ever attended washing his hands of it, went from it to a sick-bed and the operating table and was dead in a few weeks.

Death was kind to him in saving him from the knowledge of the evil days that were coming. There was a time when I should have said that John and Willie Redmond were born under a fortunate star. They had the qualities that promise a happy and honourable life. The War and the backwash of the War broke them both. Well for Willie Redmond that he died when he did! John Redmond was spared at least the murder of his son-in-law after a campaign of hatred which was apparently without cause, the early and tragic death of his second daughter. He was spared those evil days in Ireland, with the sickness and disillusionment that has come to so many of us. He sleeps as Swift sleeps,—"Where no more fierce indignation can lacerate his heart."

SCHOLAR AND MAN OF LETTERS—ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

My husband, a Classical Scholar of T.C.D. was devoted to him as a great scholar, and very much gratified when in his undergraduate days he was permitted sometimes to accompany him on his walks.

Those were great days for Trinity College. She was at the very height of her scholarship and renown. Truly they were intellectual giants. Salmon, Palmer, Bury, Tyrrell, Purser, Mahaffy and Dowden, all world-famed. Apart from them Dublin was full of intellectual men, characters and wits, who were sons of the old foundation of Queen Elizabeth.

It was not till after I was married that I came in personal touch with the most urbane of men. Urbane was the adjective that one always applied to him in one's own mind. Someone had called him the Horace of Dublin. It was a very apt comparison. Taking "urbane" as the opposite to "rustic" one could very well see Tyrrell in Horatian Rome. He would have been quite at home with Horace and his circle.

I believe I have heard him called a Pagan. Perhaps he called himself so. He had too much heart to be a Pagan, unless you call Marcus Aurelius one. Outwardly he had an airy polished way with him. He could say blood-curdling things in a silken voice picking his words delicately and with the most bland expression. I have had moments of high delight when he vituperated someone who thoroughly well deserved vituperation. I believe it was on the first occasion I sat at his hospitable table that I heard him denounce a parson who had laid poison in his

grounds which had been picked up by Derry, mainly Irish terrier, the beloved dog of the household. But no; it could not have been the first time, because I knew Derry. It must have been the second or third time: we were then living in England and there were intervals between our visits. When he denounced with perfect gentleness "the man of God" as he called him, he sent shivers down my spine: but they were shivers of delight.

No Englishman, I think, could have come near touching that gentle ferocity. I remember once a Gaelic scholar expatiating to me on the splendour of the Irish curses. "May the Devil roast your eyeballs eternally on the hob of Hell" was a specimen curse. I am not sure that I have not bowdlerized it and therefore emasculated it. He explained that the eyeballs were, of course, the most sensitive part of the body, and the hob of Hell would be even hotter, being metal presumably, than the fire itself. Tyrrell did not swear, so far as I can remember, and that omission added to the gentle ferocity of his denunciations. I remember once driving with him in Wicklow, one of many drives we had together. I am proud to believe that he liked me and my company. There had been a tragedy. A cold and hard woman had driven her husband to suicide, or Tyrrell thought she had. He murmured gently at my ear his wishes for the future of that woman. He might have been murmuring poetry. It was like a low voice of the Summer, the wind in the grasses or a soft-moving drowsy bee, clogged with honey. The "ill-wishing" he put on that woman was appalling—but, after all, how generous was the passion of pity behind it!

Another time there had been a fire at the house of somebody known to both of us. It was in the incredible days of the Great Peace, when one grew excited over such small matters. I asked Tyrrell if he had heard about it. He replied: "I believe I

have heard, my dear Mrs Hinkson, but when I was assured that Mrs —— was not burnt with it,—I should have gladly heard the contrary—my interest in the matter disappeared."

All the time he was the kindest of men. I wish I could recreate the atmosphere of the home in which he lived. Ada Tyrrell, his wife, was the daughter of another brilliant Fellow of T.C.D., Dr Shaw. Of the cousins on one side were Sir William Tyrrell, the late Father Tyrrell; on the other, George Bernard Shaw. Wit and intellect were going a-begging in that family. Mrs Tyrrell brought to her husband and children perhaps the most precious gift a woman can bring, that of the home-maker. Was it Ruskin who said that some women could make home in the desert, under the stars? It is a most precious gift and unfortunately it is not too common. Wherever Ada Tyrrell presided over a house there was the hearth-fire warm, the table spread, the feeling of comfort when you came as though you rested on a soft bosom. One feels the sense of the passing, of irreparable loss, when such homes and such women must pass, as one feels it with a great doctor, a great spiritual counsellor, a great cook,—all good things and apt to leave people a-cold when they are missing.

One always had a sense of beauty in those rooms. There was always a garden and splendid fires and the very soul and heart of hospitality. Over all there hovered the spirit of charity, despite Tyrrell's denunciations. The Tyrrells were people who thought of big things. When they talked it was of books and movements and the things that matter. I imagine that real unworthiness of mind, harsh judgment and evil thinking, with all gossip and asperities, must be for the brainless.

Certainly in the Tyrrells' household charity prevailed, real, warm human kindness. It flowed from Ada Tyrrell and it was the tone of the whole house-

hold. It was a very kind house for animals and simple people and for the children brought up in it.

> Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
> Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child!

It was good for all manner of old servants and old pensioners, all sorts of lame dogs who needed helping over stiles.

The Tyrrells used to spend the Summer holidays at Greystones, Co. Wicklow. There they knew everyone and everyone knew them. "The Professor" was known all over the place as he was known all over Dublin to car-drivers and fishermen and all the characters: and Mrs Tyrrell was in and out the cottages never asking if the recipients of her kindness were worthy or unworthy. Once when she came to see me she had been providing the clean sheets and candles and silver candlesticks, all that was needed for the decent "waking" of a poor woman in the village, with whom she had sat up the previous night comforting her dying. She would not have found such services painful or difficult.

They had the Irish tolerance for the little vices that may fall to the lot of the humble without very much impairing their essential virtue, the "drop taken," the slight obliquity about *meum et tuum*, the little shiftiness, the disarming garrulity that is the nature of a defence. Such things never affected the feeling of the Tyrrells for an old friend. It was all part of human nature and but added to its interest.

I remember Mrs Tyrrell's surprise when I expatiated upon a certain village miser to whom Balzac, if he was an Irishman, might have done justice. I am not sure that I need go to Balzac. Edith Somerville in *An Enthusiast* has depicted such a person in the character called the Baby Bullet, and has done it immortally well. He had accumulated wealth and driven out relentlessly the gentler

people who stood in his path,—all under an appearance of overflowing benevolence and a pretence of piety which deceived no one except perhaps himself and the Tyrrells.

"Ah now, Katie, do you think him so bad as all that? Mamma was very fond of him," said Ada Tyrrell.

I love to think of Tyrrell's quiet fury over cruelty of any kind. There was an appalling case reported in the Irish papers which brought him rushing into print, whither I followed him, of a wretched farmer who had buried a dog alive. The poor creature, barking under the earth, was rescued only to die. The anger was not for the unspeakable one, but for the Justices who had thought a fine or some very mild sentence commensurate with the appalling case.

Only Tyrrell's language afforded one any relief. As he went on inventing more and more states of torture for "the Justices"—he had no words for the criminal—balm flowed into one's heart.

He was a most tender father. Again one remembers Marcus Aurelius.

"Say not—'Let me not lose my little son?' say rather, 'If I must lose my little son strengthen me to bear it.'"

There was the Pagan with the Christian sanctity. I remember one near and dear to me urging upon someone who had called himself a Pagan that the Christian traditions still worked in all those sprung of Christian stock and could not be cast out. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, sprung of devout Irish Protestants, had their Christian virtues without their narrowness or their orthodoxy. He was a most tender and indulgent husband and father. He had a great pride in his children, and I cannot imagine that at any time any one of them could have been afraid of him. Perhaps he would have found it hardest to forgive stupidity: fortunately he had not that provocation.

I remember an afternoon at the Tyrrells' house

years ago now, when all the young people were away at Greystones. They had been expected back, but instead there came an ominous telegram. Guy, the youngest boy and the baby of the house, tenderly loved and petted by the whole household, had got badly bitten in trying to stop a dog-fight between the overgrown Airedale, who had succeeded Derry in the line of the Tyrrells' wild and unkempt dogs, and another dog. No one would have kept that Airedale but the Tyrrells, who went patiently to the police-court time after time to pay a fine for some quite unconscious misdemeanour of the really well-meaning Airedale.

The one who sent the telegram worded it with a terrifying mystery. Poor Tyrrell was tortured. There was no train for three hours. His suffering was so apparent, and one felt so helpless before it, that it was a torture to look on. To be sure there had been drowning accidents at Greystones. A boy who was a friend of the Tyrrells had been carried off by a big wave one wild October day—and he was as much at home in the water as a seal—and drowned. And the young Tyrrells were always in the water, so there was cause for his distress. One of us rushed off to send a prepaid telegram which fortunately brought a reassuring answer, but we had seen a father's heart in anguish.

Tyrrell was a wit, and he had a delicious humour. For these gifts, and because of his original and charming character, he was much run after in a social way;—Dublin was a dining city in those good days. He might and did delight a discerning dinner-table, but I doubt that he ever told a gross tale. I do not mean that he was a Puritan, but he drew the line sharply between what might be said and might not. I remember his being very angry with a man who had told him a foul story. He was insulted as a woman might have been. "That filthy fellow" was, I think, his phrase for the offender.

He would have said it was a matter of taste, but I think it was a matter also of inherited Christian virtue.

He liked to be English-literary as well as Roman. There was a certain simplicity about that part of him, as when one found him devoting an article in the *Saturday Review* to a novel by Amèlie Rives. The great bent of the house was towards the theatre. There was always a stir of amateur acting in the circle. There was undoubtedly a real histrionic gift in the young Tyrrells and in some of their friends.

Leonard Merrick was at one time the literary cult of the family. We did not know very much of Leonard Merrick, who had hardly come to his own in London literary circles at that time, so far as his own went. We talked of Conrad and Hardy. I don't think they dealt much in Conrad and Hardy, although they had certainly the literary sense. Of course, there was something about Merrick, French-Latin, that would have appealed to them. A pilgrimage to the very shrine, I think, rather disillusioned some of them.

Tyrrell and his family were as tolerant as Ancient Rome or Athens of all except stupidity and cruelty and meanness. Essentially high-minded themselves and rich in domestic virtues, an erotic poet or novelist was their honoured guest: and the cloak of their real charity covered those from whom the more orthodox would have turned away.

They had an extreme appreciation of goodness in others, the bed-rock, natural goodness. Richard Tobin, of whom I speak elsewhere in this book, was most dear and honoured to all the Tyrrells. The child of the daughter who is likest her father was his namesake, and I have heard her try to recall to a baby mind some image of his touching and beautiful personality. That daughter, happy and adoring and adored wife and mother, can turn a cynic jest in the face of the world which would prove a very effective

disguise to many people. But her heart, like her father's, is kind and gentle, as I have had the happiness to experience.

I remember a flash of Tyrrell's honest affectionate bitterness when he thought that Richard Tobin was not properly appreciated.

He lectured more than once at the American Universities. Once when he had come back we asked him how he liked America.

"Ah," he said, "it had one serious drawback. You never met a man you could ask to have a drink."

"What!" we said, "in the land of cocktails!"

"My dear friends, every man you met was either a total abstainer or already drunk."

It was one of his characteristic over-statements.

There was a time when, staying in Ireland and being employed on an encyclopedic book, I asked permission to read in the Library of Trinity College. No answer was vouchsafed to the request. On being told this some time later, when the permission was no longer required, Tyrrell's indignation took the form of prescribing various punitive measures for the Librarian. They were of an appalling ferocity, and they flowed from his tongue as mellifluously as a string of descriptive epithets in a story of Lord Dunsany's. There was something lyric about it.

The possession of brains meant an enormous deal to all the Tyrrells, though I have known them to have unquestioning and faithful friendship with people whom I found very dull.

Let me add that, tolerant as Tyrrell was, he had no tolerance for a man who led an immoral life without, what he considered, extenuating circumstances. He might call himself a Pagan. He liked his fleer at the old narrow orthodoxies, but his fleer did not hurt the religious-minded. I remember an afternoon, sitting in a Greystones garden, when he expatiated on the religious texts appended to notices of deaths in the Irish newspapers. "With Christ

which is far better," was his text, and he ran over a list of the various Dublin suburbs from which the deceased had passed to the other world. "As though Heaven could be worse!" he said. He was really very funny expounding the subject and discovering new aspects of it, rather like a puppy worrying a rag doll, and it did not at all hurt or offend the little Catholic circle that sat round about him and laughed. He was indeed incapable in my knowledge of him of giving offence.

There are rich stories of his humour which rise to my memory, but they may not be told here for various reasons.

I like to remember that when Parnell came back to Dublin after Committee Room 15 and, most unfortunately, certain Trinity students booed from the railings of Trinity College the great man who was pierced already with as many arrows as St Sebastian, that Tyrrell devoted his morning Lecture to the great fallen Leader, as he saw him and the tragedy of his betrayal. I hold that Parnell fell to rise, and to remain a fixed star in the galaxy of leaders of men. I should have liked to hear Tyrrell on these misguided youths.

Withal, he had a simplicity, the simplicity that often belongs to remarkable men. It was behind a sonnet he once launched at the Church-building in Catholic Ireland, which very much embarrassed his co-religionists at the time—I mean so far as he had co-religionists. I believe he had been listening to Mr Filson Young. But at the back of that blunder lay generosity. I think if he had any religious animosities they were social, as they used to be with so many Irish Protestants, over whose thresholds no priest, however cultivated, might ever pass.

Let the daughter who is most like him speak!

"There is little I can tell you about him that you do not know already. The simplicity of his attitude towards a far too self-assertive family, — his rule

which consisted in encouraging us to enjoy the things he enjoyed in youth; and he would press money upon us in order that they might be ours, though he detested the mention of a grocer's bill and absolutely refused to give money for regular payments.

"He constantly talked to us delightfully about poetry and novels and plays and people, but never, I think, with any conscious intention of developing our minds or expanding our sympathies. You know he allowed the girls of his family to remain entirely without 'instruction' as it is known in the ordinary sense. 'Education' came to an abrupt and inevitable end when I was about eleven or twelve, owing to the death of the all but senile 'reduced lady,' who had, as it happens, also given G.B.S. and his sisters their early instruction.

"He instinctively rushed towards youth all his life, often shirking a meeting with a distinguished classical light, who would better have appreciated his attainments than the cricket-loving boys whose society he preferred. He was ever kind and helpful to the young and diffident among those he examined, but that is well known.

"He loved what was fresh, natural and spontaneous, and hated any form of pretentiousness which he would ridicule ruthlessly.

"From his children he exacted too little: we know that now. The only correction we ever received from him,—and that was swift and decisive,—was when he heard us use an unpicturesque or illiterate form of speech or a worn-out phrase. We were all brought up in abhorrence of all these; yet our expressions are more violent than those of most well-bred people. Violence in speech he never discouraged, though not given to it himself. You know how delicate was his satire.

"I have early recollections of his delight in our molesting of our respectable neighbours, though he met their furious complaints with becoming grace.

"Alas, he died a very tired man. It is an abiding joy to me to know that he was made infinitely happy by my marriage to Philip."

To the end as I knew him he kept his suave, rosy, boyish face, that had not a line in it at our last meeting. He was spared many things, going as he did before the War. I think he had a very happy life. May he walk in these streets of Heaven where the great of old walk, with Horace, with Virgil, with the Plinys,—with Marcus Aurelius,—in the sun, with his peers!

THE OLD STOCK—
JOHN AND ELLEN O'LEARY

JOHN AND ELLEN O'LEARY

In 1887 John O'Leary came back to Dublin from his twenty years of exile. He had been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for his share in the Fenian Rising of 1867. He served five years in Portland as a convict, five years of which he never spoke; they might have dropped out of his life, so silent was he about them; from that silence more than anything else one could guess at the agony. Spiritually they had left him unscathed. His soul lived apart like a star from the hell around him.

After five years he was released but he was not permitted to return to Ireland till the full period of his sentence had expired. The fifteen years he had lived in Paris, where he had become a very well-known figure. For a time he was house-mate with Whistler and Du Maurier. He was a familiar figure at the cafés on the Boulevards. The Parisians loved him. They dubbed his favourite café, Café au Laiterie, and they had a jingle about "Au contrairé John O'Leary."

One can see him with the Parisians. His was a magnificent personality. His looks were splendid; fine aquiline features, a flashing eye, dark waving hair, a rich colouring. They were giants in those days. That type of the idealist has been succeeded in modern Ireland by the hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, the consumptive type. It is a change for the worse.

John O'Leary would have called himself a man of the world. One could imagine the Parisians shaken with laughter. They would not have been able to

shock him,—I can imagine them trying it,—but he would not have conceded anything. Buckets of pitch might be in his environment without affecting his whiteness beyond making it more white. I cannot imagine his ever telling a broad story himself, but he would not be shocked at the broad manifestations of the natural man. He might fling back his beautiful head and laugh, but perhaps he would not get beyond an immense and infinite toleration.

He had a sister as wonderful as himself, who might have been his twin for the bond between them. She too had belonged to the Fenians and carried their messages and dared all for them a woman could do. When John went for those eternal twenty years Ellen waited for him. He was her one love. Her lofty and simple love-poems were all addressed to him. I never heard if there was any other man, but I think not; she was a natural vestal. When he came out of prison, grey-haired, who had gone in raven-black, she, her girlhood over and past, but not her dreams, was waiting for him.

She was her brother's twin in looks as everything else. Her fine forehead, her large calm, luminous eyes, her beautiful colouring and fine aquiline features were his, just a little feminized but not much. I think she had been with him in Paris for visits; but she still kept on her home in Tipperary, and John lived a bachelor life in Paris, with those strange housemates for a time at least.

Ellen would not have called herself a woman of the world. She was a very devout Catholic: John, I suppose, would have called himself *libre penseur*, though, of course, he was to die in the arms of the Church. He had his quarrel with the Church, but his was a natural Christian soul. There was never any difficulty between them on that point. I suppose Ellen O'Leary felt that such a soul as his must belong to the Invisible Church. He kept it in the Image of God who made it.

Ellen O'Leary, who would never have made an improper jest—she rebuked me once for the coarseness of calling a tea-pot pot-bellied—used to bring out the most startling reminiscences of student life in Paris, whether gleaned from her brother or otherwise I do not know. One could not imagine his telling her. As yet we were tongue-tied about anything even remotely connected with sex in Ireland. A plain statement of Ellen O'Leary's about somebody's mistress used to strike a table dumb. She too would have been a delight to the Parisians.

I loved John O'Leary better than I loved Ellen O'Leary, and I fear she always had a little secret disapproval of me. I was very frivolous then and I had not the concentrated patriotism, or she thought I had not, that she looked for. She wrote me a poem once in which she said that my blue eyes and golden hair were Ireland's, with a suggestion that my heart and gifts sometimes went other where. I think it was because I had arrived at a wider outlook and opportunities than fell to Rose Kavanagh, who was her ideal of young womanhood. Rose naturally had a narrower and firmer concentration on Ireland, which she never left but once, and that one departure helped to kill her. I think, perhaps, that Ellen O'Leary feared my flights into other air than Ireland's, my growing circle of friends, my successes even, lest they should deprive Ireland of whatever I had to give her.

Rose Kavanagh and I were still in our twenties and Ellen O'Leary was in the sixties, but perhaps because she belonged to the days when girls married at sixteen and if they did not were in a parlous state at twenty, and quite on the shelf at twenty-five; perhaps because she was devoted to Rose and had a slightly critical affection for me, she liked to think of us as approximating to her own age. The Sigersons, who were younger than either of us, Dora by a few

years, Hester by a decade or so, were treated with the kind of tenderness a nature like hers would have had for the young. Rose did not like it. She said once that Ellen O'Leary made her feel as old as Methuselah's cat.

John O'Leary, on the other hand, had a soft heart for me; and the very ways that Ellen disapproved afforded him a certain masculine delight. Once I said that if I was a Romanoff I should take my money, chuck the throne of All the Russias, and buy a place in the English Shires where I could live in peace and happiness. Ellen O'Leary looked at me aghast.

"You couldn't get away from your duties and responsibilities like that, Katharine," she said.

In the same spirit she objected to a poem of Rosa Mulholland's in which Sarah Curran, Robert Emmet's unhappy love, was jealous of the rival, *i.e.* Ireland, who came between and prevented their happiness.

John O'Leary, on the other hand, loved my lapses from strict political virtue. I soon found this out and used to lie in wait for the sudden twinkle of the eye, the roar of laughter, and the "Good God in Heaven, you've no morale!" which always followed some unworthy sentiment.

I remember Ellen O'Leary, when she visited me at Whitehall, looking with a softened face at the little child of Dan Kinsella, my father's steward, standing by the cottage door with her kitten in her arms.

"Many a grand lady would give a lot to possess that," said she.

Again she objected to a very charming story of Rosa Mulholland's in which a girl who had been brought up in the workhouse had got into bad company and stolen, escaping at last from all the ugly misery into clean country, where she gets a lift along the road from a young farming man, who falls in love with and marries her—a very pretty idyll. Ellen O'Leary said simply: "It isn't true to

life. An Irish farmer would not marry a girl like that: an English farmer might." It was sound criticism. As I have said it was a time of farouche virtue in Ireland; the farmers, even the young ones, had given their hearts to the land they worked. There was no lack of virtue in marrying a woman coming home from America with a pot of money, but youth and beauty gone and without the possibility of bearing children: but they certainly would have jibbed at a girl from the workhouse who had stolen.

The O'Learys set up a little *salon* in Dublin. Both were very bookish. John O'Leary had dug himself in with books. They were on every table and chair in the room he occupied as well as in the bookcases and on the floor: they were all over the bedrooms and on the stairs and in the passages, and there were unopened cases of them pushed away in corners or serving as tables. He was extraordinarily generous with them. If you were writing anything for which you needed books you had only to take what you wanted. I don't think he ever bothered to recover them, unless the borrower was conscientious enough to bring them back.

Ellen O'Leary had written a good many simple poems, beautiful because of the great soul that shone in them. Sometimes she had achieved the real ballad-touch, and one or two might have ranked with the lesser country songs of Burns. They never had any touch of the enchantment he knew the secret of, but they were simple direct expressions of noble feeling in words equally simple and sincere. Many of them were very charming, but occasionally they were too homely for the more fastidious young people. There was one about two dogs, one a spoilt beauty, the other a faithful old friend, which Dora Sigerson could not bear. The spoilt dog's dinner was composed of

> Rich roast duck, a wondrous treat,
> And Piggy's succulent sweet meat.

I think, judging by the face Dora pulled over them, that the lines gave her an indigestion.

Again, among the artless and often very vivid and touching lyrics of her old home and her girlhood was one about the young sister she adored, dead long ago, who, having given a beggar some cold potatoes, the only alms the house afforded that day, ran after the recipient to ask

"And would you like a pinch of salt?"

These were verses Frances Wynne used to pull a face over. I am bound to say that in my day and Frances Wynne's, in Ireland, no sturdy beggar, man or woman, would accept such a dole. It would be a brave soul that offered it.

But these of course are not fair specimens, and I only tell of them to show her innocent simplicity.

The literary movement, of which we used to talk grandiloquently as the Irish Renaissance, had begun. Irish poetry, with a few outstanding exceptions, had taken a long time to learn how to express itself in English. A few men like Edward Walsh, Callanan and Ferguson, had been able to translate their Irish into English, but nothing could have been more unexacting than the tradition which had come down from the writing men of the '48 Movement, who in verse had been quite satisfied with a resounding and stirring rhetoric. I except of course the genius of James Clarence Mangan: but even he wrote not half a dozen poems that were fit to stand near "Dark Rosaleen": the remaining productions were more or less fustian.

There had been, of course, poets who stood aside from any tradition but their own. There was Ferguson: William Allingham: Aubrey de Vere: John Todhunter. The young poets of the day had to learn their art, since the English was becoming a more easy-fitting garment. Then education was beginning to tell with a great number of the Catholic

Irish, not belonging to the class which could go abroad for its education when it was denied in Ireland.

W. B. Yeats was the life and soul of that movement. His poetry could only be Irish, and yet we went to school to him to learn to write English poetry. Side by side with him was working Douglas Hyde, to bring back the Gaelic language and spirit. "Deludherin' Douglas," as his friends used to call him, with his straight black hair, his wheedling ways, his soft tongue, his speech, all of which could only have belonged to Connaught, though he must have had an English derivation. A. E. as yet had not risen above the horizon, but he was coming. Besides, there was a whole group of young novelists and poets and students and theosophists and politicians and painters—and a few middle-aged or growing old.

The O'Learys were acceptable to everybody. The Unionist Irish of the cultivated kind were beginning to forget the popular violence of the Land League and to turn wistfully towards Her whom after their manner they loved intensely, while never doubting that the right and necessary thing for her was to be the reluctant bride of her rich next-door neighbour. Those Anglo-Irish had a yearning over Irish rebels and rebellions, perhaps because though romantic they had never been very effective. It is always easy to love a lost cause. They liked to talk a little high-minded retrospective treason: and John and Ellen O'Leary were the kind of rebels not to threaten Unionist amenities. Some of them even "transacted" a little with John O'Leary, looked at the high-minded Fenianism he represented, but went no further.

In politics there was nothing doing just then, so Art and Literature were the main interest of our gatherings.

Other people followed the O'Learys' example, and there were half-a-dozen houses where the

"makers," as the old English word has it, foregathered, including my old home which was the Sunday rendezvous. A great many young men sat at John O'Leary's feet as disciples, many of them out of the Unionist and Protestant fold: nothing could have pleased him better, while they could hardly have had a more inspiring teacher.

The O'Learys' home was open to all their friends, even apart from the meetings of the *salon*. Since I could not easily get home after nightfall, I billeted myself out at the houses of my Dublin friends, and sometimes I stayed with the O'Learys, sometimes again with the Yeats family. Willie and I used often to go together to the O'Learys, and we were always welcome.

Between Ellen O'Leary and W. B. Yeats there was a charming and touching friendship. She loved Willie in a motherly way, because he was young, because he was not very robust, because he knew so little how to take care of himself. Willie would never know when he had missed a meal though he might feel a vague discomfort: when he was wet and weary, when he was too thinly or heavily clad, when he had a hole in his shoe, though the water squished in it. All this helplessness appealed to her as it appealed later to Lady Gregory. Apart from this she would have been tenderer to a man than to a woman naturally, although she would not have been aware of it; and she had a broad, simple, uncomplicated nature free from small irritabilities and unreasonableness.

The O'Learys had a maid given to peculation and drink. The first discovery of it was made on a night when a bottle of the famous Guinness's XX was opened for Willie. The bottle had been emptied and filled with water. Further examination disclosed the fact that all the bottles in the cellar were in like case.

That night, or another night, Willie had hung up

his overcoat in the hall with a precious five-pound note in the pocket just received for some literary work. When he got home he found that the money had disappeared.

No one ever thought of such a thing as bringing the culprit to justice, and I really think that Willie was compensated for the loss of the money by the extent and variety of his speculations and imaginations concerning the drink-crave, as the Americans would call it, and trying to fix exactly how the drunkard would feel the passion. He was so interested in all this that he forgot the loss of his money, though five-pound notes were rare and precious in those days and he had to go without a good many things the money would have bought. As for forgiveness, there was no feeling in him so deliberate as that would imply. He had neither anger nor condemnation, standing aside to look at the happening with an aloof interest.

It was a delightful thing to see John and Ellen O'Leary presiding over the *salon*, he hugely delighted with all the young people sitting at his feet, her face shining for his honour, "her gallant and peerless knight," as she had called him in one of her poems. He was in his element: it was "port after stormie seas"; and brother and sister were together and everything to each other.

Far back in his romantic youth lay John O'Leary's one love-story, a stainless and beautiful one. The same girl had been loved by him and one of his closest and dearest friends. Since she could not part them she refused both, slipping quietly into a convent. Rose Kavanagh must have been told the story for she asked John O'Leary once if he had suffered much when his one love-story ended that way. He threw back his fine old head. "For a time I was in hell," he said simply and said no more.

Well, hell had not seared him, neither that blameless hell nor the hell of the convict prison.

He had a fine, splendid innocence, and that tenderness to women, as though they were dear children, which I have sometimes seen in the finest of the celibate priesthood.

By the young and by women he was perfectly admired and loved. Older men, especially if they too were of a dominant nature, did not find him so easy. I do not think my father and he ever much liked each other. He was not courtly. The beautiful things about him were of his heart. If he was not interested he did not pretend to be.

Again he did not suffer fools gladly and foolish people whom he scorned did not forget it. In Ireland we are too polite with folly. A foolish or ignorant opinion expressed in his presence would evoke a sudden roar from the lion.

"Good God in Heaven, what the devil are you talking about? You're in a state of faultless ignorance about every subject under Heaven."

Naturally foolish or ignorant people did not see him as we did.

He was never arrogant with women, or his young men. He had a terrible contempt for expediency in politics or any compromising with the truth. He had also an immense feeling for dignity and impatience with the undignified. He was very scornful about William O'Brien's struggles with his jailers over the wearing of prison-clothes. "O'Brien and his breeches" was a phrase he used to an accompaniment of a contemptuous snort, and the characteristic gesture of the flung-back head. To be sure he had worn the broad arrow for five years, with the same circumstances as the worst criminal, and he never talked about those intolerable years.

Withal he had a certain humility. He approached the old '48 man, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, almost as a disciple. It was a very great honour for Rose Kavanagh, Stephen Gwynn and myself when he led us to the Shelbourne Hotel to introduce us to the

great man. Yet I should not have thought that there could be less than equality, at least, between the two men.

Perhaps John O'Leary knew better than I. Ellen O'Leary told me, a good while after my first meeting with her and John O'Leary in Mr Yeats's studio, that I had had to live down with her a careless speech of mine about an unfavourable opinion of my early poems written by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy to Father Russell. I rather think his opinion had been expressed harshly, but then I don't suppose he meant me to see it, and it was true that I was being good-naturedly over-praised. Anyhow, he was very gracious to me after our meeting at the Shelbourne, sending me flowers from Nice the following Christmas.

I cannot imagine my having said anything that would seriously need living down with Ellen O'Leary, —but in Ireland one always expects one's friends to agree with one and resents disagreement.

The Land League and all its works and pomps were anathema to John O'Leary. He used to refer to the heroes of that day when a name came up as "Some sort of an agrarian person." He and his sister were much poorer than they would otherwise have been because of the folly of New Tipperary, long blown upon and exploded. I do not think he would ever have made a good democrat, unless, of course, the democracy was very exceptional. He liked scholars, bookish men, men of affairs and traditions.

When you looked at the portraits of the father and mother of John and Ellen O'Leary you knew their genesis. I never heard what profession was followed by the fine stately gentleman with the richly-tinted aquiline face, the rapid dominant look, the brushed-up reddish hair, the fine-frilled shirt and cut-away coat of bottle-green cloth, the fob at his waistcoat of the portrait. He was certainly not a farmer, nor a shopkeeper. His equally dignified mate, with the magnificent lace cap, and lappets over her

black silk dress carried out the impression of people of consideration. I think he must have been a doctor, as John O'Leary had set out to be before Fenianism drew him in, as was the brother, Eddie, of whom they often talked. It must have been the upper middle-class from which they sprung and the upper middle-class at its best.

He had an unexpected admiration for England. I remember him saying one night at Dr Sigerson's dinner-table :

"We can never be like the English. The best we can hope for is to be like the French." It was a most unorthodox sentiment in that circle. Dr Sigerson said humorously—"You were always a West-Briton, O'Leary!" So accused, John O'Leary flung back his head with a laugh and said, "Lord God, *me!*"

He was like my father in being unable to do without what he called his "smoak," with a rich Tipperary brogue. He used to walk out from Dublin on Sundays, through the green country lanes to Whitehall, sitting down by the wayside to smoke and to drink the bottle of tea he carried, for he never smoked without drinking.

All that happy circle broke up too soon. There were perhaps two years of the good life. I had spent 1889—between May and September—most happily in England, chiefly with the Meynells. I had come back for one glimpse of Rose Kavanagh before she went on that disastrous expedition to the South of France, from which she returned only to go home to her own Tyrone to wait for the end. That Autumn Ellen O'Leary died. She had carried the seeds of a mortal disease for all her splendid looks. The Yeats family had gone to London to live before that Summer. There was a breaking up and a scattering.

His sister's death was a terrible blow to John O'Leary, but he was too essentially human and gentle not to turn to his friends for help and consolation. I have somewhere the noble and beautiful letters he

wrote to me about her. He had laid hold upon something I had written to him by way of comfort,—that she, at least, was spared his death: therefore out of sheer love and gratitude for that he could bear hers.

It was a great thing for him when the Parnell Split brought him back into active politics. The hillside-men, as we called the Fenians, represented all that was most high-minded in the politics of that day. Mr Parnell had been in touch with them more than once, and in the hour of his being "flung to the wolves" they forgave him the Land League. Any one of us at that time would rather have had the hillside-men with us than any other body of public opinion. John O'Leary said "Good God in Heaven! when he was ruining the morals of the country they were all with him: now that it is only a question of his own they are all against him."

During that great year of "exultations, agonies" a bigger interest than the literary and artistic welded us together. Now the Sunday gatherings at Whitehall were passionately political; fortunately all there were of one way of thinking. Woe betide the anti-Parnellite who strayed into that circle. The priests forsook us for the time or we forsook them. John O'Leary was in the midst of those passionate discussions, with a serene air of riding the whirlwind. His views were often most unexpected and amusing.

I remember a day when he declared that Cardinal Manning was not a man of first-rate or second- or third-rate intellect, because he was a total abstainer and an advocate of total abstinence. He went on to tell the tale of how an old gentleman at his father's dinner-table had mixed a glass of punch for him at the age of seven, and on his father's objecting had said very solemnly: "That boy will live to curse you yet, O'Leary, for not making his head when he was young." It was certainly true that John O'Leary's head never was made. It took very little of anything stronger than tea to upset him.

We all laughed when he made that sweeping verdict on Cardinal Manning, since at the table was Archibald Nicolls, a Castle official, but a very good Irishman and Parnellite, who was a leading man in the Total Abstinence Movement in Dublin. John O'Leary's attention was drawn to his lapse, but he would not withdraw, though he managed, in a way, to rob the thing of all offence, while sticking to it that Manning was not a man of first-rate intellect.

He outlived his sister by a good many years, indeed well into the 20th Century. In 1893 I removed to London where I lived for eighteen years. I always saw him when I went back to Ireland, and when he was in London, which he often was, we always saw him.

I can remember a day not long after my marriage when he came with Barry O'Brien to see me. Barry O'Brien arrived first, having left John O'Leary enjoying his "smoak" on Haven Green or some other open space. Barry O'Brien had several marked dislikes. One was open air,—or at least a draught; another was dogs: that was incompatible with his charming character: a third was tobacco.

It was a lovely Summer day and the drawing-room window was open. Pat, my St Bernard, was lying near me.

"Do you always sit like this with an open window?" Barry O'Brien asked.

"Yes," I said. I was not then aware of his peculiarities.

He sat down gingerly and looked at the window. I was sitting on the sofa in the full draught.

"I should get pneumonia if I did it," he commented, and added humorously: "At least I should think I would."

The next moment,—"Do you always have that great animal in the room with you?"

"Generally," I said innocently. "Sometimes he likes to lie in the garden."

"Oh, you've got a garden, have you? Let me see it."

I led the way unsuspectingly to the garden of which we were very proud. It was a relic of the days when the Duchess of Kent's household lived in that row of houses at Ealing, and the gardens were still something of country gardens. I opened the half-glass door, with the Liberty silk curtains for which I had sacrificed a splendid sash. Pat bounded out before us, and, with a callous disregard of the garden, Barry O'Brien shut the door and looked at him between the curtains.

"You stay there, my fine fellow," he said grimly. And then to me: "Now we'll go back and you can shut that window and we'll talk comfortably."

John O'Leary arrived soon after that and I told him the tale.

"I never knew a man afraid of as many things as you are, O'Brien," he said.

I commented: "If you were afraid of them you'd be afraid to say you were."

Barry O'Brien used to tell that tale with joy down to the last time I saw him.

There was never a coldness or a doubt between me and John O'Leary. Once Mr Yeats fell foul of an article of mine in the *Westminster Gazette*. It was a sketch of a thing seen at Euston Station in which the actors were Irish and some of them vulgar, the kind of thing the Anglo-Irish used to be up in arms about unreasonably, as though no Irishman was ever vulgar. I was not present on the occasion when Mr Yeats poured it all out upon my innocent husband. John O'Leary happened to be present and intervened, in his decisive way. "I don't know what she has written or what she has said, and I don't care. Her heart's all right."

An Irish Bishop said the same thing generally. "I don't care what a man's actions are as long as his heart's right." It was a wise saying, but it might easily be misapplied.

This story about John O'Leary and my brother-in-law, John O'Mahony, is too good to be missed out —though I have told it elsewhere. We were staying at Pilot View, Dalkey, in the winter of 1899-1900, a wonderful place, built on rocks on the edge of the sea and open to every gale. Not a place to wander about in the darkness. Letting our guests out on a wild night they usually headed for the sea, and very often the noise and the darkness swallowed them up before we could warn them. I think they all turned up safely in the end; but I can remember John O'Mahony coming in with the spray on his hair and face, after a fierce struggle with the hall door before he could shut it, saying joyfully: "You'll never see Joe Quinn again, Katie. He has walked into the sea."

John O'Mahony and John O'Leary were guests of ours one Sunday, with several other people. I had noticed that John O'Leary was not speaking to the other John before the latter came to me, saying with a grin, half-rueful, half-humorous: "I don't know what's the matter with him. He hates me and I love him. I wonder what I've been doing now!"

What he had been doing remains a mystery, but all his assiduous efforts failed to conciliate John O'Leary. He waited on him most tenderly at tea and dinner, played cards with him, looked after all his needs with an air of reverent discipleship, but not one word from John O'Leary.

At last the time came for the old man to depart. No one else was going his way, and he was just—sleepy—not to be trusted alone to the dangerous way that led to the tram-road. My husband would have gone with him, but John O'Mahony rushed in. I think, perhaps, if John O'Leary had known in time he would have declined the escort. The last we saw and heard of them was Jack's cozening voice at its softest, saying—"Now, Mr O'Leary, one more step and you're on the level."

He came back half-an-hour later, having had a

humorous adventure on the return journey with a Dublin Metropolitan policeman, — he always had humorous adventures wherever he went,—and told us, with a rueful grin, of his seeing-off of John O'Leary.

"I was like a son to him," he said. "He'd have been dead ten times over only for me; let alone that he'd have walked into the sea off the hall-door steps. He clung to me pretty tightly I can tell you. I got him up Bullock Steps and into the tram and to the station; paid his tram-fare and took a first-class ticket for him: and proud to do it. Boosted someone out of the corner-seat and put him into it and asked him if he was comfortable. Not one word! I'd have gone to Dublin with him if he hadn't been so discouraging. Then, just as the train began to move he put out his head. 'I *hate* the smooth crookedness of the Cork man,' he said, and sank back into his place."

I was living in England during his last illness, and his devoted niece who nursed him sent me constant bulletins. He used to send me messages, so loving, that his niece pretended jealousy. "I really think you're the most jealous woman alive," he said to her one day humorously. But it was Dora Sigerson who, having paid her last visit to him, reported that he had said: "Katharine Tynan has a very affectionate heart."

There was not a moment in which he and I had been at variance.

A MEDIÆVALIST—
LIONEL JOHNSON

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Amidst the poets at the Nineties, Lionel Johnson stands out with an austere light about him like the aureoled head of a little saint; a somewhat ghostly figure. His ghostliness was the ghostliness of a little monk: you might have seen his slight figure flit through a haunted cloister by moonlight. He was shadowy. Somehow he made ordinary flesh and blood seem rough, positive and jarring. He could never have been anything but a celibate, and so wise was he that his youth had always a tinge of age.

He seemed to look back from a great distance at mankind with an infinite tolerance for all its faults and failings. He never was shocked at anything. His attitude was the attitude of a wise and saintly old priest who knows the heights and depths of the human soul.

He was very tiny—such a slender little body like a child's but above his small face he had a magnificent brow. When he talked to you he put his little finger-tips together with a gesture oddly like that of wise age. He had two loves, Winchester and Oxford, and two inspirations—Ireland and the Catholic Church. He knew all the arts and loved them all; and in his presence you felt that he had discarded more knowledge than you had ever acquired. There was a something of the Buddha about him, of the Eastern Sage. He was the true mystic. He might have sat for a thousand years absorbed in the contemplation of his own soul.

He came to us at a time when all our friends were

very busy "making" in that flowering and fruiting time of the Nineties.

We had a little house at Ealing with a long garden which ended in the fields, a garden of fruit-trees and a path between them edged with grass-borders. There was a lawn at the end, to which, when you sat there, came the sound of sheep-bells, for there were still sheep in these Perivale fields and the leader carried a bell. Lionel Johnson came down between the grass borders one Sunday afternoon in the Summer of 1894,—was it ?—to the little lawn where I was sitting, carrying his infinitesimal top hat in his hand, all fine manners and gracious courtesies.

From the first our friendship was assured. He came in time, and a little time, at all times and in all seasons. He got most of the things he wanted. My husband, a classical Scholar and Honoursman of T.C.D. met him as a scholar. At the back of his mind Lionel had a little haughtiness towards the men who lacked Latin and Greek. He found with us the literary, the Catholic, the Irish atmosphere he loved. There were no steps to our friendship. It was full-grown all at once.

We had a dog equally well loved by Lionel and Dora Sigerson. Each was always begging us hard for Paudeen, certainly a remarkable dog. As Lionel's dog he would have been irresistibly in place. He was very tiny and very wise like Lionel. His mother had been a thoroughbred Irish terrier, his father a trained poodle. He had the head and chest in miniature of the Irish terrier, with perhaps an added touch of shaggy grimness. He had a long body rather like a dachshund —indeed I suspected a dachshund somewhere in the ancestry—and a disgraceful thick tail which no other dog of his size could have carried as he did, finely curled over his back. If he wanted to attract attention he had a way of disjointing his tail half-way and letting it hang as though on a broken hinge. When people in the street stopped to look at him and asked what had happened to his tail, he would immediately restore it

to its graceful curl. He had a thousand tricks, derived doubtless from Papa, which were delightfully incongruous with the shaggy honesty of the Irish terrier face.

When Lionel Johnson came and found us absent he always sought out Paudeen. We used to come in to find the shaggy little grey shape in his arms. Sometimes it was Dora Shorter discontented with her Borzoi and her Pekingese and craving "Little Paddy," as she called him. Once, coming in late in the evening, we found Lionel stretched in front of the fire fast asleep, Paudeen curled contentedly on his chest.

People who knew Lionel Johnson before we did had told us that he could be phenomenally silent. I have known him so in general company, but never with us. With us he was a voluminous talker as we were voluminous talkers. When he stayed with us at Ealing he and my husband would sit up half the night talking classics. I had to veto those *séances* since they let the fire go out, and developed colds in their heads after a more than usually prolonged sitting.

I remember a happy Christmas at the Laurels, Mount Avenue, Ealing, the last we spent there, when Lionel came to stay with us over Christmas. He arrived on Christmas Eve with a huge bag. My husband, meeting him at the railway-station, insisted on taking the bag. It was very much lighter than he could have expected and it rattled. We came to the conclusion that Lionel's bag contained only the enormous rosary-beads which we were to see very much in evidence later.

There had been a hard frost for some days, a silver frost, and it was intensely cold. We went to Hanwell, where the nearest Catholic Church was, for the Midnight Mass, arriving to an empty church: indeed I think we had to wait for it to be opened. I know we had anticipated a midnight walk across the frozen fields by moonlight, but something had

intervened : it must have been snowing, for we got a cab, which perhaps accounted for our early arrival.

Being the first we took the nearest seats to the altar. There was not at all the crowded attendance we had anticipated ; there was plenty of room. Just before the Mass began a most alarming lady appeared at the end of our pew. She was very large and lofty and she said nothing, merely pointing an accusing finger our way. Apparently we were in her special pew. We scrambled out, as though we had been detected picking somebody's pocket, and hid in confusion in humbler seats, but although she stood and waggled her finger at Lionel it was all in vain : he was too absorbed in his Rosary to be aware of anything that was passing outside.

The great beads rattled like a cable every time he dropped one. I can't imagine where he got those rosary-beads. They must have been a relic of some sort, since all Lionel's religious possessions had a history. I should think their original possessor must have been a giant—they were very old and brown and heavy and the noise they made must have deafened Lionel, who was already blinded by devotion.

In the end the good lady had to yield Lionel his tiny space in the pew.

He said afterwards when we told him—"Oh, I wondered when I found you weren't there."

The snow must have left off, for I remember walking with Lionel in the middle of the Uxbridge Road, between the electric light standards, as being less slippery than the paths. Trams had not yet invaded Ealing, which was quite countrified in parts. "What, after all, is it but a damned village?" my father had asked when a consuming desire for a pipe came upon him in Ealing Broadway and he had to sit down on the steps leading to a bank to fill and light it.

That Christmas Eve Night—1894 it would have been—the cold blue light of the arc lamps poured

upon a silent white world, where Lionel, wide-awake after his devotions, talked literature to me as though it was over the tea-cups, while my husband strode away ahead of us, eager to get over the three miles or so that lay between Hanwell and our belated supper and the cosy fire.

I have said that we found Lionel rather an intemperate talker. I know the herald of us had arrived some time before we did, but, after our glorious supper, when I retired to bed and went fast asleep, the two men sat up and wrangled or agreed over the classics till six o'clock in the morning.

Lionel's austere and beautiful poetry was indeed like the intrusion of a ghostly little monk into a circle of godless Bohemians in the Nineties. We knew all our writing circle in those days. Every new writer was of the circle, and we were usually on terms of personal friendship or at least acquaintanceship with each other. Some very queer people were writing and illustrating in those days. There was a good deal of real or assumed Paganism. A number of people, for pleasure or profit, or sincerely or insincerely, were writing very disedifying books and making very disedifying pictures. One or two big people emerged high above it all; one need only mention Francis Thompson, Yeats, Mrs Meynell, and Lionel.

It was a time when we all chattered a great deal about each other—the age of the interview. Lionel wrote a whole book about the Art of Thomas Hardy. He was a very sound critic: if he was weak at all as a critic, it was in the lovable manner of W. B. Yeats, who at that time also erred on the side of admiration.

He belonged to the Rhymers' Club which included with Yeats and himself, John Davidson, who deserves to be remembered for his poetry, Arthur Symons, Ernest Rhys, Victor Plarr, Ernest Dowson: others I have forgotten for the moment, since I am writing from memory and away from my books.

The Rhymers' Club, even apart from its outstanding figures, produced some very beautiful poetry, quite without mannerisms. It was indeed remarkable in that time when "decadent" was quite a covetable title, how little was really decadent in the poetry that was worth considering. There were a few volumes produced with strange Beardsley cover-designs which might be called decadent, but as poetry, even minor poetry, they had no place. Arthur Symons chose decadent subjects sometimes, but he wrote exquisitely. So did Dowson, who was a great friend of Lionel's, followed him into the Catholic Church, and like him died early and tragically.

Symons and Dowson should live in the anthologies at least. They had each the gift of a haunting enchantment—"enchauntment" as Lionel would have written it in those days.

You could not go to a literary party in the Nineties without meeting all manner of odd people—people who had written queer books and painted queer pictures and sometimes had lived up to their writing and painting. The word "strong" had appeared on publishers' lists, in literary and artistic criticism. It did not really mean "strong"; it sometimes meant "half-men with their dirty songs and dreary" and half-women. The little Revival of the Nineties comprised a great many people who aimed at being French; but they did it heavily, reminding one of the respectable English one has seen rollicking at a French watering place. Only the Celt and the Latin can be wicked without being self-conscious.

Lionel Johnson was doubtless, if not a saint, at least of the stuff of which saints are made. While being himself quite incapable of and exempt from the grosser sins, he had an enormous tolerance and even affection for sinners. This was especially noticeable in his attitude towards Oscar Wilde, for whom he had only compassion. But there was one word of condemnation. I heard him say once that he could not

forgive Oscar's marriage, his having brought that poor girl into it.

By vulgarity too, as long as it was a rich, juicy vulgarity, so to speak, which he could contemplate from an immense distance, he could be amused. There was a Christmas night when we had dined with the Meynells and, coming home, travelled from Paddington with a party of happy Cockneys divided between delicious reminiscences of the meal they had had and equally delicious anticipations of the meal they were going to have. Lionel was quite delighted with them. I can see his face now under the infinitesimal top hat, smiling broadly like an amused baby. When you could not see his dome-like forehead the rest of the face was that of a contemplative child.

At that time he was very busy and very happy, writing many literary articles for the *Chronicle*, the *Academy*, and other papers. The *Chronicle* had made its bow to London as a daily paper which gave a full page every day to Literature. It was a time when many of the daily papers were running serials and short stories. It was magnificent for the writers, but it was not War.

We were all hailing Lionel as *the* English critic so long hoped for. He had great admirations, as was evident in his two volumes of poems, where each poem had its dedication. His worshipping love for Winchester and Oxford was another manifestation of this capacity in him. Where he admired he saw nothing amiss, or if there was anything it was swallowed up in admiration. He had a particularly great devotion to W. B. Yeats, while he admired whole-heartedly all that was best in his contemporaries. Doubtless that element in his character was what brought him into the literary circles of the Nineties, where there was so much with which he could not have been in sympathy. To be sure, there was always the capacity for a very real, if aloof, amusement.

I don't know when he discovered Ireland. His

great grandfather had been in command at New Ross in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, when the rebels were beaten and the back of the Rebellion broken. That was as good a genesis as any other for an Irish patriot. Perhaps it was his Catholicism which made Lionel remember he was Irish. He had become a Catholic in his Winchester days. There was a story he loved to tell of the old priest to whom he carried at Winchester his first intention of becoming a Catholic.

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"Do you remember that you are out of bounds? Go away."

That was the conversation. It was a stroke of genius that it should have taken place with one who had so much of the school and Collegiate mind as had Lionel.

There is no need to seek for reasons for his loving Ireland. There were the social qualities, the abundant hospitality at which he warmed his chilly hands. With the Irish he was never aloof. One heard of him in places where one would not have expected to find him, in circles where he should have been strange. Perhaps it was there he was silent, finding nothing to say. Personally I knew him as an intemperate talker.

Ireland amused and pleased him from the social point of view. Her history would have appealed to him as the history of the Catholic Church did. The soft, kindly Ireland of that day comforted him. He was appreciated and admired. Always he needed comfort and a warm fire. He was something of a lost thing in the world, never of it. He ought to have been a Benedictine monk, of Oxford preferably, as he should have been born in Merrie England, or pre-Reformation England.

He used to tell stories, with his characteristic gesture of touching his finger-tips together, of the

quaint people he met with in Ireland, not omitting to laugh at himself. There was an old gentleman at a hotel who asked Lionel to guess his age and was immensely pleased when Lionel gave him more years than he had. I suppose he had suffered from the Ireland that used to say: "No matter what age you are you don't look it." He then guessed Lionel's age, giving him more years than he possessed. They struck up a firm friendship on that. Lionel must have been so tired of being perpetually taken for a boy.

On the other hand, at some evening lecture he attended—I'm not sure that he was not going to be the lecturer — at a Dublin Convent, a brisk and motherly nun meeting him said: "Now you ought to be in bed at this hour at your age, and not sitting up like this."

"Do you know that I am twenty-six?" asked Lionel indignantly.

"I don't care what age you are," said the good nun. "You don't look it and you ought to be in bed, whether you're twenty-six or not."

Among Lionel's friends in Ireland were a Dublin journalist and his wife, old friends of mine. It was just such a happy-go-lucky house as Lionel loved, while being extremely neat and orderly himself. He was fed and warmed there and had plenty of talk, and he would sit up till the small hours talking to the journalist's wife who awaited her husband's return. It was a house where he could rise at what hour he liked in the day. While Lionel and his hostess sat up they talked of all subjects under Heaven. The lady had a speculative mind and held rather heterodox views, which Lionel set himself to combat and demolish. One night their talk resulted in a compact that whichever died first should come back to the other with a report of the world beyond.

The lady herself told me the result of this compact. She said that after Lionel's death she saw him

or dreamt she saw him. He stood and looked at her quite silently and with expectancy, while she sought in vain for something to say to him. She wanted to ask him what Heaven was like, but for some inexplicable reason she heard herself saying "What is Hell like?" Upon which Lionel's face assumed a most offended expression and he vanished.

I said it could not have been Lionel; he would have smiled his wise humorous smile at her lapse.

After these idyllic early years at the Laurels, chequered with a good deal of sorrow, we went to live at Notting Hill. Mr Yeats would not come to see us there, being very angry with us for leaving our still countrified Ealing. He said that when he went for a walk from Bedford Park he turned towards the country and not towards London.

But Lionel was not so affected. We saw just as much of him at Notting Hill, when we were there, but since we could not endure the town life and spent two years and two months of our four years' tenancy away from the house, there were necessarily gaps in our intercourse. He said once in those years that ours was the only house to which he would come for breakfast uninvited if he felt so inclined.

I can remember Sundays at Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, when I was left in charge of the baby on the nurse's afternoon out. That baby had a phenomenally early sense of my incompetence, had it indeed during the first weeks of his life. I suppose it must be rather fascinating for a baby to be able to reduce incompetent owners to sheer misery and terror simply by screaming. On other days than Sunday the baby slept like a lamb from three to six. On Sunday—every other Sunday to be accurate—he took what his nurse used to call the fox's sleep. No sooner had the hall-door closed behind her retreating footsteps than the baby pulled himself up by the curtains of his cot, peered between with a malignant

blue eye, and immediately started on the process known to nurses in my day as "playing up to his mother." In those distressing circumstances the baby's father had to be summoned from the endless classical discussions with Lionel. Once when both parents were thoroughly exhausted, and the baby having been shaken angrily by his father, had finally made up its mind that here was at last an argument to be respected, and had suddenly dropped asleep in a dewy and lamb-like fashion, as babies have a way of doing, Lionel opened the nursery door and peeped in.

He came tiptoe, his finger-tips pressed together, his little face expressive of an immense enjoyment. He looked at us collapsed on our chairs. "Ah," he said softly, "Father Dawson did not take all the devil out of him."

He refused to be godfather to a much more reasonable baby, because he would not take the responsibility of the obstreperous baby's brother. But strangely enough the rejected baby, to whom we gave no other godfather—Lionel's great friend and lover, Louise Imogen Guiney, was godmother—grew up with much in him to remind one of Lionel, both physically and mentally, as though there had been a spiritual affinity after all.

Those frequent absences of ours during the four years were disastrous for our intercourse with Lionel. We were away for more than a year at the end of our tenancy, beyond Lionel's reach; after which we went back to another Ealing house. There Lionel came to us again. Our new tenancy began in June, but my outstanding memory is of Lionel coming in blue-lipped and frozen, one Sunday morning about ten o'clock, so I suppose it must have been Winter again. He refused breakfast—I suppose he had had it, but I can remember running for a glass of port wine which I had to hold to his lips, so excessively was he shivering. It brought life to him and he

went off afterwards to Mass at St Benedict's, coming back to us for the rest of the day.

He resumed then the old visiting. He spent every other Sunday with us till we went to the country in the Summer. After that I saw him no more. That was 1901-2. In the Summer of 1902 we were at Ockley in Surrey. My husband being in town one day met Lionel at some hostelry in Fleet Street, Lionel, looking rather dilapidated as to clothing, but with the same air of the gentleman and the saint. "A-a-ah!" he murmured, coming to meet him with a characteristic gesture. Any of Lionel's lovers who are left will recall that "A-a-ah!" He promised to come and stay with us at Ockley, but he never came. The day we went back to town we read in the train of his death. He died on 4th October, the Feast of St Francis of Assisi, the Poverello. I should say that for many months before that we had tried to get into touch with him, but his rooms in Lincoln's Inn always showed a closed door and, for long, letters had gone unanswered.

It is time now to prick the legend that has grown up about Lionel Johnson once for all. The inaccurate comments of London journalists at the time of his death started the legend, which has gained many additions and much detail since that day. Lionel might come in time to figure as a François Villon; so much did the legend expand. He has already arrived at being compared with Edgar Allan Poe and Mangan and other wastrel men of genius, but as a matter of fact he had gone but a very little way on their road.

Let one who knew him perhaps better than anyone else in the last eight or more years of his life testify! During all those years I saw Lionel Johnson under the influence of drink exactly twice and I know of another occasion on which I was not present. On all those occasions he had drunk less than many a moderate man drinks at his Club; only, in Lionel's

case, his terribly complicated nervous system not only craved a stimulant at times, but could not stand it when it was applied. There is a legend that he said he had been a drunkard at Winchester. I take leave to doubt its veracity. If he made such a statement it was a picturesque one, not to be taken literally.

One of his friends told me that when Lionel was to receive the Holy Communion in the morning he sat up all night fearful lest he should break the fasting obligation if the need for a stimulant should seize him when he was off-guard. That would have been later perhaps. I never saw any sign of a craving when he was so often with us and for long stretches of hours. Of course I do not know what happened in those last months, but whatever weakness assailed him or was yielded to, I have no doubt that the grosser sins never touched him. He remained *snow-white.* For the rest, let no man judge him, our Saint Lionel.

The inaccurate newspapers reported that he broke his neck and died in a gutter in Fleet Street, or something equally fantastic. The truth was that sitting a-top of a high stool at the buffet of the Green Dragon in Fleet Street, he inadvertently over-balanced and fell on the back of his head. He had fallen on a deep Turkey carpet and no serious hurt seemed probable, but as he remained unconscious he was taken to Charing Cross Hospital. One of the friends we had been the means of giving him—Father Dawson—hurried off to the hospital as soon as he heard of the accident. Lionel was still quite unconscious and there was a little froth about his lips.

A few days passed before another examination revealed the fact that his skull was fractured. It was no thicker than a child's: no normal adult skull could have suffered such an injury from so slight a cause.

His beautiful lofty poetry remains. Winchester will not forget him nor New College; though his contemporary friends and lovers go after him into

the silence. One would like to think that English literature kept a niche for him. His personality was of it. One thinks of his little head—set somewhere in the meeting place of England's great dead, a little head with the gravity of the Middle Ages upon it, the ripe wisdom of Greece and Rome. His spirit was part of Plato: part of the Christian mystics.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER—
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

She represented in a manner the staid spirit of New England till she flashed upon you wild and boyish. Behind her glasses she was something of the charming school-marm till you discovered her suddenly as a gallant adventurer and a loyal good comrade. She had the fearlessness of the American girl in a day when fearlessness was not the prerogative of girlhood. I could quite well imagine her faring forth on a desert journey with only her angel and her own fearless heart and perhaps a dog for company and protection. Perhaps she would never have thought of protection.

She was a most delightful mixture of the boyish and the feminine. If she had been born a girl of these days she would have delighted in the smock and breeches and she would have worn them like Rosalind: she would have rejoiced in the short skirts and the general ease of attire, but her serviceable tweeds would have been cut to a nicety and worn with a feminine swagger. She was a most honest, gay, brave and romantic creature.

She was the daughter of a brave Irish-American soldier and an only child, she had inherited what he might have bequeathed to his son. She had the heart of a brave soldier. Her only biographer, E. M. Tenison, has said that she nearly became a Sacred Heart nun in the Convent where her school days were spent. I very much doubt that she would have passed the Novitiate stage. She was too free a creature for the Convent, especially of a contemplative and teaching Order. I never knew an imaginative Convent-school girl who did not think at one period or another that she possessed a vocation.

General Patrick Guiney, like most brave soldiers, was a poor man, and he left but scanty provision for his wife and daughter; so instead of the Convent, Louise had to face the problem of fending for her mother and herself.

It must have taken all the soldier's heart in her to face that problem. For herself she could have taken the highway as cheerfully as Sir Philip Sidney: that was a strain of the gipsy in her: but the dependent mother was quite another matter. She had an exquisite literary gift which she was quite unfitted to turn to account in earning American dollars. Her spiritual home was England, mediæval and Merrie England. She wrote ingenious and cultivated prose: but her real gift was for poetry; and America, very well content with her verse-writers, had no ears for the *curiosa felicitas* of this charming and distinguished poetry. Boston might have been aware of it perhaps, but not to a sufficient extent to make her gift profitable: she was perhaps essentially incapable of making anything profitable. I have heard her say of herself, in Ben Jonson's phrase, that she was a costive poet.

The soldier and the natural scholar mingled in her. She had a gentlemanly knowledge of the classics, whether acquired at her New England Convent-school or in some previous existence I am not aware: of how much scholarship she actually possessed I am not competent to judge; I know only that she could turn a Latin verse deftly to the delight of my husband, who was a classical man, and Lionel Johnson, and could hold her own in a classical discussion. She certainly had the air of finish which the classical education was supposed to impart: it was a part of the delightful masculine touch which sat so charmingly upon her femininity.

Since poetry, however beautiful, could not boil the pot, Louise became the Postmistress of Auburndale, the village where she and her mother lived. To be Postmistress of Auburndale seemed to suit a daughter

of the Muses much better than to be Postmistress of Nantucket or Poughkeepsie. There was certainly a thought of Goldsmith in the name.

She complained that America was much more interested in the Postmistress than the Poet, which was doubtless true and characteristic of America. But she was not to keep the Postmistress-ship long. The Know-Nothings, or something of the kind, a body as incredible in our days as the Ku-Klux-Klan,—if that indeed was not an intelligent anticipation of the film-producer—discovering a Papist in the onerous position of Postmistress of Auburndale clamoured for her removal, poet or no poet, so lustily that she was removed.

I wonder if the intolerant body did her a service. She had tethered herself at the call of duty, but she would have fretted at her tether, being a free, natural creature.

I had met her in 1889 when I was staying with the Meynells in London, and had the enterprise to conduct a party of Americans round Oxford where I had been visiting earlier in the Summer. The other members of the party were very American. The leading lady was Mrs Alexander Sullivan, a very well-known American journalist, better-known incidentally in England by reason of her husband's having been accused of the murder of Dr Cronin, one of his associates in the Irish Republican Brotherhood or something of the kind. Mrs Sullivan was, I am sure, an able woman, but her vocabulary was terrible. There was hardly a word in it under five syllables long, and when she had rolled them off her tongue magnificently she left you gasping. There was a Paris Exhibition that year which she was reporting for the American Associated Press. When she told the neophyte that she represented eight thousand American newspapers, mouthing the numbers, he or she was awed,—but it only meant a big syndicate.

There were other American ladies of the party.

I don't suppose the others got much talk in for Mrs Sullivan, but Louise shone by her silence. She was wearing a wide hat with flowers on the brim which shadowed the charming austere New England face. She may have been "silent with adoration," seeing for the first time the city of her dreams, to which she was come as a passionate pilgrim, where she should yet live for many happy years and lay herself down to sleep when she should grow tired.

She came to us later in Ireland with a Mamma who wore "a bang," the American name then for a curled fringe. She was not the least bit in the world my idea of Louise's Mamma. Indeed, I am inclined to think that Louise was only her father's child. Her mother lived well into the new century. I doubt that there was very much between them. Louise was well content in later years to dwell in Oxford while her mother dwelt in Boston, although dutifully ready to speed across the ocean on any intimation of her mother's need of her. Mrs Guiney looked very American of a sort, with that bang.

Barring the touch of New England austerity in her looks, Louise was all England's. Ireland, hers on her father's and mother's side, made the tender appeal that the old Ireland always made. She was not at all temperamentally English, but she was England's daughter by choice, not modern England but the mediæval England from which Lionel Johnson had strayed—Merrie England of the processions and the garlands: England of the maypoles and the carols; of Chaucer and the Elizabethans: of Herrick and Herbert and Crashaw and Lovelace: of the Cavaliers and the Caroleans: of all that has made the beauty of England imperishable, despite the factories and the slums.

Behind the New England face and the spectacles, she was a boy. The precision of her prose and letter-writing was the New England part of her. In her poetry she became elastic and resounding with the resonance of a bugle.

England gave her most of the things she asked for. America could never have given her, for example, Lionel Johnson and A. H. Bullen, both of whom became her friends. Only an old civilisation like England's could produce them.

In London she was perfectly happy amid the memories and fragrance of the ancient times. She went up and down England exploring abbeys and castles and cathedrals and ancient buildings, revelling in the beautiful and placid scenery amid which the great ones had moved and had their being: Tintern, Penshurst, Canterbury, Winchester, Oxford, all sanctified places, with battle-fields such as Marston Moor and Tewkesbury, where many a starry head had fallen. She knew every storied bit of England, and she came back to them when she had visited the great places of the Continent with an untravelled, a home-coming heart.

She had a way of taking her friends at their highest valuation, an unreal valuation sometimes it might be. She was so straight and honest herself that it was difficult for her not to believe in other people. I know she had an extravagantly high general estimate sometimes of people who just satisfied her on one point, looking no further than that: yet I have heard her once or twice pronounce a verdict which was unforgettably stern, and no sentiment or sentimentality intervened to mitigate it. Once she said to me, discussing someone whose looks had changed for the worse towards middle-age: "After thirty, our faces are our own to make what we will of them."

She was extraordinarily generous, like many poor people. When she could she gave prodigally: when she could not it must have been acute suffering to her. It was her Royal Way of the Holy Cross to be poor: but there is something poignant in the thought of that free and generous spirit stretched on the rack of impecuniosity. England gave her everything except recognition, and for the lack of that

England was not altogether to be blamed since her books were all issued by American publishers.

But certain editors showed little taste and judgment in her regard. I remember a time when I tried to place some of her beautiful poems with small success. To my mortification the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which I had a special interest at the time, sent her seven-and-six for a poem ; it was the lowest rate of payment for the "Occ. Poem," which appeared daily. She told me that she had inserted in the form of receipt, "the munificent sum of," and I suppose it relieved her justifiable indignation, though only a clerk's eye would see that interpolation.

One man who had the real touchstone for poetry in our days, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, held me up once at a public dinner to pour into my ear the beautiful poem beginning

Vines branching stilly,
Shade the open door
Of the house of Zion's Lily,
Stainless and poor.
O brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hands,
The Babe who for apparel
Has only swaddling-bands,
And sees her heavenlier-smiling than stars at his commands.

I remember how he dwelt on the closing lines of the second stanza :—

Soon earthly changes
Draw Him from her breast,
But here awhile He ranges
Gardens of rest.
Yea, she the first to ponder
His ransom and recall,
Awhile may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall
On this, the only sinless, love-loyal heart of all.

I saw that poem quoted in an article in the *Times* the other day, so she has her faithful lovers—her

bedesmen, as she would have said herself. She loved the archaic, the poetic word.

I think her poetry fell between two stools. Being published in America, it did not reach the English anthologies, through which people would have known of her; and a poet whose books are not to be purchased can only hope for an accidental hearing. Her best monument would be a Selection of her poetry—or a Collection. She was fastidious and infinitely painstaking. There would not be much to reject or to be doubtful over.

She told me once that she had been asked by her countrywoman, Louise Chandler Moulton, who had a considerable vogue in America, to help her in selecting the poems for a new volume. There were a great many to select from. Mrs Moulton pleased America better than Louise Guiney, and she had a great magazine clientéle. She was fluent and facile. Louise started out cheerfully on her task. She did not notice that it was a Rejection not a Selection she was making, till she became aware of the vast pile on the one hand, the few scattered leaves on the other, and the steadily lengthening face of the poetess. She pealed with laughter over the memory.

She was incapable of sentimentalities, and Mrs Moulton, as I remember her, was very sentimental. Louise had a story of another sentimental American poetess, who could content herself nohow with an excellent and tolerant husband and a very original daughter, but must count herself misunderstood, and solace herself with the company of poetic young men who brought her all their poems. Louise coming away from one of those poetic gatherings, where she can have been little in place, discovered a tall gloomy child, who had been looking on and listening from a hidden corner. "Ain't Momma a fool!" she said, as Louise passed her by.

There was something sprite-like about her. So charming was she that as the years passed and she

remained unwed people constantly wondered why. We put the question once to a young American who was a great friend of hers.

"She is too wild," he said, laconically.

That was it perhaps; perhaps the wildness was at the root of her impecuniosity. You could not harness her. She could not possibly give people what they wanted and were ready to pay for. She could only give what she wanted to do, and there is little popular demand for beautiful poetry and delicate, meticulously careful prose. In her prose she was perhaps too literary, as she was in her letters. Not often in her letters is there a candid revelation of herself such as one looks for. She is always glancing at you from behind a mask. In two letters addressed to Clement Shorter, in E. M. Tenison's biography, you see the naked soul and you are amazed and startled. A large collection of her letters would probably all have that artificiality, a defence doubtless for a creature shy, wild and proud.

She was intensely proud. Once, a long time ago, we suspected that she needed money, and wrote as delicately as we knew how asking her to come to us if she needed anything. My memory is that she wrote a letter of somewhat artificial jesting in reply, making no reference at all to the money question.

How free and bright she was when she used to walk over mountains and moors and drop in at queer out-of-the-way places, inns and cottages, making friends with all sorts of wayfaring men, fishermen, stone-breakers, shepherds, all such people who belong to the soil. I believe all her adventures, and she had many, were pleasant ones.

"She feared no danger for she knew no sin."

These Unas have a way of walking the world unscathed, unaware of evil.

I believe that like her beloved Lionel Johnson she was a born celibate, or else her lovers were all dead and gone. They ranged from the Crusaders to

the Stuarts. Oddly enough the Merrie Monarch was of her friendship. Her volume *Patrius* is half "An Inquerendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of his Late Majesty King Charles the Second." Her love-poetry was always written for ghosts, as Lionel Johnson's was written for some spirit of air and water.

A voice on the winds, a voice on the waters,
Wanders and cries.
O what are the winds and what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes.

And down the night-winds and down the night-waters
The music flies.
O what are the winds and what are the waters?
Since Mine are your eyes.

Cold grow the winds and cold grow the waters
Where the light dies.
O what are the winds and what are the waters?
Cold be the winds and dark be the waters
Since mine are your eyes.

That is Lionel's love-song quoted from memory. Remembering Louise's poetry I cannot be sure of any direct love-song. Her love-song would have been on the lips of Lovelace, or another of "King Charles—His Gentlemen."

It is hardly a woman, it is a young knight keeping vigil with fasting the night before his accolade, who is in her songs. She had caught the true Lovelace manner. Her "Knight Errant" is her own spirit.

Spirits of old that bore me
And set me meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me
And deeds as great behind
Knowing Humanity my star
As first abroad I ride
Shall help me wear with every scar
Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me
From every groaning cloud
Or ever malice touch me
Or glory make me proud.
O give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire;
A short life in the saddle, Lord,
Not long life by the fire.

Forethought and recollection
Rivet my armour gay,
The passion for perfection
Redeem my failing way:
The arrows of the upper slope
From sudden ambush cast
Rain quick and true with one to ope
My Paradise at last.

I fear no breathing bowman
But only—East and West,—
The awful other foeman
Impowered within my breast.
The outer fray in the sun shall be
The inner beneath the moon,
And may Our Lady lend to me
Sight of the Dragon soon.

This should surely be a poem for the anthologies, with others as beautiful.

Her brave and fine spirit was shadowed for some years before the end not only by material cares but by deafness, which made her withdraw herself from her friends lest she should incommode them. I wonder if we ever met in the flesh after a Summer day when she and I and my husband lunched with A. H. Bullen, that most lovable of strayed Elizabethans. Over him too the shades had begun to gather. I remember that he told us he was desperately afraid of the London street crossings. But London of that day! before the War had released the furies of the screaming and grinding lorries. I suppose the first taxis were on the streets; with the swiftly gliding, pretty hansoms, their delicate tinkling as of a flock of sheep in a pasture led by a belled one. Perhaps

an Elizabethan would have been nervous even in London of the hansoms and the horses and the slow-lumbering 'buses.

Louise and he talked Elizabethan poetry across the luncheon-table. She thought she had found a new Elizabether or had traced a poem to a well-known one, but Bullen, too gentle to disagree in words, shook his great mane of fair hair vigorously.

I suppose he must have been up from Stratford that day. "What a nice girl!" he said afterwards, "but why Imogen?" He went on to shake his head sadly over the American choice of names, with special reference to one, Josephine Dodge Daskam who had written a most amusing and witty book just then. He repeated her name over to himself several times, tossing back his mane now and again as though driven to despair.

I cannot verify my dates; but there was a delightful visit to her at Oxford in 1906, when we brought with us her godson, who should have been Lionel's also. He was seven years old, and he vastly delighted her by refusing any compromise of sleeping in a dressing-room off his mother's room and going off to a bedroom at the top of the house where he was quite isolated. She loved children and especially I think boys. She had secured a little boy for his temporary play-fellow who was the only child of a widowed mother and was clothed in purple and fine linen as against the masculine flannels of her godson. She and I came into the room for breakfast to find the little Oxford boy striving painfully to establish relations with the other. We caught this interchange.

"I'm a Canadian," said the little boy with the lace collar.

"I'd have thought you were a 'Gyptian," said the other witheringly.

After a moment's pause another attempt was made.

"You've got a sister. I wish I had a sister."

"You're a sister yourself."

She ought to have been ashamed of her godson, but on the contrary she was delighted, as she was later when a gift of one of her books was acknowledged in these terms.

"My dear Godmother,—Thank you for giving me your book. I hope I shall like it."

We went to live in Hertfordshire in 1907, and after a brief interval in Kent, we returned to Ireland in 1911. I am pretty sure we never met after we gave up London as a place of residence. She simply would not be coaxed out of her seclusion. Longwall Cottage, Oxford; Stoneleigh in the Cotswolds—all through the years her letters came regularly. Between 1911 and 1919 I never re-visited London except to pass through in 1914 when I went to Rome with Lady Aberdeen for the Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women. We tried to coax her to come to us in the West of Ireland, but the deafness was growing upon her and she clung to her grey stone cottage in the Cotswolds. Still there was no relaxation of love between us.

In the War she was passionately pro-Ally, and she fretted over America's delay in coming into the War as she had fretted years before when America fought against Spain in the Philippines. It was not in her to be a neutral or a pacifist. She was always a soldier and a Colour-Bearer.

Thy charge was: "Hold My Banner
Against our hidden foe:
To War where sounds no manner
Of glorious music, go!
And like thy word, all joyless, my answer 'Be it so.'"

But when afield Thou comest
And look'st in vain to meet
. . . .
That eagle of the War-time,
That oriflame outrolled,
With strength of staff aforetime,
With gleaming and costly fold:
Ride on, ride on, and seek me with lanthorns through the cold.

And take from me (turned donor
That night on blood-soaked sand)
The stick and rag of Honour
There safe in a stiffened hand
Not left nor lost nor ever a spoil in the victor's hand.

She would not incommode her friends with her deafness, her debts nor her dying. She was never deaf to the music of the spheres nor the call of the heart. Chill penury never chilled the genial current of her soul. She slipped away out of life almost without a word. I was unaware that she was ill before I heard that she was gone,—"Stepping Westward," with the light in her brave eyes. Age could only have wronged her, the sword was so keen and bright within its fraying scabbard. She had had many a brave adventure, with a dog for company: she was a great lover of dogs. One remembers the beautiful poem to the memory of her St Bernard.

The gusty morns are here
When all the reeds ride low with level spear,
And in such nights as lured us forth of yore
The Hound-Star and the Pagan Hunter shine
But, thou and I, ah, field-fellow of mine,
Together fare no more.

Soft showers go laden now
With odours of the sappy orchard bough,
And brooks begin to brawl along the marsh,
Steams the late frost from hollow sedges high.
The finch is come; the flame-blue dragonfly
The marsh-born marigold that children spy,
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland Hills
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream.
The heavenly weather's call! Ah, who alive
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,
Having free feet that never felt a gyve
Weigh, even in a dream.

But thou instead hast found
The sunless April uplands underground
And still, wherever thou art, I must be,
My beautiful! Arise in might and mirth,
For we were tameless travellers from our birth,
Arise,—against thy narrow door of earth
And keep the watch for me!

Surely her last adventure and going forth were the best of all! All that was mortal of her lies in Childermass Churchyard which she loved, perhaps partly because of its beautiful name. If one sought an epitaph for her one would go to herself, choosing not—

Praise thou the Mighty Mother
For what is wrought, not me,
A nameless, nothing-caring head
Asleep against her knee.

But rather:

Heart too full of heavenly haste, too like a bubble bright
On loud little water floating the half of an April night,
Gone from the ear in music, gone from the eye in light.

Dear and stainless heart of a boy! No sweeter thing may be
Drawn to the quiet centre of God who is our sea
Whither, through troubled valleys, I also follow thee.

A PRIEST EDITOR—
FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

I CAME to Father Russell, I believe, some time in 1883. I had written a long ballad poem and had sent it to his *Irish Monthly*, and he had written to ask me to come to see him. He was at 86 St Stephen's Green, an old 18th century house which had served as one of the buildings of Newman's University.

I knew long afterwards that he was as like his famous brother, the Lord Chief Justice, as two peas. One could not have failed to recognise them as brothers in any circumstances. But everything that was keen and dominant in the L.C.J. was in his brother softened and sweetened to something most gentle and tender. The resemblance was in their faces, not their persons. The L.C.J. was, or persuaded you he was, of somewhat massive build. He was pale—a sort of ivory pallor, and his eyes were piercing in their scrutiny. Father Russell was rosy and little and benign. His cassock was dusty as though he took snuff, which of course he did not: and I remember that Father Gerard Hopkins was sadly bitter about Father Russell's carelessness as to shaving. He was a most lovable person. A great deal of his heart was in his young writers of the *Irish Monthly* which he edited to the time of his death—for nearly thirty years.

It was quite a great occasion for me when I came in answer to his call. I had not yet settled seriously to the business of writing and had just begun with verse-making. I had published one or two little poems in Dublin papers, two in the *Graphic* and a sonnet in the *Spectator*. I know that the *Legend of the Painted Windows*, with which I came to him, was poor stuff, but he liked it.

I was shown into an austere room with wire blinds to the windows and slippery horse-hair chairs. There were pictures of saints on the walls. After a few seconds of waiting the door opened and Father Russell came bustling in. He always bustled and appeared to be in a hurry as he came. He was never in a hurry when he sat down to talk to you.

He asked me a great many questions about myself and my every-day life and habits. He had an agreeable way, to the young writer, of asking—"And, my child, do you suffer from headaches?" There was an implication of the stupendous working of your brain which was gratifying, especially when you had hardly ever used it.

That was the first of many visits, but I think I saw him next in Gardiner Street, in one of many reception rooms which are much more clearly imprinted on my memory than that room at 86 St Stephen's Green. They shared with it the waiting-room look, the wire-blinds, the horse-hair chairs, the round mahogany table with books set on it like the spokes of a wheel. If there is a duller street in the world than Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, I do not know it: and it takes a remarkably beautiful outlook to make a wire blind anything but killing to the spirit. But I never found anything amiss in those rooms, where I visited Father Russell regularly for nearly ten years and at intervals after I was married, when I lived in London and only came to Dublin three or four times a year.

All that North side of Dublin is intensely dreary, decay being written large on it. But if I were to go back there I should meet the ghost of my own youth, "eager and stepping fast." At least once a fortnight during those ten years I visited him; I brought him all my visitors. It would never have occurred to me to ask him in those days if he had time for us or even to give notice that we were coming.

He would sit with one hand laid lightly over mine, his kind eyes watching my face with keen interest. I

have an idea that as the years passed a certain pallor came over his rosy cheeks. It might have been indeed in the early years that he did not shave sufficiently often, but I dismiss that hypothesis, although Father Hopkins would have entertained it.

He was one of those people who can be very holy without the least appearance of being holy. He had described his uncle, Dr Charles Russell, President of Maynooth College, as "A Nineteenth Century gentlemanly saint." Of Dr Russell, Newman had written: "I think he had more to do than any other man with bringing me into the Catholic Church. I cannot remember that he ever spoke a word to me on the subject. He let me alone."

Father Russell himself was an entirely human, humorous, common-sensible saint. He had an enormous number of friends, outside his young poets and writers; all sorts of good family men and women, people of the world, so to speak, but an innocent and simple world, struggling young people, boys and girls, and the very poor. He was adored by the poor.

I do not think one ever considered his holiness, and I cannot recall that he ever talked on religious topics: I hardly ever left him without being the richer by a few books. He was always saying: "Excuse me for a few minutes, my child," and pattering off to return with a bundle of books.

He wrote many little books of verse during his life-time, on Irish and religious topics, and many booklets of religious meditation. *The Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning* had a certain Crabbe-like realism and truth; and there were delightful snatches of autobiography in his verse which revealed how an Irish professional Catholic household lived in mid-Victorian or early Victorian days. When I saw him first his volumes were few. Such as there were he gave me with many other books. At that time I was pleased with all manner of odd books which the fastidious might have rejected.

I believe I wrote him a very pietistic letter about his book *Emanuel* which he gave me on my first visit. The next time I went to see him he remarked cheerfully: "It is written in the metre of *Don Juan*." The remark was an effectual check on the pietistic impulse, if it had existed.

He, with Mrs Atkinson and Count Plunkett, began my library. There was a fine confused mass of reading in the miscellaneous volumes my father had picked up at many auctions: but that was quite a different matter from starting one's own bookcase. I remember that Mrs Atkinson gave me Coventry Patmore's Odes,—one of a big bundle—with "Take it, my dear: I can't make head or tail of it. Perhaps you may understand it better than I do."

Father Russell did not pay his contributors of the *Irish Monthly* unless they were professional writers or someone to whom a couple of guineas counted. The magazine counted among its contributors a quite remarkable number of well-known writers, or writers yet to be well-known. Oscar Wilde, then at Oxford, was one of its early contributors. I can remember Oscar saying to me at his mother's house in Oakley Street, Chelsea, 1884,—"What a charming magazine the *Irish Monthly* is. It has so much temperament."

It had, Father Russell's temperament. He gave me all the volumes of the Monthly he could lay hands upon, but they were bulky to carry about the world and I let them be sold by auction when we left Clarenorris in 1919. Some western purchaser got them for a song. They were full of extraordinarily interesting matter, because all manner of people, attracted by the Editor, contributed to the magazine,—some of them very distinguished.

I went to London in 1884, and with the publication of my first volume of verse in 1885, began to gather a circle of literary friends. Father Russell, by the way, had something to do with making *Louise de la Vallière*, my first book, a success for a first book.

Kegan Paul, who published it, said that I was one of the few poets who paid for publishing. My friends helped to make the book pay. They were generous people in Dublin, in Ireland in those days. Several people spent £5 on copies, although the book was not published by subscription, as was Willie Yeats's *Wanderings of Oisin* a few years later. Father Russell bought a considerable number,—I think to the extent of £20. Of course I had done a good deal of gratuitous work for the *Irish Monthly*. He always kept whatever profits there were from the magazine to publish his young poets, who would not else have been able to get published.

He offered the same sum towards the expenses of publication of the second book, but the publishers had done sufficiently well with *Louise de la Vallière* to dispense with a rate in aid in the case of the second.

I wish I had his books by me so that I might reconstruct that innocent and gentle autobiography of his. I remember an artless thing in which he was a little boy in a blue frock, running to tell his mother there was "a poor man's knock" at the door. In Catholic Ireland of that day the harsh word "beggar" was unknown. Again, he praised God for elder sisters. They would have been the Nun at Newry Convent whom Rosa Mulholland loved, and another Nun of the family, almost equally beloved.

One day he said to me,—I suppose I or someone had been praising his constant tender friendship—"Now, my child, you mustn't think such things about me at all. If you only knew, I don't really care about anyone. I'm a desperately hard-hearted little fellow, and always was."

This absurd misdescription of himself was followed up by proofs.

"I can remember, dear, when my cousin, Charles Gartlan, died unexpectedly, I had gone to the Library at Newry to read the papers, and the very first thing I saw was the announcement of his death. When I

went home in the evening my mother thought I had been so overcome by the sad news that I had not been able to get home. But not a bit of it, my child, I just stayed to read all the papers right through. I was always a desperately hard-hearted little fellow."

We used to call him "The hard-hearted little fellow," for years after that. It was so grotesquely inapplicable.

Perhaps he had a memory of that "hard-heartedness" when in later life he gave up reading newspapers altogether, and that I think must have been a wrench, although he used to expatiate on the innumerable things he found time to do since he gave up that time-wasting habit.

Another scrap of autobiography explained how he became a Jesuit instead of a Vincentian. He, with his distinguished brother, had been at school at St Vincent's College, Castleknock, Co. Dublin.

"Well, my dear, I may tell you I never thought of the Jesuits. I walked out to Castleknock one fine day with the full intention of offering myself as a novice to my old school. It was a very hot Summer day, and I was exhausted when I arrived. I wanted my tea very badly and, would you believe it? they never asked me if I had a mouth on me! I can tell you I was very much annoyed, so I never went back to them again, and I am now a Jesuit instead of a Vincentian."

He used to say of Gardiner Street—"We're a terribly inhospitable lot here: we are indeed, my child. You'd be a long time coming here before anybody asked you if you had a mouth on you."

He was very much devoted to his family and very proud of their various distinctions. Indeed at one time there was so much of Rosa Mulholland in the *Irish Monthly* that some gay spark among the Jesuits gave it the name of *The Irish Mulholland.* I don't know if Father Russell ever knew this jest. I think it would have grieved him if he had known it, not

on his own account but on Rosa Mulholland's. He would probably have thought, with some of the Northern limitation of the sense of humour, that it was an unwarrantable use of a lady's name. Or perhaps it is not a question of a limitation of the humorous sense, but only of his great gentleness.

I am reminded of a time when my husband said to a young Jesuit, "The Society of Jesus! You aim high, don't you, Father So-and-so?" At that or rather before that time the Jesuits and the French Order that ran Blackrock College, had been close rivals in educational matters. Blackrock had its boys in all departments of the Government Service, especially in the Indian Civil. Many of the great Indian Administrators were Blackrock College boys, when they were not Queen's College, Galway boys or men.

"Come!" said the young Jesuit, "we're not in it with Blackrock, 'The Brethren of the Holy Ghost,' you know—you can't get much higher than that!"

I was the means of introducing to Father Russell as friends or contributors or both, to him and the *Irish Monthly*—W. B. Yeats, Frances Wynne, the Sigersons, John and Ellen O'Leary, Rose Kavanagh, Douglas Hyde, Richard Hodgson, who was a prominent member of the Society for Psychical Research, and afterwards I think a Theosophist, and others I have forgotten. I brought him many English contributors. As soon as I got a literary-minded friend or correspondent, and I had them all over the globe, they were sure to be introduced to Father Russell either personally or by letter. The catholicity of his friendships was remarkable.

I can remember a time when I had introduced to him the young verse of Mary Fagan, the daughter of my old friend, the Rev. Henry Stuart Fagan, Rector of Great Cressingham, in Norfolk, to the much perturbation of a relative of the family.

She wrote: "What is this about Mary, dear

child, corresponding with a Roman Catholic priest and writing for his paper?"

She was not an illiberal woman either, but a member of a family which has been distinguished in public life and in literature. Things have altered very much since thirty-five years ago; but, I really think, even then, that the discovery of Father Russell's being a brother of the Attorney General of England was a guarantee for his trustworthiness.

In the same way Frances Wynne's friendship with him was approved by her parents, Irish Protestants of the old-fashioned kind, who would never have met a priest except in the open air.

"Turk, Jew or Atheist" might come to Father Russell sure of a welcome. He was like his brother-Jesuit, Father William Doyle, who was killed as a Chaplain in the War.

"I don't belong to you, Father," said a dying soldier, whose head he was lifting.

"No, my child, but you belong to God," was the answer.

For Father Russell, all the world belonged to God. There was a time when Rosa Mulholland, who had led a more than conventual life before her marriage, was enticed into an appearance at the Contemporary Club,—a Saturday evening talking and debating club to which everyone who was anyone, coming to Dublin, was invited. It was run by Professor Oldham, then a Trinity College student, who had most of the good qualities except tact.

The occasion was a visit of Mrs Humphrey Ward to Dublin, and the intellectual ladies of Dublin had been summoned to meet her. I must have been away at the time, for it all came to me by hearsay. Mr Oldham opened the discussion by addressing Mrs Ward.

"Now, Mrs Ward, will you be kind enough to give us your views on religion? I understand that you are something of an agnostic."

Mrs Humphrey Ward was furious, as well she might be, and Rosa fled from the discussion that followed.

Father Russell told me about it, and how Rosa had said to him: "I gang na mair to yon toon." It was certainly a very unfortunate excursion into the world for her. She said they whittled away religion. Perhaps Father Russell would have stayed and been a shining example of what religion can make of a man.

I never brought him A. E. That, I think must have been because A. E. was engaged all day in the counting-house at Pim Brothers, where he was employed in those young days. What a counting-house clerk! I don't know if Father Russell's tolerance was ever tested to any great extent. I think few people would have obtruded unwelcome opinions upon him. His sweetness and reasonableness must have disarmed a Kensitite.

I may be pardoned for turning aside from this loving and tolerant spirit to tell of a West of Ireland priest to whom I deplored the after-dinner conversation of certain gentlemen which had shocked a young newly-married man still full of ideals about women.

"I wouldn't mind that," he said, stuttering in his efforts to get it out. "I wouldn't mind that. It's like the talk of boys who want to feel they are men or that they are taken for men. It only touches the surface of their minds."

To Father Russell any sinner would have been "the poor fellow." Once when he came to see us at Whitehall, where we were on a visit in one of our English years, and I had met him at the steam-tram where it dropped its passengers at the end of the lovely road between high hedges ending in a mountain, there shambled up to us one of the worst specimens of the dangerous tramp I have ever seen. America would have rejoiced in him as a "hobo." I was not devoid of fear of him, but Father Russell brought

out half-a-crown and dropped it in the dreadful hairy hand, with—"God bless you, my poor child."

Then as we went along between the hedges, our backs to the mountains, he wondered what succession of circumstances had brought the poor wretch to be the dreadful thing he was, what wrongs, what cruelties of our social system. It was exactly as though he said: "But for the Mercy of God there goes Matthew Russell!"

He gave up many things which he liked. After he had given up reading the newspapers, if you told him an item of news he would say:

"Now that's very interesting, my child. I've quite given up reading newspapers, as you know, so I hadn't heard. Dear, dear! how many things must be happening in the world that I know nothing about!"

The one thing in which he did not mortify himself, perhaps because it would mortify others, was his friendships. He loved seeing his friends and it was a happiness he did not deprive himself of. None who was a friend of his was ever neglected. He was a voluminous letter-writer and he wrote even between the intervals of seeing the friends he saw often. Now I come to think of it I am amazed at how he got it all in. He was constantly trotting off to see his friends, not only in Dublin, but in the country about Dublin, where it was a tram or train journey and perhaps a long walk at the end as it was to Whitehall. Yet I cannot recall ever having found him absent when I went to see him. He visited the poor in the miserable slums of Dublin constantly: and nothing I think would have made him neglect his poor. Now I come to think of it—perhaps like something in the *Acta Sanctorium* there was Someone who took his place.

I think he had given up visiting any one except his friends and the poor. It was a time when priests were a good deal in social life in Dublin. Father Russell was not to be found at a dinner-table, nor a

luncheon-table, if there was anything in the way of a party, though he would take a meal with a friend.

Of course, like many very busy people, he was always perfectly unhurried. He would sit in his friends' gardens or their drawing-rooms, as though he had an infinite leisure. When you went to see him he was never going out, never had anything to do that would curtail your visit. When he came to see you the whole household would gather about him, for he had a capacity for being everyone's friend.

I remember an occasion when he brought Father Gerard Hopkins to Mr Yeats's studio at St Stephen's Green, where I was sitting for the portrait which is now in the Municipal Art Gallery of Dublin. It was then that Father Hopkins complained that Father Russell would not shave regularly. These sittings used to turn so easily and naturally to symposia of art and literature of one kind or another. Mr Yeats was tremendously receptive and interested in all who came. Father Hopkins talked much about Robert Bridges, his great friend, and afterwards came with Father Russell to see me at Whitehall, bringing me the privately printed volumes of Bridges' poems which had issued from the Rev. Mr Daniel's press at Worcester College, Oxford. Another of his friends and admirations was Bury, still at T.C.D., a congenial spirit and fellow-classicist. That day Father Hopkins came into Mr Yeats's studio, he brought an air of Oxford with him. He was not unlike Lionel Johnson, being small and childish-looking, yet like a child-sage, nervous too and very sensitive, with a small ivory-pale face. At least that is how I remember him.

Mr Yeats was greatly delighted with that visit, and, after they had left, lamented that Gerard Hopkins, with all his gifts for Art and Literature, should have become a priest. I mentioned this to Father Hopkins later and he said: "You wouldn't give only the dull ones to Almighty God."

Father Hopkins' pathetic complaint about his

pupils at University College. I don't think the National University was then in existence. He was an English Conservative of the old-fashioned sort and they ragged him. With his strange innocent seriousness he would have invited ragging, though I don't like to think of it as a manifestation of Irish patriotism. Apparently he held his classes in an uproar.

"I do not object to their being rude to me personally," he said, "but I do object to their being rude to their professor and a priest."

It would have been too fine a point for the young barbarians, but Ireland in its political manifestations can be strangely intolerant and intolerable.

An amusing thing, taken in conjunction with Father Hopkins' complaint of Father Russell's carelessness about shaving, was that almost the only complaint I ever heard Father Russell make of anyone was of a London visitor whom he had taken to a Dublin garden-party, who turned up wearing a coloured shirt and very unfestive garments generally. Father Russell got as far as he ever got in the way of vituperation by calling the delinquent "a very queer fellow."

"I was really very much embarrassed, my child," he said. "Such a way to present himself at a garden-party! I remember poor Willie Mulholland . . ." He went on to tell a story of his kinsman's pilgrimage in search of dress clothes when he unexpectedly found himself invited to dinner. That was part of his charity, lest the hostess should be mortified.

It was not he, I think, but another Jesuit to whom I mentioned with some indignation the case of Catholic ladies who, at a dinner party in a Catholic house, remembered what the hosts had forgotten that the day was a day of abstinence and refused the meat dishes, with the result that a fish meal had to be hastily commandeered from a restaurant. "They evidently forgot that the greatest of these was charity," he said.

Father Russell was a most cheerful and sympa-

thetic and helpful friend, but it was in time of sorrow that he was like an angel. These are things not to be talked of, but many of his friends in their dark hours must have called him blessed. He was extraordinarily tender about such griefs as personally he could not know, like the deaths of young children. Then he knew how to say the one thing that was balm in the wound, as he did in even a loneliest grief. I have known his greatest and sweetest comfort to be poured upon a woman whose children had not lived, that lonely sorrow which is only for the mother.

His interest never ceased nor slackened. It followed us in our London life, through all our joys and cares; and when we came back to Dublin we always went to Father Russell just as of old, and he came to us wherever he might be staying. The years had shaken a little thicker dust over the rosiness of his cheeks, but he was essentially the same, the dearest of friends and kindest of Fathers.

There was a day—it must have been before my marriage, I think, when Dora Sigerson and I tackled him together on the subject of a future state for animals. He was very willing that we should have our animals with us in Heaven if we wanted them, unlike the little boy, near and dear to me, who thought their fleas would be an insuperable objection, but he was a little alarmed at our launching into wild speculations. He thought it was dangerous. Beset by two he said at last—"Now go and be good children and say your prayers. I really don't know anything at all about the matter. You must ask someone wiser than I am."

However, we had the backing of Father Darlington, English by birth, who thought it extremely likely that we might miss our dogs in Heaven if there were none there.

These were the Dublin Jesuits of the great days—urbane, kind, charming, men of the world and the other world. Father Russell, Father Darlington,

Father Conmee (with his little black dog at his heels), Father Henry Fagan; these are charming memories, some of them happily not yet past memories. In these and such as these Ignatius Loyala is justified of his institution, though I have heard a Jesuit say of that organisation created by a soldier upon a military model,

"Ours is a hard organization, not like the Benedictines with their beautiful 'Pax'."

However I never found anything amiss with Jesuit friendships. One of these priests, when my husband was looking for a certain position which required influence, gave him this shrewd advice:

"If a priest can do anything for you ask him. Outside that be careful not to ask the wrong person who may hinder and not help you."

Of course there would be no conflicting interests in the case of the priest.

Father Russell could not bear jar or fret of any kind. Once he received a lady who had come to tackle him on the matter of his having told something, which there was good reason for telling, that had got her into trouble with Rosa Mulholland. When she began he said: "Let me see, dear. I don't quite understand, but I'll find it in my note-book upstairs under M. or G." He trotted away as fast as his legs could carry him,—and—*did not return.* The lady after a time realized the futility of waiting, and went. She laughed when she told the tale.

He knew everything about the children, even in the years when he had not seen them. I have piles of his letters stowed away somewhere. Nothing was too unimportant to be told him so long as it concerned us and our children. It was a great joy to him, almost as great as it was to my father, that I had "made good"; it would have been the same with any of his children.

Once in those later years I knew him to be angry. Some young Jesuit had disparaged, or belittled, his *Irish Monthly*, in an unfortunate gaiety of heart.

Again he was troubled because the organ of the American Jesuits, *America*, had made a bitter attack on a poem of mine, dragging in all manner of irrelevant things and people in the way which Gilbert Chesterton has noticed in Irish controversy: that way was existent in O'Connell's time. Gilbert Chesterton found that if you asked what a man's record was—presumably not a favourable record—you were told the whole disreputable history of his family and ancestors. This special contributor to *America*, who bore an Irish name, went apparently on the advice "When you see an Irish and Catholic head hit it." He did not leave much unsaid about me, and the attack caused Father Russell the deepest distress. He had then begun to fail in health, and was chafing under the many rules and regulations laid on him who had been out in all weathers, had neglected his meals as people always did in Ireland then—perhaps now—had never lain up or taken care of himself in any way.

We came back to Ireland for what we fondly thought to be the rest of our days just before Christmas 1911. Father Russell paid us his last visit at Clarebeg, Shankill, between the sea and the mountains, in July 1912. He had become so frail that you could almost see through him, but he was so keen and interested—he bustled just the same as of old—that we could not believe he was going to leave us so soon. He had to see everything and hear everything. He was delighted with the children and the house and the garden and our busy work-room, full of books and papers. Perhaps he had a special tenderness for Pamela of the children. He may have seen in her the future writer.

"Don't send Pamela away from you, dear," he said to me. "Don't send her to school. Where will she get such an education as she gets here?"

It was as though he had waited to have us home again. We walked with him to the station, but he would not let us wait with him, saying that we should

lose our walk and he had to say his Office. The last we saw of him that day was the little figure, with the bustling air, pacing up and down the platform while we went off towards the mountains.

We saw him for the very last time on earth a few weeks later. He was dying in a nursing-home, in the strange loneliness, although friends came and went, of a priest's dying. Life was sinking very fast in him, but the old loving tenderness remained. "My good child! My good boy!" he called us, saying farewell to us and lifting his hand in blessing.

Just at the last I found he was asking me to forgive someone—I could not imagine who, for I had no enmities. I thought he was wandering and replied that I forgave. "He didn't mean it, the poor fellow!" he said. "You know . . . he wrote—about Rosa Mulholland . . . and about me . . . for defending her."

Then I knew. It was the scribe in *America*. I think his peaceful, happy world must have seemed crashing about his ears when he found a Jesuit organ, and a Jesuit, writing unfriendly of Rosa Mulholland, for he had an immense admiration and affection for his kinswoman, and it was not easy to excuse or explain any attack made on her from such a source.

I believe I find it much harder to forgive the scoffer at his *Irish Monthly*, who hurt him when he was old.

A WILD ROSE—
ROSE KAVANAGH

ROSE KAVANAGH

(1891)

Rose Kavanagh was sprung of a farming stock in Tyrone. She had many of the characteristics of that county, in which religion and race are almost equally proportioned. Her voice had a Northern burr, and she was not impulsive like us, Celts with an admixture of Anglo-Saxon. You can usually distinguish the Northern blood in a group of friends who, fundamentally think the same way, by that certain caution and absence or control of impulse. I can well remember my despairing indignation when a later friend from the North turned back from a golden day of enjoyment because she had left her umbrella in the tram and must recover it. Any other one of us would have pitched the umbrella to the devil and been wiser to do so I think.

I first met Rose in the days when Richard Pigott was editing the *Irishman* and Rose the *Shamrock*, a little weekly paper, in the same office in Middle Abbey Street; I suppose I had gone there on literary business, for I had begun to write then. I did not see the future *Times* forger on that occasion nor any other: but in the very dingy office Rose shone like a torch, or like a cluster of wild roses blown on a hedge side. Alas, too soon the torch was to be extinguished and the wild rose withered, for she had in her the seeds of the consumption which was to carry her off before her twenties had run out.

Hers was a striking type of country beauty. She brought the fields. But she had something added to that beauty of the little farm; the some-

thing which had taken her out of Tyrone and landed her in Dublin on an adventure of living by her brains.

She was a tall, straight girl when I knew her first; not a hint of narrow chest nor anything that could indicate tuberculosis. She had a clear skin, warmly-coloured, with at times that pallor in the whiteness which betrays delicacy in a ruddy and white person. She had very fine grey eyes and a beautiful forehead, under curling and waving russet hair that had a touch of bronze in it. She looked at you straight as a die, for though she had the Northern caution there were none of the misunderstandings which are apt to happen when the Southern Irish have a friendship with the North: and she had a great and wide sympathy. Altogether she was a country person, with a look of the dew and the stars about her; of the fields and the browsing cattle; something kind and quiet.

At that time she was living under the roof of James O'Connor, who was Pigott's sub-editor, and later William O'Brien's, when the *Irishman* was replaced by *United Ireland*, and poor feckless Pigott, always dragging the devil by the tail, was on the world, waiting to play his squalid large part. The O'Connors lived at Blackrock near Dublin. A few years later the house was to be the scene of a horrible tragedy when the whole family, excepting one child and James O'Connor, who was absent, died from eating mussels which contained a deadly poison. There were seven or eight children. James O'Connor, a laughing, jesting Irishman, came home on a Summer evening, opened the door with his latch-key to find his dead in all the rooms of the little sunny house.

However, that tragedy was far away; and the O'Connors' house at Blackrock was in sea-air and with a pleasant garden. James O'Connor was a Fenian: the old organization still existed, and it was a body of idealists. I wonder what the Fenians would have thought of the latter-day revolutionaries

so cheerfully burning the Irish house? Under the same roof with Rose was housed the most ideal of the idealists, Charles Kickham. The Fenians of those days worshipped their old leaders; and in my knowledge of them they deserved worship. Looking back,—perhaps it is because I grow old—I remember men in the Ireland of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties and 'Nineties, who seem to me strong and kind and dependable as men are not nowadays, though some are left; but they are old, alas, or growing old. They were men who would never have seen a woman wronged, nor a child nor an animal hurt without coming to their assistance. They were as gentle as they were brave.

Of such men Kickham was one, and in his blindness and helplessness the people about him worshipped him. He was a poet of the simple sort and he had written a story of Irish life in the farming class of his own Tipperary "Knocknagow" which must be an Irish classic. His temperament was essentially that of a poet, not the irritable, but the gentle and tranquil sort.

At Kickham's feet Rose sat and worshipped. I think of them in the garden together, the blind poet with his gentle, out-looking eyes, his fine hair and silky beard, his beautiful gentle manner. He was not so very old, not so much beyond middle age I think, and he had never married. Rose, fresh from the little farmhouse under Knockmany, that Tyrone mountain about the crest of which the Druid fires may be seen to play of Summer nights,—any Tyrone person will tell you they have seen them, for Knockmany is a hill of enchantment—had found a master and he a disciple.

Rose was a patriot in the way of a Northern patriot: there was something rugged in her love of country. If she had not been Rose it might have been dour. Perhaps it was because the Wild Rose had sprung from a thorn, as a wild rose must. But

what might have been thorny in others was in her essentially sweet. Perhaps that was some of the honey she fed on in the garden.

I can't remember that I ever heard her say a harsh word even of an Orangeman, although that used to be a latent bitterness in the minds of most Northern Catholics. Perhaps the bitterness was something that had refused to live in a nature so sweet and wholesome. There was no touch of religious prejudice among the Fenians, some of whose most trusted and efficient leaders were Protestants, as were many of the most beloved leaders of Irish opinion. Indeed I remember hearing John O'Leary, the old Fenian Chief, say once that since Owen Roe O'Neill in the 17th Century there had been no first-class Catholic leader of the Irish.

That would be, I suppose, because when the Irish gentry went after the Siege of Limerick to fight in the armies of France and Spain and Austria, there went the natural leaders of the Irish Catholic people, leaving the hapless people,

"Sheep without a shepherd when snow shuts out the sky,"

to the long night, the hundred years of the Penal Code against the Catholics.

Kickham's disciple would have drunk deep at the wells of sincerity and charity if she had needed such draughts, The fountain indeed sprang in her own heart. But to the blind man she was daughter as well as disciple.

They are all dead now, those who took a part in the drama of human life and those who looked on. One who looked on told me that the blind poet ended by loving his disciple as a man loves a woman. It could hardly have failed to be otherwise. That shape beyond his blind eyes, those ministrations, the movements of the tall girl, her voice, her touch, the femininity which flowed from her, no less than the deep and tender heart, into which the eyes of the spirit looked: it was inevitable that Kickham, a gentle celibate,

should have fallen in love with his disciple. Rose did not like it, I think: how far he betrayed his feeling I do not know; nor how Rose received the betrayal; but I fear it was a shock to her. There was something of the boy in Rose,—I don't think she was ever in love, though she was full of romance,—and the honest boyish part of her shrank from this intrusion of love into her garden of worshipping friendship. Perhaps, if she had not been so much a frank boy; if she had been more entirely feminine it might have been possible for the friendship to pass into a half-maternal love: but that did not come to pass.

I only guess at the story, helped by what that woman told me long ago, sitting with me on the seat by the privet hedge in the garden of my young girlhood. Perhaps the love was revealed only in a flash and never passed into words. There is no one now to tell the story and Rose never spoke of it, during the many years of our friendship, though she talked easily about "Mr Kickham" and things he had said and done. Perhaps there was nothing to tell: but I think the story was as I have indicated it.

There must have been a gap in my knowledge of Rose. Perhaps when William O'Brien came with *United Ireland* she went back to Knockmany; and yet I think there was a time when *United Ireland* was suppressed, but published surreptitiously all the same. I remember the papers being thrust into my hand by a ragged bare-footed boy at a windy Dublin street corner of a Winter night,—those piteous Dublin newspaper boys, gamins who slept half the time in open doorways whatever the weather and were brave and bright as robins in a frost. The bare-foot breaker of the laws would be off like a flash at the advent of a policeman.

At that time the Irish National movement was the Land League. Naturally Rose, sprung of small tenant-farmers, would have been in the movement, but somehow I think she was in it only half-heartedly

if at all. Kickham would have hated and dreaded Agrarianism, as all the idealists did. I have written that Mr Parnell, himself a landlord, forging his weapons had asked Kickham—"Will they fight for the land?" "I'm only afraid they'll go to Hell for it," said Kickham.

No, indeed; Kickham's disciple, in time to be the great friend of John and Ellen O'Leary, was not likely to be caught into enthusiasm for the Land League.

There must have been a gap of some years, a good many months of which I spent in England, before she came to see me with Dr Sigerson on a Summer Sunday in 1886 or '87. I was by this time in possession of the pretty room my father had given me in which to receive my friends. Dr Sigerson, also a Tyrone man, was much interested in Rose, and in keeping at bay the enemy that always threatened her bright life. The Yeatses were there that day, the father and the two daughters, fresh and charming in their Summer frocks of pink and blue gingham. Willie I do not see in the picture: perhaps he was away on one of his roaming visits to Sligo. After that day my friendship with Rose, as with the Sigersons, throve apace.

She was back again at the work she liked, editing the *Irish Fireside*, a little weekly magazine paper which belonged to the *Freeman's Journal*. She had an office in Middle Abbey Street. Mrs Dwyer Gray, the wife of the then proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* and the group of papers that belonged to it, had tried her hand at editing the *Irish Fireside*, had indeed founded it, so that when she handed over the editorship to Rose, the editorial rooms were much brighter and prettier than such rooms usually were in Irish newspaper offices.

Rose's rooms at the *Irish Fireside* became a centre and a meeting-place as did Dr Sigerson's house in Clare Street, and my old home Whitehall,

Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, with its delightful Sunday gatherings which were sadly missed by the little writing group in Dublin, when I married and went to live in London.

Doubtless I was in Rose's rooms on Summer days, but I have no memory of them there. My memory is of wet streets scourged by pitiless rain and a howling wind, with such mud as only Dublin among cities can afford. I used to come in from the country quite undeterred by the weather. Very often there were assignations in Rose's rooms. We were romantic people then for whom the world was a dull place if we were out of love. Rose was the kindest of chaperons, the most discreet of gooseberries. She kept roaring fires. These were the golden days when you could stock your cellar with the best coal at twelve shillings a ton, and I'm sure Celtic Ireland, at least, would have considered it an intolerably mean economy to save the coal. Indeed one of Rose's very few contemptuous strictures was passed upon a literary Anglo-Irishman who economised blatantly in coal when she was staying at his house.

Rose kept enormous fires, with a screen drawn about them enclosing a table and two chairs. Looking back now from a ripe experience I wonder how Rose got her work done. I think that front room of Rose's was hardly ever without a visitor or visitors. To be sure there was an inner room to which the kind and patient Rose must have betaken herself sometimes.

It was a budding and a flowering time in Ireland, —such peace after the hurly-burly of the Land League; the Parnell Split not yet in sight. There was nothing to be political about for once, and the young writers were all happily beginning. We had a most touching faith in each other and ourselves in those days. We were always going to see each other, always bringing new aspirants to see each

other. Every newcomer to the circle was warmly welcomed. I had English visitors and American visitors and visitors from the Irish country, whom I took on a personally-conducted tour — to Mr Yeats's studio in Stephen's Green, to Rose's rooms, to Father Matthew Russell, S.J., of the *Irish Monthly*, in Gardiner Street. Dr Sigerson was always ready with a dinner for my guests as I was for his. Mr Richard Ashe King, at Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, was always good — a lunch and tea, and a bounteous hour among the books. He had a delightful little house with a packed flower-garden outside the windows. Whitehall was always the venue on Sundays and everyone came who would and brought their friends. If there was not room for all at the dinner-table there was an overflow meeting in the big hall - room adjoining. There was often a score of people to dinner, and the overflow meeting sometimes fed sitting on the floor.

The very last thing that would have occurred to any of us was that we and our friends in any conceivable circumstances could be unwelcome when we went visiting. I cannot remember ever having met with a rebuff, which says much for the kindness of my friends.

Those were Rose's golden days. Beautiful as the Irish country is, Tyrone, the much beloved, had been stagnation for a mind like hers. Between 1886-9 she was in Dublin, in the thick of the young movement, writing herself, engaged in very congenial work, and making friends on every side. With her sweet dignity, her honest and fragrant personality, she was at home in any society which could appreciate her. She became a great friend of Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, the daughter of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish leader in the '48 movement. When she visited Miss O'Brien she also visited the Monteagles and others of their kind. Rose was not in the least

diverted from her course by any new surroundings into which she might be drawn. One evening she and I dined together at the house of a lady, the daughter of an English family of a feudal sense of its own importance. The house was beautiful with Morris papers and chintzes and Benson lamps. You were nothing artistically in those days if you had not Morris papers and Benson lamps. To a discussion on Temperance, Rose contributed the remark that she could not be a Temperance advocate because all her uncles owned public-houses.

She was writing beautiful poetry just then, which was exactly herself. I remember Willie Yeats, full then of generous enthusiasms, being delighted with a poem of hers on Lough Bray, a little tarn in the Wicklow hills looking down on Dublin. One verse especially he praised.

> The amber ripple sang all day
> And singing spilled its crown of white
> Upon the beach in pale thin spray
> That streaked the sober sands with light.

I am far away from my books and I quote from memory: I hope it is correct. The verse conveyed the picture which appealed to the painter in the poet.

Her newspaper work was excellent and had a far-reaching influence. She conducted a Children's Department in her paper under the name of Uncle Remus, suggested perhaps by her American sympathies. Into the work of that department she threw her whole soul. Her patriotism was of a noble sort; her large, human sympathies, her wide tolerance, her love of all creation, must have been invaluable in the training of the young. Uncle Remus became a real personality to many Irish children; and it was embarrassing when holiday-times came and the children called at the office to see Uncle Remus expecting to find an old gentleman with a flowing beard, and found Rose instead.

If one went to the office and Rose was absent one just sat down and waited for her. Once she came in with a story of an old man with a letter to post to his daughter in America, hesitating between the various receptacles in the front of the G.P.O., till she came by and he saw her face. "You've got an honest country face," he said. "I wouldn't be axin' any o' them townspeople, but I put me trust in you."

She was a true Democrat. Once, while I waited, a sheet of paper lying on the desk, on which she had begun a letter, stared at me in her large clear handwriting

"My dear Frank"

I thought it was probably to a beloved nephew of that name, but it was an instruction to her office-boy.

Her friendship with Charlotte O'Brien was a delightful thing. At that time Miss O'Brien was devoting herself to the work of seeing that the Irish girls who went every Spring in their thousands from Ireland to America –one wonders how any Ireland was left at all—were properly treated on the voyage and received into safe keeping when they reached America.

Rose's friend, Charles Kickham, had been deaf as well as blind, and it was the measure of her devotion to him that she had learnt to talk to him by the finger-alphabet with as much ease as though it was her natural speech. This knowledge came into play with Miss O'Brien, who was stone-deaf. I had never associated the finger-alphabet with a bird's song, but as Rose talked to Charlotte O'Brien at some public function—I cannot remember what or where it was —translating to her the things I said, it was as though I heard a beautiful brown bird singing. Rose's thick bronze hair with the ripple in it, was not unlike a bird's plumage. The rapid bright motion of her head, her quick glances from one face to another, were beautifully bird-like.

For two or three years she shared in all our pleasures, or nearly all, for she had to be careful in wet or cold weather. I brought her everything, even my follies, sure of her understanding. I think I might have brought her my sins if I had had them. One would never have been afraid of Rose. She would not have been shocked. Ireland at that time was very puritanical as regards its girls. Whatever evil there was, was not allowed to reach them. Once, after an absence, during which I had come up against evil in a most unexpected place, I told her the story: she was the only one to whom I could tell it. It was at the beginning of her last illness, and she was lying in bed, with her beautiful hair over the pillows. She had listened to all my adventures and at last it came to this squalid and terrible tale of someone I had loved and respected. It was another world for her and for me, but I could not have borne a too harsh judgment for the one who had sinned. She was dismayed, but I think she was hardly shocked. She took it somehow like a wise old priest who knows the evil and the good in human nature and has faith in the good and only pity for the evil.

She had lived her few good years, but always the shadow was not far distant, though it never darkened her nature. Perhaps it gave her the aloofness from the mere froth and exuberance of youth which belonged to the rest of us; but all the time she was pathetically human. She even had her little fancies, which never went very far. One was for a young Englishman who had had rather an unhappy upbringing; he had a perpetual puzzled crease in his forehead, as you may see it in a puppy, that gave him an air of asking why the world was so unkind. He went very often to talk to Rose: I am sure there was something in her that comforted him: there must have been.

This boy, I think, Rose came nearest to liking in a particular way: and it amused me at the time because Rose had said once, in a day when the "mixed

marriage" was looked at very much askance in Ireland, that she would certainly marry a Protestant if she cared for him—that showed how little of the Northern bigotry Rose had—but she would never marry an Englishman.

She liked it also when Stephen Gwynn, then an Oxford undergraduate, used to come and sit in her office and talk to her about Irish matters. Let me return to the day when John O'Leary—who had been sentenced in '67 to twenty years penal servitude, had served five and been allowed to live in Paris but not to return to Ireland till his sentence was up—took Rose and myself and Stephen Gwynn to see Sir Charles Gavan Duffy at the Shelbourne Hotel. Duffy, who had been one of the leaders of the '48 Movement in Ireland, and later had risen high in the Government Service in Australia, was revisiting his native country. I think Stephen Gwynn came to him as a young man out of the ruling classes in Ireland who was a likely recruit to the Irish National Cause, as why wouldn't he be, with all the great Irish blood in him, not Norman nor Danish, but of the O'Brien stock and descended through Brian Boru from Irish Kings? It was a great day for Rose, who had all the old worships in her heart, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was delighted with at least two of his visitors. I think I pleased him less, though he might have been pleased if he had known how I could repeat some of his ringing ballads, such as "The Muster of the North," and "The Rapparces." Some of the Anglo-Irish — I don't know that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy could be so described—had a subtle disapproval where I and my works and pomps were concerned. They thought I had arrived at a moderate English success too quickly; that I had not perhaps a becoming humility towards the then dominant class in Ireland. Rose, while being quite sure of herself in her own calm and dignified way, never aroused the same irritation which I did most unwittingly, in a few cases.

I think it must have been at the Christmas-time of 1888 that Rose, going home to the North, caught cold on the journey, the fatal cold which gave consumption its chance. She was not to be at any more of our gaieties. I was away for a great part of 1889 and after I came back in the Autumn I saw her, I think, only once. It was at the Sigerson's house, in Clare Street. All those months Dr Sigerson had been guarding the flickering flame of her life. That Winter he sent her to Arcachon. It was a terrible Winter and the snow lay thick on everything. Rose sat and shivered by starveling fires and was deadly home-sick. When she came back her fate was sealed.

She wrote to me sometime during the Summer of 1890: "Here, I am sitting in the sun, nursing my little old cough." She was immensely glad to be at home and very peaceful. She had done with all of life except its affections, and they burned brightly to the end: doubtless they burn brightly still.

She died in the February of 1891, just when we were caught into the passions and turmoils of the Parnell Split. Much of the placid sunshine which lies over those years before the Split in my thoughts of them shone steadily from Rose.

TWO AMERICAN POETS—
MR AND MRS PIATT

TWO AMERICAN POETS

I CAME to know Mr and Mrs Piatt through my admiration for their—chiefly her, poetry. He wrote a kind of dignified verse, rather of the school of Bryant, a good deal about Nature in it and the Autumn woods and the blue smoke of the clearing fires, after the fashion of a day when America still remembered the backwoods. *Harpers* and the *Century* used to be full of such verse. It was pleasing and pensive and like the work of certain landscape-painters, very dear to the Victorian middle-class, it entirely lacked magic.

Mrs Piatt's poetry, on the contrary, *palpitated.* Her heart had been wrung to make it. It was poetry of dead children and the dead childhood of children. When she kissed her children at night it was with a poignant feeling that the minutes and the hours were taking from her the child she had kissed. Much of her poetry would probably be called old-fashioned now. There was much of it anecdotal. She took an anecdote of someone or other and told the story in a poem. She did not even attempt any analysis of her subject. The pity or the passion of it was something quite external. Her own emotions were simple and natural, concerned with the great and simple things of life and nature. A child or a peasant could understand what she wrote. Much of it was true and beautiful poetry.

Following upon some laudatory reviews of their work I went to stay with them at the Priory, Queenstown, in the wet and cold Summer of 1888. Mr Piatt was American Consul at Queenstown. The

Cork people called him General Piatt. He had been, I think, in the American Civil War, but I do not know that he had ever struck a blow or got near the scene of action. I remember a poem of his on *Hearing the Guns at the Battle of Lexington.* He may have seen actual fighting, though his personality rather forbade the idea: and I do not think he insisted on the title General. Probably it was only the courtesy of that very characteristic bit of the old Ireland which always called a constable Sergeant and a subaltern Captain.

The Priory was a pretty grey house, with diamond-paned windows, close to the water's edge at Queenstown, I rather think that I burst upon the Piatt family without any previous meeting between us. I found Mr Piatt a little unassuming gentleman without anything distinctively American about him. I am sure he was much more interested in his poetry than in the work of his Consulate. Practical America had at that time a quaint way of bestowing her consulships on her literary men, as though the business of all the seas and lands could be relegated to anyone presumably without business leanings.

He was from Ohio: Mrs Piatt was a Southerner. She must have been a very pretty woman once, with large dark grey eyes, a delicate complexion and small regular features. She was still pretty and delicate but with a face abnormally fretted with fine lines, although she could not have been older than fifty. She was a little woman and she had a soft plaintive voice. My impression of Mr and Mrs Piatt together is of two elderly children, hand in hand, creeping about a world which had very little to give them. One felt abnormally robust and loud and blundering in their company. They were good hosts and we became very soon attached friends, but they had a way of getting up from a discussion and gliding off like two little grey ghosts, hand in hand, to the library where they wrote their poems.

There was between them the extraordinarily tender, marital affection, which so often exists in perfection in happy American marriages. They seemed to suffice for each other. The children over whom Sarah Piatt had so grieved and rejoiced might have been merely accidental.

Mr Piatt was always collecting carefully little scraps of verse dropped about by his wife, waiting for their completion, and sending them to various magazines before collecting them into books. I doubt very much if she would ever have sent out a poem of her own into the world.

I have a vivid memory of Mrs Piatt when she had missed him somehow standing on the lawn, looking up at the windows of the house and calling piteously, while the wind ruffled her soft thinning hair—"Jawn! Jawn! Oh, Jawn!" like a lost child.

They had five children, a girl and four boys. The girl was very like what her mother must have been, with less than her mother's character, which was positive though gentle. She was a tall, slender girl with wistful eyes that looked on at Life with an aloof gaze. She fitted in very well with the father and mother. The boys were delightfully incongruous. Their ages were, when I knew them first, between twenty-two and fourteen. They had never gone to school in the ordinary sense, or they had gone and refused to go any more. The eldest, Donn, worked in the Consulate with his father, or perhaps *for* his father. He was much more of the normal young man than his brothers. He had the reddish hair and sandy complexion which in so many Americans reminds one that the Red Indian preceded them as Americans. A certain dryness of hair and skin—the climate perhaps—were his in common with many Americans. In his second brother, Fred, there was certainly a Red Indian look as to features.

They were very interesting and unconventional boys. School and the public opinion of school had

not fined down their sharp corners and edges. Fred and the next brother, Guy, were the most markedly positive. They had all read an immense deal and were still reading, and they had a pretty complete knowledge of American politics, so that, apart from technical knowledge, they were much better educated than the ordinary public-school boy. Beyond that they could *do* things. I remember a distinguished German educationalist—a woman—it was just before the War, and someone had contrasted unfavourably the education of English boys as opposed to German. She said, "Our boys know things, but your boys know how to do them."

I am not as well satisfied with the saying as I once was. I think the War showed that the Germans knew how to do things, almost too fatally well for the world.

The Piatt boys knew how to do things. While other boys were learning Latin and Greek they were learning practical and useful things. There was nothing to teach them about the management of a boat, about swimming, about the mechanism of a bicycle or in time a motor. They were absolutely fearless, so cut out for pioneers that it was a thousand pities they need ever become such dull things as lawyers or consuls.

They all talked a great deal and talked together, and they had loud unmodulated voices. There was something very piquant in the constraint between the boys and their parents. Mrs Piatt would look down at the table-cloth during a discussion, sometimes humming a little to herself. It was a habit she had and it was very sad. It reminded one that she had lost two sons by violent and accidental death. One had been drowned in Cork Harbour by the upsetting of a boat; the youngest of the living boys, Cecil, had very nearly been drowned with his brother, had indeed only just been dragged back to life. They had been something like eight and ten years of age when the accident happened. The other child had been killed

by the explosion of a Fourth-of-July firework or cracker, in America.

Their mother was always pondering over her dead boys. When she hummed like that one felt that it was in some way an assuagement of pain, a putting-it-asleep.

The names of American politicians became familiar to me from those talks across the lunch- and dinner-table. Over nearly thirty-five years I can remember the oft-repeated name of Levi P. Morton. All the names got their full show in the American fashion.

Mr Piatt would sit entirely abstracted while his offspring wrangled. There were two who never wrangled directly—Guy and Fred: they wrangled cross-wise through the others. They had had a quarrel and had not for a long time addressed each other directly, but it could not be said that there was no communication between them. They had not at that time spoken directly to each other for two years, I think. Mrs Piatt was dreadfully grieved about it, but I thought it a mere question of stubbornness. Fred's face might have been cut out of granite: Guy had a fiery temper. They slept in the same bed at one time and communicated with each other through Cecil, the youngest boy.

"Tell him he's pulling the blanket off me."

"Ask him if he'll turn over on his side when I do."

They even asked for the loan of a tool or some such thing in the same way, or it would be:

"Tell him I shan't want the boat this afternoon: he can have it."

Sometimes when the discussion became deafening Mr Piatt would suddenly become aware of it and strike his fist on the table, saying in a very trembling way,

"That is enough now: I will not have it! I will not have it! Do you hear?"

There would fall a sudden and complete silence. The boys would look scared, and Mrs Piatt would cease humming and say in a soft grieved voice,

"Jawn! Jawn! Control yourself! You know what you are when you let yourself go." There was a legend, in which his boys believed implicitly, that Mr Piatt was a desperate man when he let himself go. I do not think he had ever let himself go.

Mrs Piatt was a beautiful young girl under her skin. She reminded me of a poignant story I had read in one of the fine American magazines of that period. It set out to be the story of a beautiful girl, rapturously happy and profoundly miserable, as girls used to be in those days when they were always in love: the story glowed like a rose with passionate love and youth. It ended with the shrinking woman hiding her eyes from the face in the glass. She had been dreaming of what was long dead.

Miss Piatt might have been that woman. I am sure that she never looked at her face in the glass. She could not even bear any solicitude for her. If you fetched her a chair she would say—"I am not as old as all that, am I?" And then begin to hum to herself, turning away her sensitive little face.

The first time we really touched humanly was on a day when we had come down the river from Cork by steamer. The day was chilly and, as usual in that Summer, so miscalled, with heavy showers. It was a Summer when the flowers and birds were wet and cold, when the bee went questing for honey in a cold cell. I dare not put quotation marks, but Alice Meynell wrote something like that of such a Summer.

I had gone under cover and there had been in the same company one of the tall, beautiful young Irish gentlemen, so gallant to the eye, such gentlemen as seem to have gone out with the War, or at least to have left Ireland.

I asked Mrs Piatt as we left the steamer if she had noticed him. She said: "Katie, he was a lovely young fellow."

After that we understood each other better and I found she loved a good story. Her sense of humour

must have been starved in her constant association with her husband, for I think he had none.

That first Summer I was there, the Priory, down at the water's edge, was full of the shadows of the rain and the incessantly moving clouds. It was cold. Those Americans did not know how to make themselves comfortable with fires. The tall, gentle daughter, brought me my breakfast in bed of mornings. It was a very pretty breakfast to look at, but much too delicate for my robust appetite. There would be a dainty little breakfast service, with a very small teapot, a plate of a few very thin slices of bread and butter, a boiled egg and a little dish of wet strawberries with a wet rose-bud upon them. Of course it might have suited a poetic appetite, but I had the appetite of a country girl: and the strawberries never sweetened that Summer. They and the wet rosebud literally gave me a pain in the stomach.

After a respectable interval from breakfast I used to bathe—heroically. I had to cross a wet lawn, and go down by a stony and slippery passage to the water's edge. As I could not swim it was the more heroic. When the ordeal was over and I was dressed I used to seek the kitchen-fire for warmth—no such fire as was usually to be found in an Irish kitchen at that date, but a black and a smouldering handful. The Piatts would never have thought of a fire in the living-rooms in Summer. They were natural ascetics. There were black beetles in that kitchen, and the crickets chirped loudly in the interstices of the walls.

On these wet and chilly days when the mist of rain lifted from the sea, one was aware, looking from the Priory windows, of a boat on the water anchored fast, with a boy, or perhaps two boys, lying prone in it reading, I often wondered about the condition of the books they read. The boys themselves never minded any weather. They were as indifferent as a sea-otter to rain and the plunging seas.

They practically lived on the sea that cold and

wet Summer, only coming in for their meals and bed. Sometimes they were long over-due before they came and one guessed at what their mother suffered. She had told me that she always expected them after an absence to be brought home to her drowned.

One would have said that living by the sea which had drowned one son and nearly drowned another must have been torture to her, but she loved the sea and could not bear to be detached from it. One of her most beautiful poems was a cry against the sentence: "There shall be no sea there." I remember snatches of it though I have not read it for over thirty years.

> If so there shall be no sea there, and yet
> Out of the world we would not miss the sea:
> If there be no sea there what wild regret
> In that high upland country there must be!
> Never to lift faint eyes in love with sleep
> Across the spiritual dawn and see
> Some lonesome water-fowl standing dream-deep,
> In mist and sands, how bitter it would be.

I became very fast friends with the Piatts after that first visit, during which I became acquainted with a deal of American contemporary literature. I cannot help thinking that it was a better America and a better literature than to-day's. To compare for instance the Howells of that day, Constance Woolson, Sarah Orne Jewett, with an almost Puritan delicacy, Stockton, Aldrich, and others I remember, with the modern American novel. To read Joseph Hergesheimer, or even Edith Wharton with *Custom of the Country*, is to realise at what a desperate pace America has been travelling into vulgarity and worse than vulgarity.

Mrs Piatt might have been the heroine of one of those delicate old-fashioned romances of Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, of Sarah Orne Jewett, of Mary Wilkins. Perhaps Cable, who wrote of her South, might not have disdained her. I used to think

Cable's *The Grandissimes* the high-water mark of the American novel: but that was a long time ago. I might pause before expressing that opinion if I had an opportunity of reading it again and comparing it with later work, but certainly his Creole ladies lived and moved daintily, and rustled their silks, and lifted their bright eyes to you long after you had closed the book.

I have said that Mrs Piatt was starved for humour. I had the opportunity in that house of observing the extraordinary American prudishness which made quite credible the story about the lady who swathed the legs of the piano. Once, when I remarked casually that someone had had a baby, it was as though I had dropped a bomb into the family circle. It was very odd, taken in conjunction with the extraordinary plain-speaking of the advertisements in the American newspapers which lay about on the tables: and there was certainly no locked bookcase, or expurgated editions. Odd, too, with those very positive boys. I am sure it was Mr Piatt's ordinance and influence.

When I told Mrs Piatt a very innocently improper story—broad, indeed, rather than improper—she took me to her bosom. She must have been starved for laughter. I remember that in one of Mr Piatt's love-poems of her in a catalogue of her charms he referred to her "sweet person." It was a prim phrase.

They were always writing poems in the seclusion of their own rooms or the library and reading them to each other. Or, Mr Piatt read his own which were very good stuff, and read hers. I cannot imagine her reading her own poems aloud. At the Priory that first Summer she was an elusive little ghost. She would never come to meet you down a corridor. As you advanced and she became aware of you she always turned and retreated.

Once I was intrigued to see her with a broom in her hand apparently sweeping a corridor. The Priory

was, I think, a little under staffed. All the money went in many editions of the poems of husband and wife, not marketed in the ordinary way, nor, I believe, even attempted to be marketed, but printed expensively and with beautiful bindings. That particular fad of Mr Piatt's must have cost a deal. I am sure that Mrs Piatt had little pleasure in it.

The positive boys must have been out of the house on those wet Summer evenings, when there was an atmosphere of clinging sadness. The daughter, whom they used to call Birdie, would sit at the piano, touching a note here and there, sometimes playing an air which I remember to this day though I never knew its name. When she played it Mrs Piatt would appear in the doorway, and say,—"Not that, Birdie, it is too sad": and there would be something piercing in her voice. The room would be in twilight and always a little cold. The Piatts—leaving out the positive boys—were moderate about everything except *éditions de luxe*.

They all came up to Dublin in the following Summer and became of our circle. Mr Piatt was always perfectly happy when he could meet other literary people. He had also a great desire to know the history of every building he saw, with a presumption that there must be a history. I had learnt by this time never to offer Mrs Piatt a chair nor to pick up anything she had dropped, so there were no pauses or languors in our friendship.

Perhaps it was 1890 when they came, for I remember now that I was in London all the Summer of 1889. In the Autumn of the latter year I paid them a much gayer visit when I dropped into the Priory for a week or two of golden October. Hester Sigerson, who afterwards married Donn Piatt, was there already, and the boys had proved themselves singularly amenable to treatment and were very anxious to do all they could to please us. There came an afternoon—I was going next day—when

Fred entreated me so humbly to venture out in his boat, which he had dismantled for the winter but had brought forth again for my benefit, that I at last consented. I had no liking for boats, especially sailing-boats, having been frightened on one or two occasions. Also I was aware of Fred Piatt's indomitable front in the face of feminine terrors. He knew perfectly well that he was competent to manage any boat and that, humanly speaking, any passenger was perfectly safe in his charge. Indeed, Donn was the only one of those boys who would turn the boat back because you were frightened. I had already experience of Fred's adamantine disregard of feminine tremors, so I brought what happened on myself.

It was a calm October afternoon without a ripple when we started to row over to the Fort. Calm as it was I was not satisfied. I had come to look upon myself rather as a Jonah in a boat and on this occasion I was justified, for when we thought to come back we found a steadily thickening fog curling across the water between us and the shore. So we hove to, hoping for a wind to blow it away. (I hope 'hove' is right.) It was no use praying to be put ashore. That was out of the question, so I bore myself with what courage I might.

It was a sailing-boat and half-decked. Many a day and night Fred Piatt spent in that boat, which was very dear to him.

While we lay becalmed and he doing something to the sails—I have no nautical knowledge to say what it was—he had put me as look-out. Presently I observed timidly, knowing how he despised my ignorance while he tolerated it,—"I see a red light." "Do you?" said he, apparently not much interested. A little later I added, "I see a green light." "You do, do you?" said he. "Whereabouts?" "Side by side with the other light."

He uttered a queer inarticulate cry as he let a sail go. We were right in the track of the Cork-

Bristol steamer, which was bearing down on us. We swung out just in time.

But the fog never broke till after midnight when we got in cold, wet and hungry. I never liked to think of Mrs Piatt's secret suffering on such occasions.

I think she liked her boys being so masculine. They were always there, ready to give a hand when any life-saving was to be done. Cecil, I believe, covered himself with glory as a life-saver. I think they all did their share of that. Of course, they were amphibious. One of my memories of Donn in later years, after he had married Hester Sigerson, is a day when he jumped up from the tea-table and sped, bare-headed, out into the street. He had seen what we had not—a runaway horse, and he stopped it.

Their mother used to look at them in those days oddly, and say half to herself, half to a listener: "Ah, well, they were *lovely* babies."

Once when I was with the Piatts my father had a dream that he saw me drowning. He wrote to me the next day:

"My dear Love,—For God's sake don't trust yourself in a boat with those (adjective) Red Indians of boys."

A young Englishman who was of the circle thought it the right thing to carry this amusing story to the Piatts. I nearly fainted when he told me, but, after all, they never noticed the Red Indian part, but took it as an amusing example of my father's qualities and language, which were both very much admired by my friends. I am sure the language was as good as a stout buffet of the west wind to Mrs Piatt.

So many of them are dead now—Mr and Mrs Piatt, Birdie, Donn and Fred. I never saw Mrs Piatt after 1894, when they were in London on their way home to America, to which they did not very much want to return. They had our little Ealing house, our maid and Codger, our Irish terrier, for six weeks that Summer while we went to Ireland.

Knowing some of the Piatt habits about books we locked the bookcase containing our most treasured books, and departed, without waiting to welcome them, by a train that went out as theirs came in, accidentally taking away the key with us. Mr Piatt never ceased to deplore that accident, especially as the bookcase contained the poetry: there were, of course, plenty of other books less precious in open bookcases and shelves.

I like to think they had a little time of peace there, free from immediate responsibilities. Mr Piatt as "a consul with his head off," according to Mrs Piatt, was still buying old books and contemplating further *éditions de luxe.* Ealing at that time was vastly more countrified than it was six years later when we went back there for our second term of years. It was a green and pleasant little house, with a dear garden and greenery all about it when we left it to the Piatts that day of June.

Dora Sigerson, who stayed with them there, told us that Codger took a humorous view of the Piatts, especially Mrs Piatt. He was a dog of great character and infinite jest. One of his jokes was to seize a garment of Mrs Piatt's, scurry with it to the end of the garden which opened on to the fields, sit on the boundary wall with one paw on the garment while he growled ferociously at Mrs Piatt's efforts to retrieve the article.

The plaintive cry would come at intervals:

"Dora, Dora, Codger has got my slipper (or something else), and he frightens me, growling so dreadfully. I'm really afraid of him. Oh, do come and help me."

Sometimes the article to be rescued after a delicious sham fight was a book. Codger rather delighted in taking the book (ours) which Mrs Piatt happened to be reading at the moment, pretending to bury it.

On the whole I think the accident of the locked

cupboard was a fortunate one, though I do not like to think of Mr Piatt, peering through the glass enviously at my beautiful poetry-books, hungering and thirsting for them.

They were a pair of dear, innocent children, she much more sensible and distinguished than he, with a real poetic gift. He was the simpler of the two. I am quite sure he set Longfellow among the Immortals. The only time he became a little heated with me, while Mrs Piatt implored him to restrain himself since he knew what he could be when he lost control, was because of my saying that Meredith and Hardy were great men. That, I think, was just natural jealousy of the English writers, for he had no lack of generous admiration.

They walked hand in hand—often literally, to the bewilderment of more conventional people—through this world. Doubtless they are so walking in the Fields of Heaven.

A SAINT OF NONCONFORMITY—THE REV. ALEXANDER SMELLIE, D.D.

ALEXANDER SMELLIE, D.D.

It was sometime in the 'Nineties that a letter came to me from a Scottish Manse, asking me to contribute to the *Sunday School Teachers' Journal* which he was editing, signed "Alexander Smellie." I knew later that he had written to Mrs Meynell and others of my friends and contemporaries. I don't know how many of those, with regard to whom he had made this original departure, felt equal to contributing to such a very unlikely periodical as the *Sunday School Teachers' Journal:* perhaps I was left alone in my glory.

I knew a little later that my new Editor was a minister of the Auld Lichts, the little and narrow Scottish sect, which Barrie had made known to the world in *A Window in Thrums.*

It seemed an unexpected source from which to come sweetness and light, breadth of mind and a wide outlook on men and books, warm humanity, wide tolerance. They were all to be found in Alexander Smellie, who, with half of him at least always in the other world, yet kept abundant sympathy and interest for this.

He was one of the rare editors who become friends of their contributors, which perhaps was explicable in his case on the assumption that he sought out contributors whose minds and hearts were in sympathy with his.

We were very soon friends. I can remember a time midway of the 'Nineties, or perhaps towards the end when a much desired holiday was knocked on the head by a sudden imperative demand for Income

Tax. At least the demand made two people, who were never prudent, consider for a passing moment of prudence whether the holiday had not better yield to the Income Tax. In the result we decided for the holiday too, and I set out to beat up money due. Alexander Smellie had several articles of mine which had been accepted but had not appeared. I was doing the articles in series for him.

He paid up—I am sure anticipating the payment out of his own pocket. He wrote: "I have always detested the Income Tax, and have never ceased to regret that Gladstone did not come into power in 18—"—(I leave someone else to fill in the date)—"when he would have been returned on a platform of abolition of the Income Tax among other things."

He was a man of fine literary judgment, and his own literary gift was remarkable. He spent a deal of it on the Notes and Leaflets he issued from time to time for his congregation. There was absolutely nothing he touched to which he did not bring the fine literary gift. He had a way of taking a fine phrase and embodying it in what he was writing. I remember phrases that rang like a trumpet—I was not usually at all certain of where he got them from—but some of them have remained with me for years. A Roman Christian had written a letter and begun it—or was it a Jewish Christian, or perhaps St Paul himself?—"In the third year of the reign of the Emperor ——, the seventh year of the Tetrarch—the fortieth year of the reign of our Lord Jesus Christ, King for Ever."

It ran something like that, in an ascending scale of majesty. That and many other things he said and wrote lie in the secret places of my mind and heart.

His books, I should say, had extraordinary vitality and spiritual unction. He wrote one book which belongs to Scottish History, *The Men of the Covenant*. In that or in the periodical religious literature which he was always issuing, I became aware of the wonder-

ful and heart-stirring prose of the old Covenanters. Samuel Rutherford was a King among them, but there were others whose names I have forgotten. Through him I discovered a passage from Cotton Mather, that old burner of witches, but many other things beside—in which he tells of the death of his wife. I only know one passage fit to be placed beside it, and that is the one in the *Confessions*, in which St Augustine tells of the death of his mother in words that fall on the heart like slow and burning tears.

Alexander Smellie, like his Covenanters, was steeped to the lips in the great literature of the Old Testament. Like them he knew its poignant and almost terrible tenderness—as he knew the compunction and pity of the teachings of Christ. I doubt that in his spiritual books he ever talked of Hell or the Fear of God, except in the sense of the one who said :—

"Fear God, but do not be afraid of Him."

His religious teaching was all Love, Love, Love. One wonders what the Auld Lichts made of his strange omissions.

His spiritual books can be read with pleasure and profit by Christians of any denomination. None will find in them a word that points to any essential difference. His was the Christianity which was just Our Lord Jesus Christ and took no heed of theological differences and difficulties outside. He published at various times: *In the Hour of Silence*, *In the Secret Place*, *Service and Inspiration*, *Out of the Desert*, and posthumously, *His Glory*. Between these books he was constantly writing, lavishing on the readers of the *Sunday School Teachers' Journal* and other periodicals of the kind, and on those Notes and Leaflets—treasures of wide reading, of an exquisite and sensitive selectiveness, of spiritual unction, of vision, of knowledge and discernment.

My contributions included a series of papers on the then modern poets, and a second series on Children in Modern Literature. My contributions sometimes got him into hot water with readers. I cannot remember that he ever censored what I wrote. Once he was obliged to refuse a poem or two poems I had sent him as possibly distasteful to his readers. They appear in a selection of my poems under the titles of *Rosa Mystica* and *Maternity*. He could not endure doing it. He wrote that he felt about it as though he closed his door in the face of a child who cried for shelter.

He was extremely happy in his engagement and his marriage. It was an ideal mating. I knew all about "Bessie" before she became his wife, before he brought her to see me at Ealing early in the century. She was exactly what I expected to see: I will say no more; it was evident how beautifully happy they were.

She called him "a bold mon" that day: it was about my contributions and the trouble he had been getting into over them. He weathered all of whatever storms he excited and came out triumphantly. I feel that the congregation that sat under him must have drank deep from the wells of his pure Christianity. It might be a narrow sect: I do not know what its tenets are: but there would be no narrowness or illiberality, nothing but the charity that thinketh no evil, that is kind, in those who listened to him and accepted his teaching.

To one of his books: *In the Hour of Silence*, I think: I contributed a poem for each section of the book: it was divided into twelve portions following the months of the year. Many people might think that a strange, even a suspicious collaboration,—he a minister of Auld Lichts, I, a well-known Irish Catholic, who had never concealed her Catholicism. I don't know if anyone objected. The publisher of the book did not and he, if anyone, had the right of veto.

It was a very remarkable thing that Dr Smellie was content to remain where he was. He would have been welcomed to, he had been offered, far wider spheres of influence and authority, and one cannot but feel that there was much to be said for the expansion of his religious influence. The wider the sphere, one would have said, the greater the gain.

Only he himself and God knew why he chose the little and the narrow sphere. One feels that the sphere must have ceased to be narrow under his influence, however it might remain little. It would be a natural yet a superficial judgment to say that he was wasted where he was. Perhaps he waited for the inspiration to go and it was withheld. At least his books must have brought him a wide audience. All that unction, that charity, that spirituality, that love of humanity in God, of God in humanity; one asks why all this and much more should have been given to his little congregation of simple people at Carluke, a mining district of Scotland? One asks the question in vain. He must have asked for light when time after time the greater sphere was offered him. Doubtless he received the light.

Perhaps it was easier for him to stay in that cell because of the death of his first child, a daughter, whom he adored. She died at one of the very sweet ages,—at about nine or ten, I think. It was a blow he never recovered from. Done with for ever his letters full of many interests, political and literary, as well as personal and religious. He retired into a silence, broken only when one needed him.

How deep he had drunk at the fountains of the Old Testament was shown in his letter to a new widow.

"God Himself will be Lover and Husband and Son and Brother and Father and Friend."

It sounded like the magnificent promises of the

Old Testament that come out amid the angers and the judgments, like a clear shining after rain.

Two boys came to take the place of the little daughter, but perhaps such empty places are never taken, though the boys did much to solace the father's heart. I remember him as a gentle, smiling, dark-haired young man, full of keenness about all the intellectual movements. That came to be in abeyance after his bereavement, at least as to the outward manifestations of it. Doubtless it was there all the time, with his immense affectionateness towards his friends.

Let one near and dear to him bear testimony.

"He had a long time of failing health. He took it so beautifully from God's hand, as he took all else, that one marvelled to see it. Not only did he accept it but he was positively glad about it. The later years of his life, I can honestly say, were the happiest. He expanded: he opened like a flower in sunshine, and no happier home could be found anywhere, no more laughter and good will. For years he had been a semi-invalid, doing most of his work in bed. I just served him night and day all through his long illness. Till within a month of the end I nursed him myself all the time. What a holy and glorious time it was! There was not a shadow. He was extravagantly happy, and so pleased with us all. The boys coming home from school and College were a constant source of interest and joy. In them he lived over again the happy years when he was at their stage. I said to him one day: 'You are so taken up with those boys and their classes and lectures and the rest that I believe you would like to be a student again yourself.' 'I would just love it,' he said; 'I could go back to-morrow,' and I knew with what alacrity he would have done it.

"Before the end he was a great sufferer. He was always a Saint, but for the last month of his

dear life the veil that separated him was a very thin one. He spent long days and sleepless nights in intercession and in blessed intercourse with his Saviour. It was holy ground and a great privilege to be there. He was really a man in love with Christ. He spoke of Him as his 'lovely Lord.' He was at once at any time in fellowship with Christ, for he was never away from Him."

With this noble and beautiful testimony I leave him. He was indeed a Saint. For him no gulf separated Christian and Christian. We met

"Upon those hills of life dim and immense"

where he was far worthier to come than I. I cannot but be humbly grateful for the meeting.

A BENEDICTINE—
FATHER GILBERT DOLAN, O.S.B.

FATHER GILBERT DOLAN, O.S.B.

We had come back to Ealing after four years' absence from it, spent in one of the mouldering Crescents, given over to the Oriental and the boarding-house, that cover what was once a Nutting Hill. There were still traces of the country in the forest trees of its common gardens and squares to which the thrush still came in January.

The return to Ealing, all out in roses in the June weather, was sufficiently delightful to compensate for so much of the four years as had been spent at Notting Hill, although Ealing had grown much less countrified in the four years ; many of our ruralities had disappeared and the spoor of man was over the fields of old.

We had a garden at our new house, small indeed but it had belonged to a true gardener. The day we arrived the grass on the lawn was like a meadow. The children had their first meal at the new house in a bit of the meadow : it was a country meal of boiled eggs and bread and butter and milk—ever so much fresher and sweeter than those products at Notting Hill, or we thought so. Indeed, to the grateful heart the return to Ealing was the return to the country : and presently the meadow disappeared and a bed of Shirley poppies came out magnificently ; the roses bloomed and the fruit was formed on the boughs of the little fruit-trees at the end of the garden which made a tiny orchard. There, screened by the boughs from our neighbours' windows, I worked for seven happy summers. We had no griefs during that second sojourn of ours at Ealing, or only natural and sancti-

fied griefs, and we had many joys and tranquillities, shared with that dearest of friends, Father Gilbert Dolan. The Benedictines had most fortunately come to Ealing during our four years' absence.

He was shown into the garden where we sat writing one golden day of that early Summer, a genial giant of a man, with very blue eyes, that at once were shy and twinkled behind his glasses. St Benedict's Church was going up on what had once been garden ground, and Father Gilbert Dolan was the Rector of the Mission.

He is in all the happiness and peacefulness of the seven years. He took us almost at once into the peculiarly beautiful friendship which only the celibate can give his friends, and one always feels it an unequal bargain. He had the passionate love of children which is so often found in the celibate. We, who have the human ties for our own, may grow narrow and selfish; the celibate has the unspent and untethered store of love to spend without grudging.

He was, as the best type of priest is, a man of the world, broad and tolerant, with all the good human manifestations, wise, humorous, shrewd, with a great love of humanity. In those years he was constantly at our fireside. He was interested in all our friends and he was constantly bringing people he thought would interest us or whom we would interest. He was always ready for any adventure or any expedition when it was at all possible. He shared many of our outings, and he was always the best of good comrades. I remember an occasion when we went to the Greek Play at Bradfield and coming home we were thirsty at Reading. We made apologies to Father Gilbert for leaving him, thinking he would not like to appear at the station buffet, but we were mistaken; he came in and had his whiskey-and-soda like the rest of us. It was one of the things that made his companionship so good and pleasant. In inessentials he did not insist on his being a priest. He was just

a good comrade. In the same way—he always joined us on our holidays if it was only for a flying visit—when he came to us at a French *plage* he immediately went bathing, wearing the largest bathing-suit to be bought in the town, with the stripes affected by the Frenchman when he goes bathing, a most amusing spectacle taken with his great height and proportions.

But in telling these things of our companionship I feel I am beginning at the wrong end of the story. Dear as we were to him, and I know we were very dear, it was upon our children that he lavished the wealth of his love. When he came to us at Ealing there were two little boys. From the time he laid eyes upon them he could not be kept away from them. If we wanted any intelligent conversation, as we used to say, the children had to be absent.

They very soon recognised him for what he was—a big playmate. The younger boy was still quite a baby, only just in his second year; the elder was three. I remember a terrible time when Three-Years' Old got a trick of turning down his friends with, "He doesn't like that lady" or "that gentleman." When he announced that "He didn't like Father Dolan" it was terrible. Poor Father Gilbert had a real mist over his blue eyes, while he vainly tried to coax the young gentleman out of his caprice, which fortunately did not last long.

We lived in Longfield Road, which was a possible, but not the most direct, way to the railway station. Father Gilbert made it *his* way. I had a writing-room upstairs, and very often in the course of the day I was vaguely aware of a tremendous commotion in the schoolroom downstairs. It would be Father Gilbert, who had turned in on his way to somewhere or other, very often in his best clerical blacks, for he was a man of affairs and many intellectual interests, and belonged to all manner of Societies: he might even be on his way to a reception at Archbishop's House, or to lunch somewhere. But there was

always time for a glorious romp. If I went down and peeped into the schoolroom,—it had ceased to be the day nursery when the elder boy came to five years old and ceased to be a Kid,—I found him on the floor bestraddled with rowdy children; or he was doing the Strong Man and the children were walking up him to stand finally on his head when they could touch the ceiling.

When time was up he would break away from them, unwillingly on both sides, and have to be thoroughly brushed in the hall before going out into the world.

He could never resist a child's nor indeed any kind of humorous appeal. I can remember Five-Years'-Old sitting on a rug in our workroom with a picture-book, lifting his head with an air of weary patience when a very restless fox-terrier scratched at the door to be admitted, having only just been let out. Said Five-Years'-Old—"Will someone let in that damned dog?"—very much in the manner of an adult speaker. Father Gilbert's eyes twinkled: he shook: he did not dare to speak.

He was always coming in with one story or another, very often concerned with the humour of children. One day it was a little girl, who had been distracting other children in church by her pranks. Father Gilbert was called upon to rebuke her, and rebuke is always difficult if one is inwardly amused. Now, whatever chance Father Gilbert would have had with a little boy,—it would not have been a sporting chance,—he had none at all with a little girl. She kept her large eyes fixed on his face while he pointed out to her the unbecomingness of her conduct. When he had finished—shaken with inward laughter I am sure—she remarked: "We have got some new kittens at our house."

Father Gilbert had to close the interview abruptly.

He is more in those Ealing years than anyone else. He came constantly. We had turned one of

the upstairs rooms which looked into a row of little poplars, and, across the road, at our neighbours' roses in Summer, into a very pretty workroom, walling it in books, hanging the doors and the windows with beautiful pink Liberty damask which gave it an illusive rosy glow on the darkest days. There I sat and worked through seven happy years, not knowing how happy they were, and there came Father Gilbert, two or three nights of the week or whenever he would. We used to sit with screens about us in the Winter nights in front of a roaring fire. I believe that if we had one fault to Father Gilbert's mind it was our open windows, but he was very brave about them, and even told us a story of how he and some of his brethren at Downside had had a plan which they put into execution of seeking out draughts and sitting in them to see what would happen, and how no cold was taken.

I am sure the story was *bona fide*, but I am equally sure that when the draught blew Father Gilbert was not there.

He came to meals just when he would. The dinner hour and the hour of his arrival synchronised with the children's bedtime. We used to hear the sound of his arrival and then his foot on the stairs. There was always high revel in the night nursery then, with Father Gilbert for Master of the Revels. The sternest nurse or nursery-governess, though they did not share Father Gilbert's faith, turned a smiling eye on the revels. He was such an irresistible big boy.

He used to arrive in the dining room very hot and dishevelled but full of laughter and apologies, for sometimes his impatient hosts had begun without him.

I am sure the children used to dream about him. The little girl who had come in the first year of our return called him her "lovely big elephant," and one night a little boy went asleep chanting:

"God bless himself and Bunny and Pam and his father and mother and the people in the street, and the children in the other houses and Father Dolan and Whiteley's Motor Van and all his friends."

Whiteley's Motor Van was at that time sufficient of a novelty and a delight to be mentioned in a little boy's prayers. He was a child who detested monotony and one of his variations was: "God bless the clergyman,"—after which he added reflectively—"Why does he always put the clergyman last?"

I am quite sure he did not associate "the clergyman" with Father Gilbert. Perhaps it was the interpolation of an Evangelical nurse who thought her religion was not getting a proper show in the children's prayers.

One evening Father Gilbert arrived in a happy reminiscent mood. He had come in in the morning on his way to the train; on these occasions he did not disturb me at my work in the upstairs room. Going into the schoolroom he found Six-Years'-Old in charge. The governess going out to market on a wet morning had had the happy thought of leaving the one who was likely to give trouble in authority over his brother and sister who, profiting perhaps by his example, never gave trouble. Father Gilbert found "The Tutor"—his humorous governess, with an understanding of the childish heart, had dubbed him the Tutor for these occasions—presiding over the lessons of the others, wearing a dusty and shabby top hat which he had fetched from an attic as a badge of authority.

Father Gilbert had borne with what equanimity he might the sight of the Tutor wearing his hat of office, but I am sure he had chuckled all day over the memory.

There were East Wind evenings then when we sat within our screens in front of the fire and never spoke. London East Wind has a blackness and intensity of its own, withering above all I have ex-

perienced. Perhaps I ought to say that whole corner of South-Eastern England. When the East Wind blew, even dearest friends were apt to fall silent as the faces in the streets became nipped and frozen and even the children's were like closed daisies.

But we were very seldom silent; though we saw each other so often there was always so much to impart and to hear. Father Gilbert brought good stories. I imagine the Community-Room of the Catholic Orders is as full of laughter as any other place in the world. The celibate priest keeps the heart of a boy. Somewhere I have many of Father Gilbert's jests set down in writing, but, alas, they are very far from my hand. They have often a certain religious flavour, like his conundrum,

"Why is a maiden lady sitting on a Bible like the present state of——?" any disturbed area you chose mention.

The answer was:

"Because it's a-vergin' on something serious."

Another was:

"Why will a cook never eat her own apron?"

"Because it goes against her stomach."

There was the story of the "h'Anthem" which may be a chestnut for all I know, but Father Gilbert's stories were seldom chestnuts. When there was "language" in a story, his very blue eyes had always a laughing shyness of apology: it was a stricter age than this.

The story was that two sailors met in the streets of York.

"Wot d'yer do 'ere, matey, of a Sunday?" asked one.

The other pondered.

"There's some as goes to the Minster to 'ear the h'Anthem," was the reply.

"H'Anthem! Wot's the h'Anthem?"

"Well, yer see it's like this. If it wasn't the

h'Anthem it 'ud be 'H'all ye nations praise the Lord'. When it's the h'Anthem yer sings:

'H'all, ye Nations,
H'all, ye Nations,
H'all, ye bloody, bloody Nations praise the Lord!'"

"Language," I think, in moderation always exhilarated him. That was his Irish blood. There are so many Irish stories which lose all savour and flavour if one omits the language.

I remember a day when we knocked up against a typical East Ender carrying a full sack on his back with which one of us collided. The "bloodies" absolutely flew. Father Gilbert's eyes reminded me of a little boy, who when his mother used what was known in the nursery as "a rude word," said, with suffused eyes, and a choking voice of rapture: "Oh, Mother, I thank you for saying that word."

Sometimes Father Gilbert had stories to tell us of his professional experiences. He had been "on the mission" at Liverpool and one of his flock had been a rag-and-bone merchant, who was a decent man till he got drunk, when he invariably beat his wife. This was a matter of real grief with him when he recovered from his drinking bout. He entered into a compact with Father Gilbert that whenever this happened he was to be sent for and was to administer corporal chastisement which should bring the sinner to a sense of his sins. For this "laying-on of hands" Father Gilbert was to receive five pounds. Father Gilbert stood in his stockings about six foot three or four.

He would find the culprit in a state of resigned misery awaiting his self-imposed penance. I can't imagine that it was administered with any great severity: I am sure Father Gilbert would have been almost helpless with laughter. When it was over the five-pound note changed hands, there was a solemn farewell, and Father Gilbert left his erring parishioner

to begin another six months or so of total abstinence and exemplary behaviour to his wife.

Once at Ealing he was sent for to try to induce an old lady who was ill to take her medicine. She had vowed she would not take it, not even for the Pope. As the Pope was not available her daughter-in-law, a good Protestant lady, sent for Father Gilbert. What persuasions he used I do not know, but he finally persuaded her, to the great joy of her family.

Again it was an old lay-brother in a Monastery who was dying and flatly refused to say his prayers or to take any interest in the prayers that were being said for him. He had been saying prayers all his life, he said, and he was dead-sick of them. Father Gilbert saw his point of view perfectly, and knew that Another would. I am not sure that his arguments succeeded in this case, but he was most highly diverted, as he was when one of the children asked: "Are prayers really any good to me or am I a better boy when I've said them?" And again "Is there any Devil at all or is he only a pome?"

Sometimes he had a strange or a serious story to tell. One was of a woman in a lunatic asylum who had shown every sign of what people used to call "possession." She was dying and he was sent for to administer the Last Sacraments. She had been lying comatose for many hours, her eyes closed, scarcely breathing. When he was shown into the room she displayed absolutely no sign of life. He had set out the holy oils and the other things he needed and knelt down beside her to say a prayer. He could just see a thin dull line where the eyeballs showed between the lids. As he knelt there she suddenly spoke in a strange, terrible voice, at the same moment seizing him by the wrist. He might as well have been pinned in steel. She lay perfectly motionless, the dull line still showing, but the grip on his wrist never relaxed. He did all he could to unloosen it but in vain. He called and no one heard. The grip seemed only to

tighten, and agonizing pains began to shoot up his arm and enter his body. The agony increased till he felt as though he must faint, and there was the woman lying absolutely still with a livid pallor, showing no sign of life beyond the deadly grip. He was all but collapsed when help came, and it was after many efforts that he was finally released. The woman died a day or two later without speaking.

Again, someone asked for him one day and going to the room where he received his visitors, he found a young man awaiting him, as fine a specimen of vigorous and splendid manhood as ever he had seen. He belonged to the trained and highly intelligent artisan class.

"What can I do for you?" Father Gilbert asked.

"Will you give me the Last Sacraments, Father?"

"But you don't need the Last Sacraments."

"I do, Father, I'm a dying man."

He was on his way to a football match. Father Gilbert tried to argue him out of this strange imagination that he was a dying man. It always ended up in the same way.

"Give me the Last Sacraments, Father, and let me go. I am a dying man."

At last Father Gilbert yielded to him, He heard his confession and sent him on his way with a half-jesting request that he should let him know how he enjoyed the football-match.

The next day the message came: but not from him. He had been fatally injured in a sudden and dreadful accident which none could have foreseen. One of his last requests had been that Father Gilbert should be informed of what had happened. Despite the dreadful nature of his injuries he had died most peacefully and happily.

One would have said, humanly speaking, that Father Gilbert was made for the common humanities. He so adored children, and he loved a warm fireside with the intensity perhaps of the one who has given

up the great sweetnesses of human life. He loved to be under the roof-tree of his friends, and to be made much of by them and petted and comforted, although one of his assistant priests at St Benedict's complained that since Father Gilbert, the Head of the House, never knew what he was eating the cuisine was not all it might be. Priests sometimes suffer more at the hands of their housekeepers than other men do who are mismated in matrimony, and poor Father Gilbert had his own difficulties in that way.

He told us one day that the Abbot, staying a few days with him, said to him :—" Gilbert, I notice that you call your housekeeper ' Edith.' That might seem to the misundertanding a little too intimate, don't you think ? "

" Certainly," said Father Gilbert. " But do you know what her other name is ? If I called her by that I might be misunderstood."

" What is it ? "

" Well,—it is Hann."

The Abbot laughed.

" Oh, I agree," he said. " Call her what you like."

I once gave Father Gilbert a big bottle of Eau-de-Cologne. He had his wearinesses and his headaches. He never scorned such gifts as a more rigid priest might. I heard later how he used it.

He had a parishioner awaiting an operation for which he needed all the strength he could get, but sleep absolutely refused to visit him. The doctors were in despair. Natural sleep the man must have before he was in a state to be operated upon.

As usual, Father Gilbert was called into consultation. He brought my bottle of Eau - de - Cologne along and sat down in a darkened room by the patient's bed. He began to talk in a low soothing voice, meanwhile bathing the man's forehead and neck with the Eau - de - Cologne. For a time the patient resisted but suddenly sleep came. He slept many hours on end, to the joy of the doctors, woke

refreshed and in a fit state for the operation, which turned out most propitiously.

I told this story to a rather rigid and very delicate young priest who had also been made free of our house and hospitality. It is always a happiness to remember how much our friendship meant to certain lonely priests here and there in England where we lived. The priest in England is apt to be put on an uncomfortable pedestal by his flock, unless they happen to be Irish. By our fireside they could be natural men, and that was what most of them ardently desired to be. This young priest, after we had parted, forgot for once to be rigid when he told me what our friendship had meant to him in a terribly castaway place, poverty-stricken, where, as he said one day, he had been living on bread and butter, but in time the butter was vanishing from the bread.

He suffered much from headaches and to him I had presented a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne, only to have it spurned.

"What do I want with that?" he said. "Such things are only for ladies."

I was justly incensed.

"You'll never be a Bishop," I said bitterly. "Now I'm going to tell you what a much finer man than you did when I gave him Eau-de-Cologne," and so proceeded to tell the story.

We had the seven good years at Ealing between 1900 and 1907, and Father Gilbert was part of our life there. When he left, it was time for us to be going too. He went down to Redditch near Birmingham in 1907, a singularly unsuitable and uncongenial place for a man of his interests and warm sympathies, while we went to Chipperfield in Hertfordshire.

Meanwhile his health—he had never been a strong man, despite his looks—had begun to give trouble. There was a time before we parted com-

pany when the children were ill with influenza and he had one of these attacks during which life was difficult and painful. Pamela, whom he had christened, then four years old, had been dangerously ill for a few days. When he knew it he was overwhelmed.

"Why did you not send for me?" he asked, with infinite reproach in his voice.

We answered that we had known he was ill.

He said with passion: "I should have travelled on my hands and knees, if necessary, if I had known they were suffering."

One day when we walked together across Castlemorton Marsh under Little Malvern, amid all the joyous sights and sounds of the early Summer—I remember that we had paused to look on at a sheep-washing,—we had been talking of some woman who had got into trouble, and he said to me, "I believe women are always or nearly always more sinned against than sinning." It was the measure of his great heart. I did not agree, though I agreed to some extent. At least they have to suffer more. But I loved him for it.

Redditch had not agreed with him. He missed his friends and all the amenities, for one of his temperament, of the neighbourhood of London. He was sent to Little Malvern where we visited him in the early Summer of 1909.

We had shut up our Chipperfield house for the pleasure of being with him. He found us lodgings in the most idyllic little farmhouse England could produce, in that heavenly country, with a meek little hostess, who was an excellent cook and housekeeper, a lamb and a saint. She had been housekeeper at Downside before she married a wastrel. We had six weeks of heavenly peace there, we and all ours, for we had brought children, governess, dog and all.

It was a land flowing with milk and honey, good for the body and the spirit. All the valley of the

Severn was snowed under with a record blossoming of the may that year. The nightingales were singing; the lambs and sheep were bleating in the great Marsh under the exquisite hills;—streams were running; plovers calling. There was a tightly packed little garden of apple trees in blossom, with wall-flowers, clove-pinks and forget-me-nots when we came,—all lying under the exquisite hills. We were always trying to circumvent our little hostess in her design to ruin herself so that we should be suitably entertained. Gently but firmly we had had to amend her first absurdly inadequate estimate for our board and lodging. The children could literally have bathed in milk if they desired it, and they lived amid all the joys of the farming life.

We went up the hill to Father Gilbert or he came down the hill to us day after day. We attended his Mass in the chapel of the Court, to which Margaret of Anjou fled for refuge after the Battle of Tewkesbury. We had long walks and talks with Father Gilbert, and the children were always in and out the tall house on the side of the hill, overlooking the whole valley of the Severn, which was the Benedictine Priory.

He had begun to have his good days and his bad days. On his bad days he lay on his sofa in almost intolerable suffering, but still he would be the children's Big Bear and playmate. They were the two younger children now and he was giving them religious instruction. When they came they were never sent away because it was a bad day. That house had two staircases, and he would get up from his sofa for the customary wild chase after them up one staircase and down another. Once we came in when the game was at its height. He just staggered into the room and dropped, sweating with hard pain, on to his sofa: but I cannot recall that then or at any time did he turn from his friends or show anything but desire for their presence.

He had given the children a toy pig which always shared the religious instructions. They never could begin till the pig was there. He used to tell us the children's application of the religious instructions to the pig with great enjoyment.

Little Malvern, for all its beauty, was a sad place. It was full of old people and tragical people and weary people. He had a most lovely garden, kept in exquisite order by a dour Ulster Orangeman: but right in the midst of the garden was a graveyard, and under the church which adjoined the house was a vault in which some people were buried. He showed his Irish blood in the occasional macabre jest about death, the Irish jesting in the face of the King of Terrors, as a schoolboy going a lonely road in the dark whistles to show he is not afraid. I asked him once what the vault contained. He said: "Four dead men and some onions."

When we said we were going back to Hertfordshire he did not ask us to stay longer. That is the way with priests. They never ask their friends to stay no matter how much the staying or going means to them.

He was still the good comrade then, very keen on expeditions of one kind or another. He never spared nor saved himself, nor would he take reasonable care of his health or make others do it for him.

I believe I only saw him once after that Malvern visit when he came to see us at Southborough in the Summer of 1911. At the end of that year we went back to Ireland. We had another dream and hope, that he should come to live with us in Ireland, since he was fast becoming unfitted for the active work of a mission.

My husband and he spent a few last days together in the Summer of 1913 at Shrewsbury, where my husband had gone about a matter of sending the boys to school. Coming back he gave me a very sad report of Father Gilbert, who, though he looked like

a ghost, had still the old indomitable keenness and energy, "all for see and to admire," and would not be kept from seeing all the sights within reach.

In May of 1914 I was going to Rome with Lady Aberdeen for the Quinquennial Meeting of the International Council of Women. I had lunched at the Vice-Regal Lodge to arrange the details of the journey. I was not at all exhilarated by the wonderful prospect before me; I was in fact desperately frightened, because for long years I had never gone anywhere without the family. While we waited for a train at Dundrum Station the friend who was with me said:

"I was so sorry to read in the *Tablet* of your friend Father Gilbert Dolan's death."

It was a blow. It came just as suddenly in the end as though he had not been a sick man for long; and he had slipped away without a word.

It is the way of a priest. When he must go he goes quietly, so as not to disturb nor incommode those who still sit to the banquet of life.

He would have been tremendously excited over the War. He was as Irish in his temperament as if his family had not been settled in England for generations, and he had said to us once in a grave mood: "I believe that all that is best in me is Irish." He was yet patriotically English. But he would have grieved over the loss of his boys. I remember two that were with him at Little Malvern, the sons of an Irish mother, beautiful boys, full of gaiety and gentlehood. They, I fear, the devouring War may have taken, leaving this earth the poorer. But if they are in the land of the living—if Willie and Alick Robertson ever read this, will they communicate with us?

At least his heart was not wrung as it would have been by the loss of the young and beautiful and the grief of his friends. But what a chaplain he would have made!

LORD ELCHO AND IVO CHARTERIS

LORD ELCHO AND IVO CHARTERIS

THESE are two whom I did not know except through their intimate letters which I was permitted to see. They were George Wyndham's nephews, and so of the most charming family of its time. The devouring War took them with others young and beautiful of their kin. The others were Percy Wyndham, George Heremon Wyndham, and Edward Tennant. Hugo Francis (Lord Elcho), who fell at Katia, in the Sinai Desert, on Easter Sunday 1916, in his thirty-second year; his brother, Ivo Alan Charteris, at Loos, on 17th October 1915, aged nineteen years. Of Lord Elcho, Emerson might have written:

"It seems an injury that he should leave us in the midst of his broken task which none else can finish: a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of Nature before yet he has been shown to his peers for what he is; but he, at least, is content. His soul was made for the noblest society: he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world: wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Ivo Charteris, to whom I give precedence because he fell some six months before his brother, was a born letter-writer. The gift had descended to him directly from the Fitzgeralds. The Duchess of Leinster, Lord Edward's mother, her sister, Lady Sarah Napier, other sisters, in varying degrees, as well as her children, possessed the eighteenth-century gift of letter-writing. Lord Edward Fitzgerald's letters are to-day as fresh as a rose with the dew on it. The gift has descended to this generation of the family. I wish I could quote largely from the corre-

spondence of these great-great-grandchildren of Lord Edward Fitzgerald: since it is impossible, I must content myself with a scrap of a letter, here and there.

Ivo Charteris was a rather delicate and sensitive boy. In the picture I have of him there is something profoundly sad in his expression, perhaps the sadness which struggles to communicate to us, that such as we are of the Pre-destined, those who are to die young. But sadness was not at all his predominant quality. His letters give abundant evidence of gaiety and high spirits. He had great zest of life, great love for his family, especially his mother, who seems to have received her full measure, pressed down and flowing over, of worship from her gifted sons. These descendants of Lord Edward inherited his love for his mother. It is characteristic of such men to adore the Mother. Ivo loved Nature and animals and books. Someone called him "The little friend of all the world." He had known perhaps the best life could give when he fell in action at nineteen and he is "Little Ivo," most tenderly so named, to the men and women who knew him and rejoiced in him.

He had the literary temperament, and that joined with the soldier's, is, I think, one of the finest blends humanity can produce. Between Philip Sidney and such as these children there is only a gulf of centuries.

"The little friend of all the world." The one who called Ivo that, told me also of a delightful evening in an Irish great house when George Wyndham, then Chief Secretary for Ireland and possessed with his dream of leaving Ireland contented—the one man who could have done it and passionately desired it—came to dinner. When he arrived there was a group about the drawing-room fire listening to "Kim" being read aloud. George Wyndham took up the book which had been laid down and went on with the reading—read through the dressing-bell and the dinner-gong—read through

the dinner-hour and beyond it—and only laid down the book when it was finished.

Ivo had a great love of his home and his own family. The Fitzgeralds thought "The Good Family" quite the best thing of its kind, as doubtless it was. That disarming family pride is to be found in the letters of Lord Edward's descendants. Of Ivo one writes:—

"Young as he was, he seemed to have that magic sympathy that made all people call him their friend. He had a wide outlook, keen and varied interests, warm human sympathies, and nimble wit."

He was quick-tempered and then heartbroken if he had hurt anyone. He had a passion for beauty. He was brave and clean. He was always bookish, and in his short days—the few years at Eton—he made friends of the bookish, but not only of them. He was very simple and unselfconscious. His mother records that he was invaluable at school feasts, looking after the guests, playing with the children, and thoroughly enjoying himself.

He had a beautifully shaped head covered with golden hair: "a yellow-hammer head," as it was known in the family. Some affinity of his with birds perhaps suggested the comparison. His Eton master, Mr Aymer Whitworth, wrote after he was killed: "He had something akin to the birds he loved so much, spontaneous and untaught: he was quite unlike anyone else in the world."

"He pleased his grandfather when he came as a baby to Gosford," runs a tale of him, "because when he saw the Roman Eagle at the head of the great staircase, which usually frightens children, he put his arms round it and hugged it." His grandfather said: "That child will be a great man one day."

Like the birds he was shy and had his secrets from all but those he loved best. When anyone succeeded in penetrating his shy mysteries they found it very well worth while.

His letters home in absence were full of the animals. "Give my love to the plush-noses," he wrote; the "plush-noses" being the Chows who appeared under that name in his mother's fireside, bedside stories for her children. The Eton boy sent his love to "Horace, bless him!" Horace being his pet mouse. He loved everything in fur and feathers.

I pass by his bookishness, a taste which he may have shared with many others. He had gone to Eton from Summerfields, Oxford, in 1910, with a King's Scholarship, coming out Eighth in the Scholarship Roll. The great old school had many things to delight him; but he was one of the rare boys—perhaps they are not so rare—who feel too keenly the separation from his home and the beloved family, although the War found him, and others like him, keen to anguish to be gone. Someone has written: "There are children who belong to God. There are others who belong to God and their mothers." Ivo belonged to God and his mother.

Unexpectedly, I find that Mr Aymer Whitworth wrote of "his considerable physical strength and great courage, rather masked by his slow, loose carriage." He had the dome-like forehead which reminded some one of Sir Walter Scott, and the fair beautiful skin which flushed and paled with feeling. That he was delicate with this reserve of strength was perhaps something accidental, non-essential—which he would have grown out of. He had one or two operations—for appendicitis in one case—but he wrote of his sufferings with a truly Franciscan gaiety.

February 1915 found him frantic to be off. He had already walked into Chapel at Eton as a Sixth Form boy—a ceremony the significance of which old Etonians will understand. His mother had not seen him as she longed to. He implored her to take it for granted and deliver him from the school routine so that he should rush on his glorious destiny.

"The well-known clock striking as I arrived, threw me back to my past here, but just failed to catch me in the mood of Eton, with melancholy effect. These last few months here have been dead and listless. This place seems to be terribly irrelevant."

This is Ivo in one of his moods, mad to be off to the War—a "heart too full of heavenly haste." The letter of colds and heats ends: "I thought I'd better not take Horace from the Fish (*i.e.* his sister), though I miss him."

At last he escaped.

"Yesterday as I leant out of my window at night I heard the flooded river plashing over the playing-fields. I could have wept but now I am glad to go. I go to Sheerness this afternoon."

At Sheerness he joined his regiment, the K.R.R.C. but was no more happy than when he fretted at Eton.

"We have had such an appalling number of casualties and have sent out so many officers that I hardly like leaving. The Colonel told me that I should have just as good a chance of going out from the Grenadiers and I don't think I should go out from here before October, but if I am not out in October from the Grenadiers I shall be miserable thinking I might have gone out from here before, but I suppose there is plenty of time as the War doesn't look like being over this year."

There is the very mood and moodiness of a lover —of glory, or his country, of "the bright face of Danger," of Death, the little sister of St Francis!

He did go to the Grenadiers, and they went out in September. When the summons came he rushed up to Scotland just for a few hours to see his home and his beloved family. On September 11th, he left Charing Cross, and the letters which followed were gay and light-hearted because he had got his heart's desire. His mother wrote: "He must have enjoyed every moment of that brief campaign; and he died after *succeeding* in rallying his men."

The letters have a surprising quality. At one moment he is describing the campaign for his sister or someone else femininely ignorant, with a knowledge and a passion for military detail which showed the born soldier. Again he is telling the things that happened, with a gay high-heartedness—the joy of one who is at last in the Great Adventure. He bubbles over with gaiety: then, again, comes something of a serious desire for a greater knowledge of his profession, not knowing that soon he was to master the greatest knowledge of all—how to die greatly.

He had been censoring the soldiers' letters.

"They have such wonderful conventions. There are two alternative ways of beginning—'Darling, just a line to answer your welcome letter, hoping this will find you as well as it leaves me,'—or: 'Just a line to say I am still in the pink'—(unless they've been properly bad, when they are 'getting on famously now'). If it is to their sweetheart, they ask her not to forget that there is someone in France and they end up by reflecting that the best thing to do is to leave it to the One Above."

This bit from Ivo reminds me of a correspondent of my own, a Tommy in an Irish regiment, who had been through the retreat from Mons, Suvla and the subsequent Gallipoli Campaign, the Serbian retreat, and had finally settled down at Salonika. He wrote: "Have seen some fighting, but none at present."

Now and then a phrase leaped at you out of Ivo's letters. He had been night-marching and enjoyed it hugely.

"One's legs swung onward by the thousand singing men. As we got nearer the roads grew more and more congested, a seething mass of wounded men, great lorries lumbering by, limbers jolting on the paved road, all the sweat of War behind the line. As it grew darker and we went on, the guns became louder and the flashes more distinct. A blood-red sun, low on the horizon looked from the clouds, to

retire before the brighter flashes of the guns. Now and then the black skeleton of a house stood out against the sky. The last street we passed through was ruined on one side: the wounded were laid out on stretchers on the other: troops everywhere with rifles and fixed bayonets, and hordes of German prisoners beyond, horses and flickering fires, and always the jolting of the limbers on the paved road, and the soldiers telling their stories of the battle."

Epic prose down to the beautiful concluding phrase.

Between these passages there came an intimate little picture of a dinner at an "estaminet" with "Bimbo's" (*i.e.* Edward Wyndham Tennant) Company, after which came an adjournment to the local brewer's house where Ivo sat and looked on while "Bimbo" sang *Watch Your Step* to the accompaniment of the brewer's daughter. A student of Lord Edward is reminded of those parties at Kildare Lodge, to which came Cummins the Apothecary, and the Butcher's daughters, all "good democrates," to dance with the Fitzgeralds. "A charming evening," says Ivo, "but now all this has come to an end and we move to-morrow night."

. . . . . .

Here is a macabre little picture:

"In the graveyard here a tombstone and the vault below have been laid open by a shell. The coffin lid has been torn off showing the skeleton of a man. A toad is sitting on his chest and little brown mice are playing about his bones. R.I.P. says the tombstone."

. . . . . .

"Darling . . . I have just got your letter which I adored. People at home in England are a great deal more real than this War, which seems weary of its own melodrama, but does not know how to give it up."

. . . . . .

"The noise of a machine-gun in the distance is the most sinister sound in the world, it is like the death-rattle of a giant. A shell leaving the gun is an incomparably dreary sound, as though it loathed its mission."

Ivo was killed by a machine-gun, enfilading the trench, on 17th October.

Of all the cloud of witnesses who testified to what Ivo was and might have been I take this little letter, written by Ivo Grenfell, who was with him at Eton, but his junior.

"Ivo was always very dear and kind to me and I did admire him so very much. I remember at Summerfields when we were there together how kind he was to me when I was a much smaller boy than him and looked on him with great awe and admiration. He was so splendid and made life seem so lovely and so truly worth living. Ivo had the truest courage, and he did so long to go out to the War, and now he is in the most perfect happiness."

This letter, I think, says with a perfect simplicity all that need be said.

Lord Elcho, who was in Egypt with his regiment, the Gloucestershire Hussars, wrote to his mother of Ivo's death, on 26th October 1915.

"Darling,—I have absolutely nothing to say. When your own mother and brother are concerned it is futile to talk about sympathy; one consolation for me is that, if *any* comfort is to be extracted, or if the best kind of thought is of any use—which of course it is—your soul is big enough, great enough for that purpose. The mere thought of your tackling it strengthens me. That sounds selfish and detached, but I have faith in you. I suppose the misery of people like——breaks the shock. A woman with sympathy loses many sons before her own. If anything could dwarf one's own tragedy it is the agony of millions of others. But it doesn't—it is

the other way about—one's sluggish imagination is stimulated and one merely realises for the first time other people's miseries as well as one's own. The only sound thing is to hope the best for one's country and to expect absolutely nothing for one's self in the future. To write down everyone one loves as dead—and then if any of us are left we shall be surprised. To think of one's country's future and one's own happy past. The first is capable of vast improvement, and as for the second, . . . I couldn't have had more joy out of anything than I have had from my family. I am glad we had that bit with Ivo at Hunstanton. I wish I had seen him as a Guardsman. Bless him! I am so awfully sorry for Papa who loved him. Tell him how much I feel for him. He must write his sons off and concentrate upon his grandchildren, which, thank God, exist. We move to Cairo in a few days and after the move I go out to Gallipoli. I should rather have stayed here on the chance of the Balkans as cavalry. Gallipoli is terribly dull."

He stayed behind in Egypt when his regiment went to Gallipoli, being the officer told off to remain in Egypt in charge of the horses—it was necessary to have a responsible officer. This separation from his beloved regiment nearly broke his heart. He sailed later for Mudros but returned, as the evacuation of Gallipoli was taking place when he arrived.

Lord Elcho, having been wounded that Easter Sunday at Katia, returned to the firing-line. "How like Ego!" (his own childish name for himself, which was retained by his family and friends) wrote his Eton tutor—"M' Tutor"—"It was just like Ego to insist on going back to the front line, probably without a word, just as a matter of course."

He was one of the great losses not only to those who loved and knew him, but to the world, to England particularly, of the War. He had "written himself off"—with such a high courage and abnega-

tion that he must have smiled as he did it. Happily he left England his sons. He had so much to leave: a beautiful and adored young wife with whom he was perfectly, radiantly happy; the two precious children; his own family, of whom he was so proud; friendship, honours, so many tasks to be done which his hand must let fall. Few deaths, even in the War which gathered the flower of the race, can have called forth nobler lamentations than were uttered and written for him. He had the most uncommon mental powers with a beautiful modesty and unselfishness. He was one of those rare souls who, being formed to lead, are always willing to follow. Here are a few phrases from a friend's letter which seem to express him:

"I can never forget the charm of his high diffident indifference, illustrated in little things as well as great. I have, for instance, seen many graceful losers at games, but never anybody who achieved the infinitely more exacting rôle of felicitous winner so incomparably well. I feel, rather than picture, his passing without the remotest trace of self-consciousness."

I place this first among my list of quotations chiefly for the phrase "his high diffident indifference," for it is the quality in him which those who loved him insist upon.

"He was the most upright, sensitive, fastidious and chivalrous creature that ever lived. He had Lord Edward's eyes — a sort of bluey, hazelly, browny, greeny-grey, with long sweeping curling lashes, and thick black brows. His nose was rather high and finely chiselled; his cheeks lean, and the finest skin; his profile more resembled the pictures of the Earl of Egremont, his great-great-grandfather, than any Fitzgerald or Charteris. A firm well-moulded chin and a curious distinction about his whole bearing—grace of mien, with a beautiful smile and a great sense of humour—and the curious

mixture of fierceness and tenderness that one finds in shy, strong, good men. A great sense of beauty, a great sense of duty, a very thoughtful and original mind, and very just. When he *said* anything one knew he was right, and when he *did* anything it was sure to be well done; but he held back and was often silent, and his qualities were not always visible to the ordinary world, though all who knew him loved, almost reverenced him. Had he lived to come home from the War he would have been so useful, and I feel he would have asserted himself. He was widely read and he thought deeply. Oh, what a rare creature! He, like Ivo, seemed to have come out of the heart of pure Romance."

Epic prose again, or rather lyric prose, the song of the nightingale crushing her breast upon a thorn.

I have read some of Lord Elcho's letters written in Egypt, full of tenderness and of a light-hearted gaiety; but nothing will bear taking from its context, and there is only space for a few more testimonies.

"Very few people were like Ego in the War," wrote a brother-officer. "Most of us waste so much time grumbling. He was always calm and contented. He fell very splendidly doing *more* than his duty. That was like him. Ego with his fineness stood for a great deal in life to me." "He was a rare and beautiful being," wrote Raymond Asquith—who was so soon to follow him—"one of the most fascinating companions a man could have or a woman either, with a charm so individual and uncommon that we cannot hope to see it repeated however long we live." And "One feels somehow less *safe* in the world without him," wrote Raymond Asquith's sister.

"I don't know if you know how fond I was of Ego," wrote another young soldier. "He was a great hero to me and infinitely attractive. I delighted in his perfect humour, his detachment, his independence, as well as his bent of mind and his scholarship. He never said anything silly or superfluous or meaning-

less (to me at least), nor anything that had not point and charm. No one in the world took a joke against himself so well, even to the point of constantly making such. No one was ever better company or a more perfect host. His mind was to me a perfect example of what Henry James calls 'fine,' and to those who knew him it was strange but very characteristic that he did not have a startling career at Oxford. Competition did not interest him. I suppose it was a part of what I admired so intensely in him, his astonishing unselfishness. It is what I admire more than anything in the world and when I find it I bow down and worship it. It is impossible to conceive anyone more unworldly while intensely appreciating the world. I doubt if he ever wanted in his life anything for himself—but you." This letter was written to Lady Elcho.

"Real detachment, utter unworldliness, complete and entire absence from elbowing," wrote the same young soldier.

"No one came so near perfection. He gave everyone strength who knew him," wrote another woman. "His diffidence, often so whimsical, always so enchanting," is another phrase that leaps from a letter. "He was one of the very few who could have saved this poor country," wrote a brilliant man of letters. "When the War is over there will be so much to clear up, and who will clear it up?"

"He stood for something very precious to me," wrote Charles Lister of Julian Grenfell, "for an England of my dreams, made of honest, brave and tender men, and his life and death have surely done something towards the realisation of that dream."

The words might have been written of Lord Elcho:

> "I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In England's green and pleasant land."

A BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST—DUDLEY HARDY

DUDLEY HARDY

I HAD known Dudley Hardy as the maker of ingenious dancing-girls and butterflies in the illustrated papers before I met him at Ambleteuse in the Summer of 1902. In his *genre* he was unequalled at that time. His brilliant and deft craftsmanship put him in the very front of the black-and-white men of the day.

I can see him now in light grey homespuns, a blond giant, ruddy, blue-eyed, with reddish-fair hair, a soft, big, lovable personality, very much a figure of the Latin Quarter.

He had been born and brought up in Boulogne, and he loved Northern France. He had been at Heidelberg University where they called him the Red Englishman. He had led a Bohemian existence and was more at home in foreign places than in any place of England except cosmopolitan London, but he could have been nothing but an Englishman, and a Yorkshireman. There was something big and bluff about him, breezy and generous, a wind over the moors. One loved him at first sight. It was a very positive personality.

The hotel at Ambleteuse where we met was a strange place. The same people flocked to it year after year. R. A. M. Stevenson had, I think, discovered it, and had drawn a number of Bohemian artists to his discovery. Besides the artists there was York Powell, who was a Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, and Professor of Modern History. He had a bluff air with him too, like a sailor-man; he wore navy-blue serge with a nautical cut and he loved to paint with the artists. Bob Stevenson's little widow presided over the artistic colony and now and again extended

the hand of friendship to those we called the Brixtonians. Brixton stood in those days to the artists for all that was bourgeois.

I was not particularly happy at the Hôtel Delpierre. The hotel was built round a courtyard, with a garden, open at one end. The courtyard was certainly effective as you sat under the trees—confined within the courtyard, poor things—surrounded by the high cream-coloured walls with the long ranges of windows, green-shuttered.

I found the courtyard stifling and which ever way the wind blew there was a smell, pigs from the North, drains from the South, and so on. We had arrived with three young children and a nurse, a day or two before the artistic colony, and Brixton decided that we were no class. Our first reception was quite unanimously rude. We had come to an inn in a fishing village and the whole place dressed for dinner—before the artists came. I had not thought that English people, kind at home, could be so unpleasant abroad. Meals were an uncivilised scrum for what you could get to eat. If the first-served took according to their appetites, keen naturally, the late-served were apt to go short, and there was open indignation. There were many unpleasant things. English middle-class people who lived at home in decency and comfort accepted intolerable conditions because they were abroad. With its full quota the hotel was overcrowded and understaffed.

It was not much better when the artistic people arrived. For some reason they were not quite our artistic people. Out of that Summer visit, which we ended abruptly, running back to a Surrey inn where we had been very happy the preceding Summer, I keep but two quite good memories—three, rather, Dudley and Peggy Hardy and Jack Hassall.

I was very sore at that hotel. It was no place for children. Their presence was resented by the mass of the other visitors. Only the old cook, Marie, used

to come out of her open French kitchen to worship *les bébées.* If it rained there was no place for them but the cramped bedrooms. They were huddled away with their nurses in an annex to wait for food till the adults were finished. Some of the artistic people were as bad as the others.

One day Pamela, aged about eighteen months, had met with an accident, falling on the edge of a toy-bucket which cut her head open. None of all the people at the hotel was aware of the little bandaged head except one boy, whom I keep in loving remembrance to this day, who stopped on the stairs to ask with compassion: "What has happened to the poor little thing?"

For the rest they were inhuman. It was no wonder that one small boy of five, scenting the enmity, strutted round the courtyard in his holland overall, remarking at intervals. "Everyone in this hotel is bastes and divils."

Against this background of inhumanity, stand brightly Dudley and Peggy Hardy and Jack Hassall, all good comrades.

Jack Hassall had come in, a few nights after our arrival, with a child on each shoulder and one by the hand, big, dark and winning. I thought he was a Frenchman till he said to me: "Madam, I have the honour to be illustrating a story of yours in *The Sketch.*"

One had become thoroughly humiliated there. I could hardly believe it when a day or two later Jack Hassall stopped in the village street to present me with a basket of fruit.

"For the tea?" I asked. We all made contributions to the tea.

"No: for you."

I was overwhelmed. It was almost worth while to be humiliated to have such pleasure.

His children too were treated as general nuisances. One night when I was feeling intolerably sore he

tackled the question with a kind hand on my shoulder.

"We've got the best of it," he said. "The real good thing, eh? *They* don't know, bless their stupid hearts!"

Then he went on in his whimsical way about some nice spinster ladies who had a great admiration for the literary and artistic folk. They were typical English tailor-made ladies. I suppose he must have been disgruntled about the children, for usually he was so thoroughly amiable,—since he made stalking-horses of the poor ladies for the sins of the others.

"Now, do you see those people?" he asked. "If I was the British Government I should only give them permission to go abroad on condition that they brought back the faces they went with, and not to be scattering that face all over the Continent, misrepresenting England."

Dudley was doing a thousand things, painting, sketching, drawing, organizing entertainments at the hotel, which much thrilled the middle-class, hanging Japanese lanterns in the trees of the courtyard. It was not at our hotel that we came very near, though his was a comforting presence. There was Delort's, the Hôtel de la Marine, with a restaurant across the street, run by a Parisian husband and wife, where Bohemianism was at home.

I know there were alleviations at the Hôtel Delpierre. Kind people came later, but my memory of those three weeks is as of one large soreness. I expect at the root of it lay the fact that I had brought no fine clothes, where they were all dressing as for Regent Street,—that, and the injury about the children. Later the simple male remarked to Alice Meynell: "Imagine K.T.'s being mortified on a question of clothes!" To which she replied decisively: "Yes, Harry; any woman would be."

Peggy Hardy came late that year. The first evening she asked us to have coffee with her. After

a very little while I asked her why she had not come before. She said: "Sure I couldn't, dear. I was in pawn." She meant that she had had to wait for certain American remittances to come to hand.

She was a wild, bright, loving Irishwoman, very proud—one of the Downshire family, I think. Life had dealt her many hard blows but had not broken her spirit, at least as far as one could see then; she had seen the ugly side of it, but it had left her essentially untouched. A day or two later we went for a long walk over the dunes, and she talked of herself, telling me many intimate things. I understood. She was saying: "Take me or leave me, but do it with your eyes open." That was her pride. I took her. For the little time she had to stay we loved each other—and after.

But even she came too late to save that holiday. We went back to our Surrey inn and the friendly people and country,—but after we had returned to town we saw much of the Hardys and learnt to know and love them better.

Dudley was a natural Bohemian. Some of his associates were very much of the Quarter; the circumstances of his upbringing had been far from ideal, but, somehow, he remained a big, kind boy, essentially simple and innocent. Some people might say that was not so, but it was the Dudley I knew. It was like his work. The world had forced its needs on him and he drew soubrettes and ballet-girls, and the world paid him for it. The simple and beauty-loving soul in him painted French cottage interiors, austere and sad, yet full of colour, the central figure perhaps a widow. He painted a haystack and the dunes in twilight, and all the mournfulness and loneliness of Nature were in it. He painted, in fact, as a poet. His admirations were the great French landscape painters of whom he was no unworthy pupil. One used to think of how perfectly happy he would have been in a simple life, his children growing up about

him, painting the things he wanted to paint. But the world asked for ballet-girls and Bohemia took him. Very few people, I imagine, knew that the other Dudley was a painter of vision, or a painter at all.

Even in the matter of the ballet-girls Peggy was his artistic conscience. Perhaps because he had no real zest for it he sometimes scamped his work in that *genre*. Everything had to pass Peggy's judgment. When a scamped drawing was brought to her she simply tore it in two and flung it in the waste-paper basket. Dudley would say—"Ah, Peg, was it as bad as that?" and she would answer—"Go and do better, Dudley Hardy!"

Between them they had a very good income, but money burnt a hole in their pockets. They were always for giving and giving. Once at their house I admired a set of four French bottles, gilt and beautifully fitted in a mahogany case. At leaving, a packet was put into my hand: it was one of the bottles, and only the most strenuous and persistent refusal on my part saved that set.

One never visited Dudley's studio without coming away with a picture.

As might be expected there had been a time when Dudley had the broker's men in. It had occurred perhaps more that once, for I seem to remember that one broker's man had become almost a friend, and could hardly be detached, weeping when the debt was paid and he was free to go. That would have been in the days of Dudley's bachelorhood.

Then there were the frozen policemen he would pick up of a Winter night, bringing them into his studio to be warmed and have a drink.

They used to tell stories of Phil May—Phil working industriously at a drawing when *his* artistic conscience looked in at the studio door, underneath that drawing another to be sold for Phil's specific purposes: underneath that one to be given away.

Again of a time when Phil had been brought by

his friends, most unwillingly, to consent to have his life insured. It was his wife's idea to have him overhauled first by an ordinary doctor who would perhaps put him on a regimen and exhort him to a more careful way of living. The doctor was announced and Phil made more than a clean breast of it. "Heart rotten, lungs rotten, family history rotten: all dead early from drink, etc." The doctor, having heard all remarked:

"Well, I come from the Insurance Company."

Phil's friends had been too zealous.

There was something reckless about the external life of that group—always excepting John Hassall, who was thoroughly respectable—but as far as the family life of the Dudley Hardys went it was exemplary. Husband and wife were deeply in love with each other. I can see now Dudley coming into a room where Peggy was putting on her hat before the glass. She had a beautiful figure. Dudley just touched her. "A lovely figure, K. T., isn't it?" he asked naïvely.

There was a trio. Dudley and Peggy had no children, but there was a stepson, a lean, somewhat colourless boy who had little of his mother in him. "We three like birds in a nest" Peggy used to say, and after even a little parting they were extravagantly happy to be together again; at least Dudley and Peggy were, and the boy to all appearance.

Dudley had lavished on the boy what he would have given a child of his own. There was a song-book he had illustrated for the boy when he was little, full of tenderness. Peggy used to tell of a time when the child was troublesome and she ordered Dudley to chastise him. I am sure she felt that she was perfectly safe in giving that order. She sat in a chair waiting for the show to begin. I imagine the culprit was very unconcerned. Dudley, miserably unhappy, standing with the instrument of torture in his hand—I believe it was Peggy's slipper. Peggy

(cruelly) "Are you going to begin?" Dudley (tearfully) "I can't, Peg—I can't. Think of a big chap like me hitting that little thing!"

I imagine the stepson was not a natural Bohemian. Dudley and he worked hard together. Dudley was determined to make an artist of him. I am ashamed to say that I do not know if he finally succeeded though the boy's work was tending that way. I may be in the position of the lady who, meeting Edmund Sullivan in our garden at Ealing and recognising him as one with whom she had sat as pupil at his father's Art School, asked, "Did you ever go on with it or did you chuck it?"—Edmund Sullivan being at that time in the front rank of black-and-white men.

The boy used to say to Peggy, defending Dudley from her loving acrimony:

"You know you're a handful. Why are you such a handful?"

Peggy would turn laughing compunctious eyes on me, saying: "There now! That is what my own kid says, that I'm a handful. It is only too true."

"The kid," as they called him, did not share their feckless ways. Fortunate boy—he had money in original Harrod shares. They used to try to induce him to sell out and lend them the money, or they pretended to. He was immovable.

Sometimes Peggy read the Riot Act, as she called it. Once she decreed that Dudley's whiskies-and-sodas were to be curtailed, without warning Dudley. She had persuaded "the kid" to offer Dudley an orange whenever he asked for a whiskey-and-soda, and a great stock of oranges was got in. The kid was to have a money reward every time Dudley accepted an orange in lieu of the whiskey-and-soda. I don't believe he ever earned that reward once. Dudley came to Peggy after a day of this. "I believe the kid has gone mad," he said. "Every time I tell him to fetch a whiskey-and-soda he says 'Have an orange.'"

The friendship grew and throve in London. I remember Sunday evenings at the Hardys' house in Gloucester Road that were like the Sunday evenings at Whitehall. The dining-table overflowed on to side tables, and, when the chairs and sofas were all full, there were as many sitting on the floor with their plates on their knees. Peggy was incurably Irish; and they were a thriftless, a loving and giving pair.

I think the real close forgathering came when we joined each other in neighbouring villas on a little projecting point of the North coast of France, between Calais and Boulogne. There were three houses of our settlement: in the third Herbert Bunning the musician, and his beautiful Breton wife, who had all the charm and distinction of the old French aristocracy from which she was sprung.

The Hardys had the big central house with the studio: it was called Qui Si Sano, and ours the Villa Marthe. We sat on the edge of the seat: the Bunnings' house stood back and was sheltered. They grumbled about it at first, but they rejoiced later.

We came from a frizzling and sizzling London, after a hurried rush to Ireland to see my father, as it proved for the last time, and at first, we could not sufficiently rejoice in our exposed situation.

There was sand all around the villas and between. We could just look across at each other over the thin bents and the dry grasses that crackled with snail shells as one walked through and over them.

Peggy had not arrived. She was as usual in pawn. Herbert Bunning had come to meet us at Boulogne. We found Dudley painting in a glorious studio open to all the winds. It was still torrid weather. He was in flannels, and he looked as though the winds and waves had been washing him clean. He was painting what he wanted to paint, and talking about the Masters he adored; and he was in the most fervent mood of thanksgiving because

he was there and not in London. He had to pinch himself to make sure that it was really Dudley Hardy in such felicity and not some fortunate other fellow.

Alas,—he no more foresaw the end of his great happiness than we foresaw the wind and the rain and the storms that made the end of that Summer a cold and frozen thing. He was "fey" in his happiness.

A little later Peggy came. We had still a few weeks of fine weather before us, and we bathed and sat on the dunes and talked and visited each other and dined and supped and played Little Horses and made expeditions together.

The Hardys' villa was, in more senses than one, the centre of the little colony. We had such exhilarating times there. There was always exhilaration where Dudley was. He and Jack Hassall were always playing the wildest and gayest pranks.

I can remember an evening when Dudley slipped the table-cloth off the table and was Maud Allen. In the midst of the delicious performance in came the stolid English cook. Later when, in the Irish way I went to the kitchen fire to warm my feet, I said to her: "Isn't Mr Hardy funny, Cook?" "Well, I did think so at first, mum," she said, "but now I've got used to him, and I don't take no notice."

Once we came in to find Dudley in a desperate mood. There had been a terrible cheap French lamp in the dining-room, all ornament, that gave a glaring unshaded light. We found it beautifully swathed in white silk and lace, looking all a lamp ought to look. But Dudley sat, his head in his hands, a guilty creature with a conviction of guilt. He had cut up some of Peggy's beautiful Paris *lingerie* to make the lamp-shade.

"Stand by me!" he implored, and we stood by him. Presently we heard the tap-tap of Peggy's stick on the verandah outside. It had a terror in it like the tapping of Pew's stick in *Treasure Island*. We all stood rooted to the spot. Peggy came in,

greeted us, and the moment was come: she saw the beautifully swathed lamp.

"Ye gods!" she said: "would any man in all the world but Dudley Hardy cut up his wife's best garments to make a lamp-shade?"

That was all.

The tapping of the stick was in a way more terribly portentous to poor Dudley's happiness than the tapping of Pew's stick to his old associates. Peggy had begun to fail. She suffered. I have never known any woman so hungry for air. She could never get sufficiently deep draughts of it. She was like Rachel in Matthew Arnold's poem.

> "Her cabin'ed ample spirit
> It fluttered and failed for breath.
> To-night she doth inherit
> The vasty halls of Death."

Anywhere unconfined air was to be had, flowing in like a sea, Peggy was to be found. She had moved her bed down to the verandah in the hot weather and talked much of the joy of it, but the cold and damp weather caught her there. She had an internal chill and she suffered atrociously, bearing it with a desperate, gay courage. It was the beginning of the end.

Quite happily we used to attend our market every morning on the doorstep of the Bunnings' villa, to which the women with fowls and butter and eggs and the fishermen with fish would come. The buying was a swift matter. Margot Bunning, a high colour in her cheeks, beating down the women with the warmly-coloured faces, the bright eyes, the aquiline features framed in snowy caps, made a picture which Dudley should have painted. The women muttered objurgations. They had met more than their match. "I am Bretonne: you know what that means," Margot Bunning would say triumphantly, looking very splendid, as she exacted the last ounce of the bargain.

It was an equal battle of wits and determination, and the sellers had met more than their match.

We should have come off badly sometimes at these marketings if it was not for Peggy Hardy. One day as I looked ruefully at my empty basket she said, "Never mind, K. T., I have plenty to share with you," and presently there came waddling across to the villa we occupied a line of ducks and other live stock.

The children meanwhile had the little bay to themselves and forgot the unfriendly faces of the Hôtel Delpierre. Peggy used to watch them from the windows—Pam and Bunny rolling over each other like a pair of puppies, as she said—Toby occasionally sallying out into the world to fetch something, coming back with a train of village children at his heels with whom he had picked a quarrel, laying down whatever he carried to make a rush at them and drive them off, after which they came back like a cloud of midges.

Dudley had a great affection for Bunny (since Pat), then a rollicking golden-haired child of six. He said he could see him right on through his life, a jolly schoolboy, a happy youth, always winning affection, and so on. He could not have foreseen him in the War, just nine years ahead then, nor in the sorrowful days after the War.

He wanted to paint a picture of Bunny as a gift for me, and naturally I was very anxious to have it, but it was not painted up to the very last day of our stay: Dudley had been very busy. On that last day he sent over for the sitter. Pam, aged four, was having a miniature painted by Dudley's sister. The sittings were in adjoining rooms.

The children's governess had left them to their sitting, meaning to fetch them at lunch-time. She came at last with a tale of calamity. The young people had run amok in high spirits. Bunny had terrified Dudley by jumping about a high, somewhat unprotected balcony and eluding capture. Dudley

had washed his hands of him. There was to be no picture.

We were very sad. So were the culprits. They had no pudding at lunch. But some time in the afternoon came a message. Peggy had intervened, and Dudley would make a sketch of Bunny.

I looked in during the sitting. The child, seated on top of a pile of books, had an outward solemnity, but an air of exquisite inward humour. He rollicked internally while remembering his disgrace.

The sketch is the most delicious thing possible. Alice Meynell could never look at it without breaking into laughter. "You'll always have a bit of childhood while you have that, K.T.," she said. There is a delicious little red rag of a nose, the pursed, full lips of childhood like a snapdragon, which are surely among the loveliest things in the world; little lines at the edge of the half-closed eyes; laughter perhaps.

We found after some time that however grown-ups might like it the sitter was not satisfied. It came out at last. "I don't think Mr Hardy's a very good painter," he said. "Do you? Look at that nose."

The villa, where every door and window blew in on a windy night, had the usual hollow mockery of the chairs in such places. I was distinctly uncomfortable at my work. One day arrived Dudley with a large comfortable basket-chair on his head. Remittances had arrived and the money was burning a hole in his pocket, so he had gone into Boulogne and bought me a chair. I wanted to keep it for dear kind Dudley's sake, but alas, it was not permanent.

There was always a touch of the Boul' Miche about him; but I think the very simplest, honest, country life, with leave to paint the pictures he wanted to paint, would have been his ideal life. The other things were superimposed. He had no stomach for the genuine raffish. I remember his horror once at a foolish, harmless youth, who had dressed up as a painted woman at a fancy-dress dance with an extra-

ordinary effect of wickedness. There was something almost terrible about the effect on Dudley. He looked as though he must go away and get violently sick.

Another time we were at Boulogne Fair with him. He censored the exhibits for me, fortunately. He came out of one of the side-shows with that queer blanching of his good ruddy tints which the painted boy had caused.

"Good God!" he said, "there was a woman there! A nice little clean, brown woman, explaining the unspeakable things!" Again he looked as though he would turn sick.

I nearly had a horrible experience there. All the side-shows were vetoed till Dudley cheered up before a booth from which came the lowing of oxen and bleating of sheep,—before which strutted some splendid Bretons playing on musical instruments.

"A Breton farm!" cried Dudley, "Here is something for K. T. at last!"

We went into the stable-like place, with its smell of hay and straw and sounds of the fields, with all the pressing crowd of French fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, youths and maidens, wide-eyed children held by their elders' hands.

But surely there was something strange about the animals! At the third stall I turned and went out. Dudley had gone on. A little later he joined us outside. He had the same sick look I knew.

"I am so glad you went," he said. "It was one horror after another. It began with the least horrible. There was a cow . . . or at least it was partly a cow."

He said no more. We had struck a show of freak animals, horrible jests of Nature in an obscene mood.

There were things he could not bear. He told me once with loathing the macabre jest of a very sick woman flung in the face of the Maker she did not believe in.

Peggy used to say, "Make a Catholic of Dudley, K. T." He was a man who wanted a religion and had

hankerings after the Catholic Church which he had imparted to me, but perhaps it was only superficial, or I made a bad missionary. for nothing came of it.

The things he told me when the blow of my father's death fell on me that Autumn revealed the true Dudley. He all but wept comforting me.

He went back to his mother's death when he was a boy. As the funeral moved through the streets he saw an errand-boy pause and lift his hat. "I have loved that boy ever since," he said.

Peggy sleeping out in the open verandah in the wind and rain, travelling in front of the tram to and from Boulogne in a roaring hurricane, had got her death-warrant, and poor Dudley's happiness fled. She was never well afterwards, and the following Winter her nerves were in a bad way. There was a drastic medical prescription. She was to go away quite alone to a Brighton hotel, without Dudley, without "the kid"; and they had always been together,—to a room with a sunny aspect where she could live out-of-doors as much as possible, entirely on her own.

"Ye Gods!" said Peggy, between humour and tragedy, that last day when we had gone to bid her farewell,—the last time as it proved,—"I shall commit murder on someone."

It was a desperate remedy and it did not succeed. The year ended in darkest tragedy for those two poor things. Dudley had the hardest task ever given to man: he had to take the woman he loved passionately, a woman who could never have enough of the free air and sunlight, and place her in an asylum. Cruellest of all, at the last, she discovered where he was taking her.

She only lived a month or two. It was cold February weather when she was laid in her grave at Woking. At the last there was mercy. She came back to Dudley, and loved him as of old. But it was piteous. I have never seen such a torture of grief.

There were terrible days when Dudley in his locked studio burned all that had belonged to Peggy, as though he burned his own heart, and outside the door one could hear his agony.

It is easier to think of it now when they have found each other. He was her child as well as her lover.

When she was dying she asked for me, though she could not remember my name till Dudley found it for her. "I want that woman," she said, "she will help me to die."

There was no time to send for me, but the wish was there and she is always mine.

I have been very explicit about those things which are sacred, but I have a reason for it. It is my answer to those who saw in Dudley and Peggy Hardy,—not knowing my side of them,—just Bohemians, living for the day.

DORA SIGERSON
(MRS CLEMENT SHORTER)

DORA SIGERSON

MRS CLEMENT SHORTER

Louise Imogen Guiney wrote a dedication to the Sigerson sisters of her *Roadside Harp.*

> You, with the star-bright head
> Whom twilight thoughts sequester;
> You, to your native fountains led
> Like to a young Muse garlanded,
> Dora and Hester.

Dora was the young Muse. When I saw her first, about 1887, she was a very beautiful girl. Her features were somewhat massive. She had a thick creamy skin, with a faint pink in the cheeks which grew deeper for any strong feeling, hair like black silk that waved beautifully; she wore it cut short like a boy's, and it suited the shape of her head. She had very fine large grey eyes and finely arched black eyebrows. Her full red lips were a beauty in girlhood.

She was wild and gay, with a deep Irish streak of melancholy. Up to that time she and Hester had had, I think, little young society. Dr Sigerson had gathered about him the people who had done things, who had lived greatly. It was a hospitable house to which many famous people came: but these young girls had had, up to that time, few of the gaieties proper to their youth. Youth cannot live by noble sentiments alone, and they had a sadness, more pronounced in Dora than in Hester: but Dora was also much the gayer of the two and not given to dis-

content. She had naturally a capacity for being happy in youth's way.

These girls had an invalid mother whom they adored. That, doubtless, was part of the sadness. They had not done any of the things young girls do, —and love to do. They had not danced nor played games, nor had any of the frivolous delights proper to their youth. They had been at school but fitfully, if at all. I cannot remember that they ever spoke of schoolfellows. I think they had missed that part of life and been always too much aware of and too much concerned with the sick mother. There is a time of youth when a certain soullessness or heartlessness or at least irresponsibility are natural. They never had that time. I am sure they never went away from home to a boarding-school, which they must have missed. They were too much turned in on themselves, too much in an atmosphere of politics, which in Ireland of that day were unhappy politics. They lived in town in a very old house and a dark one, and both of them adored the country, and were always sick for it.

Luckily for the citizens of Dublin the most heavenly country is not far away from its old streets. Mountain and sea and pastoral country and cornfields and hayfields are at their doors. The two girls used to go out to the country with their dogs, oftener alone I think than in each other's company; but there was always the return to the dark town house: and they had the hunger for the country which is only known to those who must live in cities.

But under the loneliness,—I had it myself for years in the country, when for some reason or other joyous life was suspended—they had a great capacity for a certain wild gaiety. Dora was gayer than Hester naturally and she had many energies. She could do a great number of things. She was making a statue, or painting a picture, or writing, or designing some sort of garment for herself or trimming a

hat, when Hester was pondering her sequestered thoughts. Hester must have been still in her teens on an occasion when I had been expounding my very cheerful vision of the All-Father, and Hester lifting her heavy-lidded eyes to mine, with a certain cold disbelief, asked,—"How can a finite creature judge what an Infinite Creature will be or do?"

I had no answer, of course, and when I told the tale to John O'Leary he laughed his great laugh: "That was true for her," he said.

During the years between our first meeting and my marriage in 1893, the Sigersons and I were pretty constantly together. Hester was more particularly my friend than Dora, but that, I think, was because Hester had laid hold on me from the first and Dora did not dispute her claim. Besides Dora had other female friends. Hester was more naturally solitary. Both of them had Rose Kavanagh, who thought highly of their characters. Rose was common property. There were no rivalries where Rose was concerned.

Those were very good years. The Sigersons were always coming and going at Whitehall and I was always coming and going at Clare Street. We used to stay the night or two or three nights at each other's houses as it suited us, never needing to make arrangements beforehand. I was a good deal in Dublin in those days and, since I was an emancipated person and already earning a certain income, the Sigersons laid hold upon my emancipation and by its aid arrived at their proper gaieties.

There was a little group of T.C.D. young men who became our friends and were glad to be our squires whenever we wanted them. We arrived at teas in College rooms: that was something I was already well acquainted with in England. We went to football and cricket matches with our young men. They also were pretty constantly in and out of our houses. We drove on outside cars with them. At

that time the Dublin outside car was reserved for the male sex, or at least for ladies accompanied by men, the ladies being country ladies or else emancipated ladies or visitors from another sphere. There was great going of outside cars to the Horse Show or to races, and of course the visitors always drove on them, often at the risk of their lives. But still in the late Eighties a woman or two women on an outside car made all the folk stare. I remember the sensation that extraordinarily beautiful person, Maud Gonne, excited when she came to Dublin about that time, or a little later, and drove on an outside car with her bull-dog. She would have been almost as much stared at if she was plain.

Even I was not sufficiently emancipated to drive through Dublin alone on an outside car, or with another girl. It would have been called "fast." I remember a time when one of my sisters, properly accompanied, happened to be flung from an outside car on which she was driving. Fortunately she was not hurt: but the accident had been kept from my father, because of the outside car. He could not have endured any more than other Papas of his time that a daughter of his should be associated with an outside car. One of the T.C.D. young men, an Englishman and rather slow at the uptake, condoled with my father on the accident before a horrified dinner-table, everyone else being in the secret.

"Accident!" said my father. "Not a bit of accident about it at all. It was a perfectly natural occurrence."

It happened that the "accident" had synchronized with the arrival of a new baby to a married sister.

But if the violent delights of dashing across Dublin on an outside car, the horse's hooves striking sparks from the paving-sets, were not for females unaccompanied, we tasted the delight of that method of locomotion when an expedition was out of town. No stuffy cabs for us, though every lady who was a

lady in Dublin of that day drove in cabs unless she had a private carriage. Anyone might be excused for avoiding the Dublin cabs; and on the outsider we felt all the joys of our emancipated state.

The outside car bore us to the dear delights of the luncheons at the house of Mr Richard Ashe King, at Blackrock. There were all the new books: he was the reviewer for *Truth:* there was a hospitality that included generously even our young men. There was bookish talk and political talk, unanimous since we were all agreed. There were delightful lunches when we even chose our favourite dishes. We smoked cigarettes and ate sweets; we sipped cloyingly-sweet liqueurs; we made love behind the revolving bookcases and the piles of books and we went away with all the books we and our young men could carry.

Good days indeed! It seems to me that the outside car invariably bore us to something delightful. There was boundless hospitality in Dublin of those days. We used to go to Roebuck House, to my beloved old friend Mary Gill, where the most loving welcome awaited us. Or we drove from the end of the Dublin tram-lines at Terenure to Whitehall at the end of the day, by the sweet road that runs under the mountains. There was the best welcome of all, for my father used to come out to meet us with a look of joy as though the day had been dreary without us and was suddenly light.

He was very fond of Dora. He liked her wild adventurous ways and her whimsicalities: and she appreciated him with her sense of value of Irish character. He liked to take her for a drive through his beloved fields, behind his little pony; and he found her a most congenial companion.

We were always gadding in those days, always gadding, yet with substantial slices of work between.

Now that I am growing old myself I like to remember how many of our good friendships were

with the ageing or the old. I don't think there was ever any withdrawal of us into groups because we were young and they no longer young. Of course they were the great, the lovable elders, such people as never do grow old, and we were all young together.

For the latter years of the Eighties we were tremendously concerned with literature and art and quite satisfied with our interests. The new Anglo-Irish school of literature was in the making. We had been discovering the way of transmuting the Irish gold and honey into the English tongue, that great and noble instrument.

W. B. Yeats must have shown us the way, but it was surprising how easy it came when we had got the leading. We had escaped from a heartless and artificial convention which used to be set by poets in Ireland, something absurd and consequential, handed down from the hedge-schoolmasters, who kept the lamp of learning alight in Celtic Ireland through the long night of the Penal Code.

I think those were Dora's happiest years. She was always "making" in one way or another. When I arrived at Clare Street I sometimes met her coming upstairs from a mysterious *atelier* in the underground regions, wearing an overall from head to foot, the clay of her sculpture sticking to her fingers, her eyes with vision in them; always a dog at her heels. The dogs went where they would at Clare Street.

She was at her most beautiful on those Sunday evenings at her father's house when we talked and read poetry. There was always the special circle, the O'Learys, Rose Kavanagh, Douglas Hyde: various young men from the University, admirers and disciples of Dr Sigerson; but always with the addition of two or three people from overseas.

There was an American editor, Mr Alfred Williams, who came one Summer and set us all working for his paper, the *Providence Journal*, which had a big Sunday issue. He had some affection of

the eyelids which made it difficult for him to keep his eyes open. He opened them sufficiently the first night I met him there to observe " Miss Sigerson is a very beautiful young woman."

Wonderful in those days how we were always welcoming new people into the circle. All the newcomers, no matter to whom they came in the first instance, were bound to be received all round the circle. Many friendly English—it was the time of the Union of Hearts with the Liberal Home Rulers—many Americans and Australians: visitors from the Continent, often with famous names. We were indefatigable in receiving and entertaining all who came.

Into this pleasant life there flashed suddenly the passions and ardours of the Parnell Split. It was indeed a sifting and a division. We simply could not endure anyone who was out of agreement with us. Not to be with us was to be against us. My father and I were ardent Parnellites as were most of the circle. Our passionate partisanship drew us very closely together. The few reasonable people who asked: " Why make friendship a question of politics ? " spoke to empty air. Those who were loyal to the Chief were our sisters and brothers,—the rest were our enemies, or at best negligible.

I thought it intolerably cussed of Hester Sigerson to go anti-Parnellite and it certainly set a barrier between us for the time being. It was sad to be set by one's own choice outside those ardours and exaltations.

I think Hester must have been sorry when the night came on which Dora and I went forth to the great meeting at the Rotunda which was to welcome back Mr Parnell to the love and loyalty of his people, to comfort him for the slings and arrows of Committee Room 15, for the cynical betrayal of him by the majority of the party he had created.

It was going to be a vast meeting and we knew we should have to make our way through dense

masses all down Sackville Street, but we were not daunted. My father was there to give us his countenance, and there were three Trinity College students to protect us in the crowd, for we had a third girl with us, Mary Fitzpatrick, who was not much bigger than a snipe. We met at Dr Sigerson's house, under his bland and somewhat surprised gaze: things must have been marching, else he would not have heard of Dora's taking part in such an adventure.

To be sure my father was there, with his reassuring courage and strength. But by the time we got to the edge of the immense crowd he said very sensibly, "I'll leave you girls to the boys; they'll be better able to guard you than I," and went off to fight his own battle. It might have been a dangerous crowd if it had not been all one way of thinking and everyone anxious to help unknown friends and comrades. All the same, I should not have liked to fall down in that crowd though there was hardly room for that, and the boys knew how to take care of us. After a time we were swept on a great wave, panting and breathless, the poor little one without her new Louise hat, right into the Rotunda, on to the very platform where presently Parnell was to stand still, as though he was a sculptured statue and not flesh and blood, gazing with inscrutable eyes over the wild house that rose at him.

We were together through all the great days, Dora and I—Hester for once having put herself outside my absorbing interest. We were together through the grief and exaltation of the mourning for Mr Parnell and his funeral. Afterwards we used to attend the meetings of the committee of ladies which had been formed to keep his grave fresh with flowers, I bought a good many wreaths for people at a distance that sad Autumn, and laid them on his grave, Dora accompanying me or someone else. Once in an Autumn gloaming as we walked between the graves there was a little rustling and tap-tapping at my heels, very eerie.

It was only after we had left the great cemetery that I discovered I had lost a manuscript and had to return to look for it. It had slipped from the inner pocket of my Liberty cloak with which I amazed Dublin that Winter, and as though it would not be left behind, had caught at the cloak and followed it till it had to give way.

The manuscript was my weekly reviews for the *Independent*, Mr Parnell's newspaper, which had been in train when he died. Everything that concerned him was dear and sacred to us. Before the first number of the newspaper appeared there was great trouble with the Hoe machine which devoured the papers as fast as it printed them. It was due to the new concrete bed having sunk a little: but before that was discovered we spent many an hour, tense and silent, watching the appalling behaviour of the machine. How surprised we should have been if anyone had told us then that the paper should pass in time to Mr Parnell's political enemies!

How many expeditions we made together! Dora was always rescuing dogs and cats from the Dublin streets. They were often in a hopeless state of disease and misery. If she thought them incurable she would lead them off to the Dogs' Home, or the Cats' as might be. Both were in one building in a lonely place by the Canal, where you might expect to find a morgue or some such cheerless building.

She usually had a patient or two in the little yard at the back of the house in Clare Street, feeding them, and dressing their wounds or sores—and rather afraid of her father's disapproval if he knew what sorry beasts she had gathered there. Not that Dr Sigerson objected to dogs. Far from it! There was always a dog in that house, a large one usually, and it might well have seemed close quarters, even to a lover of dogs.

Once as she and I came down from Gardiner

Street where we had been visiting Father Russell, I in my red Liberty cloak and feathered hat, she also with a red cloak modelled partly on mine and partly on her father's Doctor's gown, we came upon a particularly miserable specimen of doghood. I am afraid such abounded in Dublin in those days, I would have passed by on the other side; but not so Dora. She produced a length of string from her pocket—I believe she must have gone out provided with it—affixed it to the dog's neck and proceeded to lead him gently across the town. Half Dublin lay between us and that melancholy building on the Canal banks.

I have never made such a progress—except once. The dog was unwilling or unable to go with us. The Dublin street urchins made remarks on our hats and our cloaks with opprobrious allusions to the obvious fact that we starved our dog. Everyone stared at us. The dog was too dirty and miserable to take into a cab. But Dora held on stoutly till she delivered him at last, most unwillingly, to the Dogs' Home, which meant the lethal chamber. He was past all else. The only merciful course was to put out such a poor thing's little light. But she would have done anything to keep him alive.

We had a very amusing afternoon once at the Cats' Home, which, being endowed, was really a Home away from Home for the cats, but the poor dogs were another matter. There were two cages I remember. One was for good dogs who might possibly be claimed by their owners or find other owners. They, after the first glance of wild hope in your direction sank into apathy. The other poor things, destined for the lethal chamber, fawned at you, begged you for love and ownership. It was heart-breaking. It must have been a terrible trial for Dora to go there as she often did with the forlorn dogs, but she never shirked it.

I have told of a day when we argued with Father Russell about a future life for animals and he in

despair kept saying—"Go away now, like good children, and say your prayers. Ask someone wiser than I am."

But we were not asking: we were assuming: and we had said that if the theologians were against a future life for animals we simply threw the theologians overboard. Indeed, long afterwards I used to argue the same question with dear Father Gilbert Dolan, and he used to answer Jesuitically: "Be sure that if you want them in Heaven you will have them." I think he had a reservation about our wanting them.

One day Dora and I came out from a visit to Father Russell to such pouring rain as only Dublin can show. I am sure we were not dressed for rain: we never were. The last cab was about to drive away, but, suddenly, one of the occupants recognised us. It was Countess Plunkett, a fresh and fair young woman then with no sign about her of the turbulence and tragedy to come; and very kind and honest.

She would have us get into the cab and would not be denied, even though we pointed out to her that we had Dora's beloved retriever, Bran, with us. She insisted that there was plenty of room for Bran, and only when we were seated and Bran between our feet did her face fall on the discovery that the other occupant of the cab, whom she had introduced as an Aunt from Chicago, was wearing an expression of frozen indignation.

The lady sat like a sphinx even when Bran got rather uneasy between our skirts, and insisted on standing on his hind-legs to look out of the cab-window. At last Countess Plunkett said in faltering tones: "I'm afraid you are rather uncomfortable, Aunt Anne."

"Not in the least," said the lady with biting sarcasm, "not in the least. I am only afraid the dog may be crowded."

We had a good many good sprees together. Perhaps the best of all was our flying visit to Donegal

just before I was married, on business connected with the Irish Industries Association, of which Lady Aberdeen was President. It was just such an adventure as appealed to Dora. I have no memory at all of our journey to Ballyshannon from which we started our tour, though I have a vivid sketch by Dora somewhere of Dr Sigerson, hat in hand, saying farewell to me at Amiens Street Station. A portrait painter might have envied the life-likeness of it.

But from the time of arrival at Ballyshannon,—it was a chill and lovely early April just ushering in the magnificent Summer of 1893—it was all pure delight.

At Ballyshannon Station we were captured and carried off by the wild young man from "Flanagan's," —as far as I can remember there was a whole line of leaping and gesticulating "touts" for the various hotels, waiting as the train drew in, that golden morning thirty golden years ago, and I suppose the young man from "Flanagan's" attracted our attention before the more sedate gentleman from "Sadd's" which was really the hotel of the place. "Flanagans" proved to be a pub-hotel. We had an immense four-poster bed, in which we had to sleep double, and a feather bed half-way to the ceiling. "Flanagan's" customers sat up late and their potations were deep, judging by some of the sounds we heard: but it was all part of the adventure, and I am sure we slept even before the last reveller had departed, and ate an excellent breakfast in the morning.

After breakfast we sallied forth. I can see Dora crossing the bridge over the river, lifting her face to the pure air, and eating dilliste, the edible Irish seaweed which was being retailed by a lady with a basket, from her hand. It was sheer delight to her. It was as though she had found her own country and was a passionate pilgrim.

We were very full of William Allingham and the

"Winding Banks of Erne," in this his native town, and we had on our lips:

"Grey, grey, is Abbey Assaroe, by Ballyshannon Town."

I knew my Allingham by heart then.

At that time in Ireland when one arrived in a strange place one had only to call on the priest to be made free of the town. We called at the Presbytery but there was no one at home, so we set off wandering and exploring on our own account. When we stopped to ask a question at a cottage the good woman came a little way with us as though she could not bear to part from us, looked at us with the sun shining out of her face and, as we departed, called after us, "Come back soon to Donegal."

That was dear Ireland, lovely Ireland, in which it was such a joy to live. Many a time during our fortnight or so in Dark Donegal—Donegal of the Strangers—did we have that tender farewell called after us.

We bought Belleek china at a little shop and went on seeking adventure in a high mood of happiness. Once we paused by a low wall overlooking a slip of grass in which a number of hens with a very fine cock were pecking for grain or anything else that came their way. Dora had a gift for mimicking animals that would have made her fortune on the music-hall stage. Her cackling hen was a huge joy to her friends. Suddenly she emitted a resounding crow. The cock in possession looked about him for the invading cock, saw nothing but two humans hanging over his wall; nevertheless with great prudence, drove the hens one by one through the little hole in the wall that admitted them to the fowl-yard, hopped after them himself, and emitted a loud challenging crow from his domestic sanctuary, to which Dora responded lustily. She could set a whole countryside of cocks crowing at untimely hours.

We had hardly done laughing at this incident when there came along a figure dressed in the terrible black

garments which must be such an affliction, unsuited as they are to all weathers, of the Irish priest. The wearer was one of the curates who, coming in from his ten o'clock Mass, had heard of our call and had come to look for us.

He was the first of the succession of kind and hospitable priests who for that fortnight were to do everything for us as our kind hosts and helpers. Apart from the fact that the priest could not put up the feminine visitor we need never have troubled a hotel.

The two good priests—we picked up the other curate a little later—gave up their morning to showing us the place and lunched us. We saw all the antiquities of Ballyshannon under their kind guidance, and we met in the course of our perambulations William Allingham's brother, Hugh Allingham, and had a pleasant talk with him. In the afternoon we drove the long road between Ballyshannon and Donegal Town with a red-headed youth who was tight as an oyster when we tried to get him to talk. To be sure we were rather hilarious and he suspected us of making fun of him. There was an adventure when Dora barked at a sleepy dog by a cabin-door in such a life-like manner that he took her for a challenging dog, and sprang at us on the outside car, very nearly getting us: if he had succeeded, Dora might have regretted her performance, for he was rather a savage dog, she would have said an ill-treated one.

She was immensely happy to be in Donegal. To me who always lived in the country it was not nearly so wonderful, and besides I had my own delightful preoccupations. I do not think I ever saw her so happy. She had not a melancholy moment.

At Donegal, remembering Flanagan's perhaps, we went to the thoroughly respectable little "Protestant" hotel, where we were very comfortable, but it was not exhilarating. However, while we dined we had the Town parliament leaning against the windows. Dora joined in the discussion, but they never heard her. In

that part of Ireland you may hear two men discussing prices at the fair, or the weather, across a hedge, and believe murder is imminent from the shrill argumentative voices.

The priests when we came to know them expressed surprise that we had not gone to the "Catholic" hotel, M'Groarty's; I daresay it would have been more racy, but the "Protestant" hotel did us very well.

We were in a place which our Irish hearts held very sacred, Donegal of the Chieftains. From Donegal Bay sailed away O'Neill and O'Donnell, the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, to their last exile, and at Donegal Abbey were compiled the Annals of the Four Masters.

After dinner we sallied forth to visit—for we were going on next day—some people to whom Dora had an introduction. It must have been 9 p.m. when we paid that visit. We found the woman of the house at home but not Himself; and she, a very strong-minded woman, had the happy idea that we must see Donegal Abbey by moonlight.

So off we went in the beautiful April moonlight, not knowing at all what was before us. I was a very nervy person then; and especially fearful of death and all that spoke of death, perhaps because life was so radiant to me at the moment.

After a while we turned off from the main road into a narrow passage between close hedges. It was borne in on me that the leaning shapes above the hedge were grave-stones. We were in the midst of the wide-stretching old graveyard that lies above the Abbey and it was now ten o'clock at night!

I went through with it with a quaking heart, and presently, the hedge ceased and all around us were the acres of tombstones; in front of us the gable of the old Abbey, its window-openings looking across the Bay to where the ships sailed for Spain long ago.

I don't know how many graves I fell over that night nor how I carried my heart in my mouth. Our

guide was determined that we should do Donegal Abbey thoroughly and from every point of view. When at last she was satisfied, there was still the long journey back through the graves. It was an unspeakable relief when she suggested that the way back by the quays was rougher but shorter than the way through the churchyard. We grasped at it before she had time to change her mind, and went joyfully from Donegal Abbey, stumbling and slipping down the broken steps that led to the Quayside, falling over all manner of things lying on the dark quays without complaining, so relieved was I, at least that we were back again among the things of the living and away from the ghosts.

After that, our adventure was a procession of kind priests, of kindness from everyone, soft voices, greetings and farewells, and sunshine and wind and rain; weavers' cottages and industries; the kind, beautiful people; the little lambs that trotted after our corn, the wonderful mountains and coloured bogs; the great skies. Gweedore and Carrick and Glencolumcille; Bloody Foreland and Dunfanaghy, with a glimpse of Tory lying out in the ocean, shadowing back by Letterkenny to Donegal and Ballyshannon, where we put up at Sadd's Hotel this time, in a great rambling hostelry which had long ceased to have a *clientèle*, like so many to be found in Irish towns. Mrs Sadd was going to America, so I suppose the hotel was about to be shut up. She said that it was a terrible pity to scatter such a name in America: the world was sad enough as it was.

The days of my girlhood in Ireland were all but over. A year later Dora met Clement Shorter at our house at Ealing. She had published a volume of her poetry which had been well received, and Clement Shorter had published a charming picture of her in the *Sketch*. When I asked for that picture for him she played one of her delightful pranks. She sent it indeed, but it was concealed by an absurd

portrait of a young lady done with pen and ink,—a grotesque.

Clement was, like Queen Victoria, "not amused" when I delivered it to him and waited for the effect. "How dreadful!" he said.

I have somewhere that gay series of sketches she made during our Donegal tour: "Bidding Good-bye to Papa"; "Here yez are for Flanagan's"; "Oh, Dora, it's a Bull" (referring to our meeting with a little bull in a lonely boreen). "We tell Her We had won the Beauty Medal at the Beauty Show": (we were very much blowzed and weather-beaten after nearly a fortnight of it and the one told was an exquisite little colleen at Gweedore who accepted the obviously untrue statement). "So Katie was Married and Lived Happy Ever After"; "While Dora Died Unwed."

The last showed Dora surrounded by dogs of all sizes and degrees.

While she still lived in Dublin she wrote to me illustrated letters. Sometimes the letters were handed in by a grinning postman, the envelope being illustrated as well as the letter. She could get a wonderful likeness or an impression in a few strokes.

It was a good comradeship and an exhilarating one. Many a time she made the road light for my feet. She was gifted and gay, and she loved all created things. The little sisters and brothers must have sung her praises.

She belonged to the golden days of my girlhood. There I prefer to leave her, in the country of both our loves.

ARTIST AND PHILOSOPHER—
JOHN BUTLER YEATS

JOHN BUTLER YEATS

Sometime in June 1885 I met W. B. Yeats. It came about in this way. Mr C. H. Oldham, a Scholar of Trinity College and a very revolutionary one according to the ideas of the dons of that day, was about to edit the *Dublin University Review*, a magazine which had nothing to do with the ancient University of Queen Elizabeth beyond its name and the fact that many of its contributors were T. C. D. men. He had come to see me at my old home, Whitehall, Clondalkin, and had introduced himself with characteristic bluntness.

"I didn't come to see you for the pleasure of making your acquaintance, Miss Tynan, but I'm getting out a magazine, and I want you to write for it."

He proceeded in the most business-like way to expound his magazine and the other people who were to write for it.

"I've got a queer youth named Yeats. He's written a thing called *The Island of Statues*. I'm more interested in prose than poetry, but I'm told he's a fine poet."

Not long afterwards he arrived with the poet. W. B. Yeats, then twenty years of age, was a tall loosely-hung, angular boy, with very expressive brown eyes and an eager, gentle manner. I do not think the starveling beard, which may be seen in his father's sketch of him forming the frontispiece to that literary rarity *Mosada*, then existed. He was very dark, with hair raven-black, but his cheeks still kept the colour which is apt to pass with boyhood,

and his lips were red. Altogether he had a queer exotic beauty very uninsular. Anything more unlike his companion of that day could not well be imagined. They had walked from Dublin, talking all the way. Willie, if he had not been so gentle and so easily quelled in those days, might have been classed among the intemperate talkers. Mr Oldham, I remember, mentioned that when they walked together he had to insist that Willie should keep the opposite side of the road, else they were always colliding. In the conversation of that long past day, he was constantly putting back the poet on his own side of the road, contradicting him, blowing upon his bubbles, taking the wind out of his sails, but always with an air of amused indulgence which said: "Of course, you are a genius, but beyond that you are rather ridiculous."

I went to England for the Autumn and Winter of that year, and I think my great friendship with the Yeats family must have begun in the following Summer. By that time the *Dublin University Review* was in being, and very excellent it was. It was not to have a long life. Trinity College looked at it sourly across the roaring Dublin street that divided them. The moment came when it could repudiate the insolent youngster that dared to take its name. It seems almost incredible now that the opportunity came in the publication of a too free translation of a pastoral of Anacreon. The Trinity dons covered their abashed faces. As soon as they could speak, they made a public repudiation of the *Review*,—as though anyone would suspect them of fathering a thing so alive and so literary.

It was all good, the *Dublin University Review*, and it had the crowning glory of introducing W. B. Yeats to the world.

I believe I met his father first at the studio, 7 St Stephen's Green, Dublin, which was a happy meeting-place for all manner of interesting people.

I may say with pride and humility that almost immediately I was taken to the collective Yeats's bosom. I am sure that I had not been a quarter of an hour in the studio that first day I came, before Mr Yeats had me up on the dais and was painting me.

He painted me all through that Summer of 1886, and I dare say into the Winter, though I remember only golden days. I was one of the non-paying sitters. He was painting all his friends for nothing, and suffering agonies of mind when a business proposition came his way, if he did not like the sitter. I have known him to flee precipitately to London to avoid painting a well-known lady, and to lie there *perdu* till the danger had blown over, when he came back stealthily.

His family never objected to these unbusiness-like ways. I am not sure that it did not delight in the ways because they were his. Mencius, the Chinese Sage, has written: "He is the truly wise man who has never lost the love of his children." Then was John Butler Yeats justified of his unwise wisdom. His children adored him to the end, and could find no flaw in him: and his friends agreed with his children.

There was something homelike and friendly about it. The family usually spent the day at the studio, coming in at all manner of times and going out again. There was a corner behind the canvases where the kettle was boiled for tea, or the lunch set—Mr Yeats's slippers looked out from behind a canvas. Willie, polishing industriously or dreaming in a corner would come out to run a message or to read during the sitting. Only so did I hear Chapman's *Homer*. Visitors used to receive an enthusiastic welcome from Mr Yeats, but there were times when a knock would come to the studio door and he would open it, and there would be a buzz of conversation before the door was closed again. I never knew whether it was a dun or an unwelcome sitter.

The studio was a most delightful place. I used to arrive in those days of happy leisure, when I had worlds enough and time for what I would do, once or twice a week, about eleven o'clock, and my sittings were prolonged for hours. I generally found Willie there when I arrived. He was still an art student, and he used to work quietly in a corner, joining in the conversation from time to time. His sisters came in some time during the morning; they also were art students. Jack was then living in Sligo with his grandparents, and one only saw him at long intervals.

During the sittings all manner of people used to come to the studio. I must have sat during the autumn, for I remember Walter Osborne coming in one morning and asking me how the country looked, and my trying to tell him about the hoar frost melting to dew on the grass and the blue distances. Other artists came,—not Orpen; he must have been later or he would have come. All sorts of writers; those who were making the new movement in Ireland, and old patriots and leaders of the people like John O'Leary, who came in one morning when I was sitting and made me of his friendship at once.

Mr Yeats was so profoundly interested in human nature that everybody brought not only themselves but everyone else to see him, sure of his welcome. I brought all manner of odd people, and he found something to like in them all, in which he has a successor in "A. E."

Once it was Mrs Margaret Sullivan of whom I have spoken elsewhere. I found her somewhat ponderous and tiresome, and I had not forgiven an occasion when I accompanied her to see a National School Teacher, who was also a literary man, to whom obviously she was a person of great importance. He had prepared a rather elaborate lunch for her, but she arrived, whirling me in her train, with exactly twelve minutes to stay. The poor man looked positively stunned, but she thought evidently that

she was worthily representing the busy woman-journalist and we departed leaving his poor lunch untouched. Yet apart from her pose as the great woman-journalist, she was pleasant and witty, and good to look at. Mr Yeats was quite pleased with her. She had been visiting some Paris studios and of course he was interested in what she had to say. I remember that he talked about the mission of Art, and she flashed at him: "Your patrons, Sir, would tell you that it was not your mission you had to think about, but your *com*mission." That was just what he would never have thought about.

The other painters used to implore me to take away my portrait, which they all rated highly, from him before he had spoilt it. He was given to over-painting; he never liked parting with a picture, and when a portrait had been wrested from him he was always trying to get it back, to alter something or other, which meant beginning to paint it over again.

However, my portrait did not suffer from its long painting. Sir Hugh Lane counted it as among Mr Yeats's finest portraits. He had had a very nice garment to paint me in, a Redfern coat, black with touches of brown and crimson in the alternate stripes, clasped at the neck and waist with old clasps, and showing the scarlet silk lining in the open sleeves and the pouched bodice. Mr Yeats thoroughly approved of the garment, which did not alter, unlike my "fringe" which had to be cut at intervals during the long sitting, to his deep disgust and distress.

"You've been cutting that fringe of yours again," he used to growl at me.

Another artist, Miss Sarah Purser, was present one day when he made the complaint and she defended me characteristically.

"Why, if she hadn't cut her fringe since she has been sitting to you, Mr Yeats, it would have been to her feet by now," she said.

The portrait was shown at the Royal Hibernian

Academy Exhibition in 1887. I remember the ordeal it was, when on the opening day I, wearing the identical and unmistakable Redfern coat, had to endure being stared at by people who looked at the portrait, then with a sudden illumination at me, back at the portrait and so on.

When the portrait came home my St Bernard, Pat, coming into my pretty room where it stood against the wall, went up to it and licked the painted hand. Mr Yeats was greatly pleased about that recognition. It was the only time I have known a dog to recognise a picture. A dog has no sense at all about even the most living photograph, but there, doubtless, it is the lack of colour which stands in the way.

Very often I went home with the Yeatses, and stayed the night at their house. It was a great time for literary gatherings of one kind or other. Willie squired me assiduously to these and to political meetings of a mild kind. There was the Protestant Home Rule Association which had been brought into being by the indefatigable Mr Oldham. At one of its meetings I saw for the first time Maude Gonne in her incomparable young beauty, easily the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and with a lovely voice.

There was also the Contemporary Club, and there were At Homes at the houses of various members of the circle—at the O'Learys', at Dr Sigerson's, at the house of William Johnston of Ballykilbeg, the Orangeman who won the affection of any Irish Papist that came near enough to him. Our hosts there were the Orange leader's sons and daughter, strange offshoots from the Orange stock, all Theosophists and other queer things. Ballykilbeg himself used to come in and stare mild-eyed, over his long silken beard, at the queer people, the Fenians and Socialists and Theosophists, and worst of all the Papists, his children had caught to their bosoms. Charles Johnston married later Madame Blavatsky's niece, shamelessly depart-

ing from the rule of celibacy which he had inculcated on the other young Theosophists. He announced his apostasy with the easy and charming assurance which belonged to him. "She is my excuse," he wrote, "they have only to see her."

It went hard I think with A. E., then a very young catechumen of Theosophy. He heard the tale first from me and was incredulous. He thought I was playing a trick on him. I had been rather irreverent about Theosophy and the celibate vow.

I don't remember A. E. at these gatherings, though he must have been at some of them. I can see him best at my own fireside on Winter Sundays; but that must have been, I think, after the Yeatses had gone back to London, which they did in the Winter of 1887-88,—or was it a year earlier?

The Yeatses were living then at Harold's Cross, a suburb of Dublin. Any house they ever inhabitated must be delightful—the walls thickly covered with pictures and sketches, books everywhere, and a spirit of kindly hospitality, the conversation of life as well as of letters. Mrs Yeats was a very gentle little woman, much beloved by her husband and family. I think the Devonshire blood stirred in her to the end. I remember that when she made me a gift it was of Devonshire lace. She was even then rather invalidish, I think, and the establishment was run by Rose, one of those Irish servants who share all the fortunes, good or ill, of the family they serve. Rose had been with the Yeatses many years at that time, and that is more than thirty years ago. She is with the Yeats daughters still. Mr Yeats used to say that Rose was afraid of none of them, but they were all afraid of Rose. They were her children. She took the family funds and laid them out to the best advantage. Because of Rose, Mr Yeats had a high opinion of the domestic servant. We used to say that he saw them through rose-coloured glasses,

when he could not believe that our English servants could be unsatisfactory.

I remember Sunday visits to Whitehall of Mr Yeats and his daughters—I think Willie must have been in Sligo that Summer of 1886, for he is not in the picture. There were the two pretty girls, dark-haired and exquisitely fresh in their pink and blue summer frocks, made by their own clever hands with the assistance of Rose: the father, careless in attire, his bright eyes above his beard keenly alert and interested in all they saw. He was immensely taken with my father, and the attraction was mutual. We had a very plentiful house. I can remember the Yeats girls saying that it was the only house where they ever got enough green peas and enough cream.

Mr Yeats would say, looking at the little quiet mother-bird: "I always knew that she would be the mother of a poet." That too, I suppose, was of Devonshire. I am sure that Sligo and the Pollexfens' ships, and the wharves and quays and tarry ropes and warehouses, all contributed largely to the shaping of W. B. Yeats. The Pollexfens and romance were synonymous to the minds of the Yeats boys and girls as they grew.

Mr Yeats was very sensible of the quality of his son's genius. At a time when all the Worldly Wisemans, and women—including myself — were anxious that Willie "should get something to do," his father stood out against any regular employment, saying that it would spoil Willie's work; and he was quite right, of course; but, very soon, Willie was doing all manner of chores in literature, editing cheap editions and writing introductions to them of the rarest quality; making collections and selections; writing articles in all manner of places from the *Scots Observer* to *The Gael*, a high-minded but abominably printed and very impecunious Dublin journal; doing reviews in between; pro-

ducing his poetry and having it published in all kinds of unlikely places:—The *Leisure Hour* and the *Irish Monthly* at one pole: the *Scots Observer* at the other,—all the time living keenly, rather delicate in body, but drinking deep draughts of intellectual life.

He had inherited from his father something of the way of regarding life as a picture or a play and people as portraits or figures on a stage, but in his case it was a far more withdrawn and less human aloofness than was the case with his father; it may have passed with a fuller experience of life. Neither had nor has any condemnation for human follies or foibles. I remember Mr Yeats meeting at our house, after I had married and settled in London, a man who was in the stage of drunkenness which is high-flown and insolent. He was a distinguished scholar, and had every reason to be proud of his scholarship. But in his unfortunate condition he chose to make Mr Yeats the subject of his contempt. He treated him as of the ignorant and common kind. It was rather painful for the onlooker, but I can even now see Mr Yeats watching him with an expression of keen and sympathetic understanding, too interested, too aloof, for patience. When at last it was over, when the door had closed behind our unhappy visitor, Mr Yeats burst out about the magnificent brow, the fine features, the splendid insolence of the man who had been insulting him. I am sure he wanted to paint the Scholar in his cups, just as he was. Not a barb of the insolence had wounded, but had rather stimulated his imagination.

He was writing stories in those days when I sat to him. I don't think they ever saw the light. He was reading Dumas, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, George Sand, De Maupassant, *Madame Bovary*, and Anatole France. But his literary expression was

to be in his letters, as it was in his talk, his overflowing, rich talk, his letters, shrewd and brilliant, on all manner of things and people. It was characteristic that he wrote long letters, containing literary discussion and appraisement to his son, from America. I imagine that very few letters of the kind are written in our days. One has to go back to Chesterfield and Madame de Sevigné.

In 1889 I was with the Yeatses in London, where Mr Yeats had his inevitable circle. They lived at Bedford Park, where they had various celebrities for neighbours. Artists, poets, scholars, politicians came and went. Stepniak was one of the visitors. William Morris was not too far away at Hammersmith Mall, and Lily Yeats by this time was working with May Morris at embroidery, the embroidery which she has since turned to beautiful account in her Cuala Industries. Henley had his group of young men about him at the *National* (late *Scots*) *Observer*. John Lane and the Bodley Head were on the horizon. The activity of the 'Nineties was to be stirring in all the literary nests.

Mr Yeats was working away at black-and-white illustration, painting in between. He was enjoying every minute of his life, as he always did. He saw more than other people saw in his friends, especially his women friends. He could make a whole story out of very little, and a romance on small foundations, and he loved to add to his repertoire. In the late Summer of 1889, before I went home after a long English visit, I sat to him again, this time for a water-colour portrait. It was East Wind weather, and the portrait has got the colour of the East Wind into it. I remember one of the female friends, an actress with a tragic story, coming in and making Bovril for us against the cold. It was like but not so good as the old studio days.

York Powell was a very frequent visitor, and as far as I can remember a rather silent one, except when

his laugh broke for something the Irishry said. Mr Yeats had an unbounded admiration for him; but I doubt that York Powell was as much of a four-square man as Mr Yeats imagined.

When I was married and living at Ealing, Mr Yeats and York Powell were frequent visitors. Ealing was still countrified; we heard the sheep-bell in the fields beyond the garden. We were in the very last row of houses, with only fields between us and Harrow. Mr Yeats and York Powell found me in the garden on a beautiful hot afternoon of the Great Summer of 1893. They stayed on after my husband had returned from his coaching work at Maguire's in Earl's Court Square. They were still there when the dinner-bell rang. There was only salt beef for dinner; I had not been expecting guests. Timorously we asked if they could eat salt beef. York Powell said it was his favourite dish. Mr Yeats looked at him with affectionate admiration. He had always an air of trotting out his friends. "It is York Powell's favourite dish," he repeated joyfully.

At Ealing he did a lightning portrait of my father —to the life. It occupied the better part of three days. York Powell was there for at least one whole sitting. My father talked in a steady flow. When you got him on to the old Dublin life, and his grandfather's memories of the life in County Wicklow, he was well worth listening to. I looked in now and again. York Powell and my father were smoking like chimneys, Mr Yeats painting away, looking from the picture to the face of the sitter. York Powell said afterwards that my father talked like a Saga. He would begin to tell the story of a person, a family, a group of families. He would branch off from one story and return again. York Powell never spoke. Now and again Mr Yeats would seek elucidation. "What became of So-and-so?"—far back in the Saga. My father would take his pipe out of his mouth and say: "I'm coming to that. Damn it, man, can't you

let me tell the story my own way and not be interrupting me?"

Mr Yeats was very angry with us when we left Ealing and went to live at Notting Hill. He said that when he went to see people, he liked to turn his face away from London, and reported with a sad triumph that York Powell had said, "What are they living there for? I can't go to see them there."

Mr Yeats did come to see us at the obnoxious Crescent. He was becoming rather prickly Irish, as the Irish have a way of becoming when they live among the English.

No one ever loved Mr Yeats the less, but rather the more, for his patriotic unreason. A little later, during the Boer War, his denunciation of English aggression in South Africa sent York Powell, who was an ardent Englishman, flying out of the house without his hat, and Mr Yeats running after him trying to placate him.

The Yeats family returned to Ireland in 1902, and in 1908 Mr Yeats went for a brief visit to America from which he was always coming back, but he never did come back. He had seen a great many interesting things in Ireland between his return and his going to America. There had been the Dudley Viceroyalty, with George Wyndham as Chief Secretary. For the time art and poetry were in honour at the Dublin Court. Another great opportunity of material success came to him then. He had a chance, nay, a prospect of being Court painter to an extraordinarily interesting group of rulers. He had painted Lord MacDonnell: he was to paint the Viceroy and the Chief Secretary. The ball was at his foot, but he was not one to kick it. I have heard that a very candid exposition of the reasons why the Abbey Theatre should not give a State-commanded performance before King Edward offended Lord Dudley and the portraits were never painted. The prickly Irishism again.

It was just about the time of King Edward's visit in 1903 when I met John Redmond coming down the familiar stair from the studio, as I went in. He was sitting to Mr Yeats. Another open door had come to Mr Yeats—Hugh Lane had appeared—the ideal art patron. But destiny, or something else, sent him on that wholly unexpected and amazing adventure which was to ring down the curtain on him in America. He had his circle, his circles there, and, as Jack Yeats said, circles were limited in Dublin and he might have come to an end of his interest in them, while in America there were endless circles beyond circles.

One little story of him and I am done. When Mrs Yeats died, he being in London and I in Dublin, I wrote to him a letter of sympathy, He replied with much affection, saying that he had known what to expect from me. He then went on to ask why I had not told him some Dublin news, something of all our mutual friends and acquaintances. It might so easily have been misunderstood; but a man who had met him at our house in London said to me later: "Do you know I did such an awful thing the other day? I met Yeats in the street and not knowing Mrs Yeats was dead, I asked how she was. He just stared at me, burst into tears and ran away. I never felt such a brute in all my life."

He would have asked for news of his friends and the world on his deathbed. He wanted the friendly, human, intimate things that would bring his friends before him as they lived. His daughter said to me when she knew I was writing to him: "Tell him what I was wearing: what I said: where I was going to . . . anything that will make him see me. That is what Papa likes."

It makes it poignant that he should have died in America while he was still talking of return.

AN IRISH IDYLLIST—
JANE BARLOW

JANE BARLOW

SHE is a fragrant, a shy, a sorrowful memory.

The Cottage, Raheny, Co. Dublin, might have been a cottage in *Cranford.* Outwardly the household might have been of *Cranford.* There, when I first knew her, lived Jane Barlow, with an adored father and mother, a sister and one or two brothers. It was a spacious cottage, of beautiful ample living-rooms and nest-like bedrooms, such cottages as you find very often in the country about Dublin, built at a time when simplicity was a fashion, a cottage indeed, but with a double coach-house, like that in Coleridge's *Devil's Walks*; with a winding avenue, a wide gravel-sweep where a couple of carriages and pairs might turn without inconvenience, a beautiful old-fashioned garden and all the amenities.

The children of that house had been brought up to much love, although there had been sickness and sorrow. It was just such love as prevents one like Jane Barlow from striking roots for herself. Apart from the natural sorrows there was a shadow over the house. The Rev. James Barlow had been one of the clerics who denied Baptismal Regeneration, and with those in England who shared his heresy he had fallen under ecclesiastical ban. That would have given Jane Barlow a sense of wrong and injury against all the orthodoxies, for she might have been called "Jane the Daughter."

The family had lived in a practical seclusion, visiting and being visited by, I think, just the old ladies and gentlemen who lived in other secluded houses and gardens round about Raheny. I can't believe

that Jane Barlow ever went to school. I think of her always in that enclosed garden of love at Raheny; but she must have been her father's pupil, for she was a good classical scholar, and in a house overflowing with books she had absorbed all that was best; she had a thoroughly cultivated mind.

It was in '90 or '91 that she published *Bogland Studies*, a volume of narrative verse which immediately attracted attention. It was new wine in old bottles, the new philosophy, caught into a medium, gentle and romantic.

I had known of her some years earlier. Count Plunkett, at a time when he could never have foreseen that he should become a revolutionary, holding himself delicately apart from the violence of the then popular movement, very much of a T. C. D. man, and that implied much conversatism in those days, had solaced the turbulent hours by financing and editing a review called *Hibernia* which had little appeal beyond T. C. D. at that time. To *Hibernia* Jane Barlow was a contributor. She signed only with initials or pseudonym, which was like her. I too was writing for *Hibernia* and made frequent pilgrimages to the large, airy room up three flights of stairs, from the square projecting window of which one looked down on College Green and its traffic. There were books there and book-talk, and books for gifts and books for borrowing, from a kind, interested editor. *Hibernia* was an Irish *Spectator* without the politics, and its editor, a gentle, refined, large-eyed, silken-bearded young man. How little we could have foreseen the strange tragedy of the years to come!

I was as much interested in *Hibernia* as its editor, being in the first flush of literary enthusiasm, and quite new to literary circles. Some of the most charming contributions to the review were the singing and freshly-coloured lyrics of the Editor, who also signed with initials. Modesty was a proper thing in these Victorian days.

Some of Jane Barlow's poems I had by heart, and I was greatly interested in the mere statement that they were the work of a parson's daughter who lived at Raheny. But I had no clue to the authorship of *Bogland Studies* when it came, beyond that I had already read the remarkable one called "Eschatology in a Bog" which had appeared in the *Dublin University Review*, a brilliant attempt, born out of its due time, to win a cultivated audience from Dublin or its University, foredoomed to failure as all such attempts have been in Ireland.

I reviewed the book enthusiastically in *United Ireland* where I had a free hand in those Parnellite days. I suggested that "J. Barlow" was probably a pseudonym. The prim formality did not seem to go with the poetry.

A few days later I had a letter from Jane Barlow. Another little while and I was bidden to meet her at an afternoon party at the house of the Pursers, that family which has produced so many brilliant people in art and scholarship and more practical things.

There came in a handsome, dignified lady with a presence and an agreeable manner. There was nothing of the recluse about Mrs Barlow. In her wake came shrinkingly a slender, old-fashioned figure —I cannot imagine Jane Barlow going to the dress-maker or the shops—clothed in black. She could have been no more than thirty at that time, but already "spinster" was stamped all over her outward appearance. One had to know her to discover how little spinsterish was her mind. She had a spare figure, the spareness not to be wondered at, since she ate nothing; an oval face which would have been fresh coloured if she had given it a chance, fine fair hair. She was like an early portrait of Charlotte Brontë.

She hid herself behind her mother on that occasion and was not to be detached. I had a few soft-spoken words from her, but all the time she had a shrinking air of flight—her eyes moved from side to side, as

though she would escape. I was not surprised when she wrote to me a little later that as soon as she had got into the room she wanted to run and run till she had got back to her beloved seclusion and locked the door upon the world. I suppose she only yielded to the adored mother in doing a thing she abhorred.

I went to see her a little later. It must have been February or March, and outside the windows of the long, spacious drawing-room—such rooms as you find in such outwardly unpretentious cottages—the sky was cold grey. It was a beautiful room, with an organ at one end. That alone speaks for the spaciousness of it. There were portraits on the walls, many pictures and books, a piano, bibelots of one kind or another, the things a cultivated mind and taste gathers through the generations. There was a glorious fire: and everywhere there were growing violets and lilies of the valley; hyacinths perhaps. The room was sharply sweet.

Mrs Barlow was there that day, and one could see that Jane was a child with her. There was also present Jane's younger sister Kitty. The mother was the corner-stone of the house—the fire on the hearth of life: without her everything was cold.

I think that must have been the year of my marriage. Perhaps it was '92 when *Bogland Studies* appeared. I was transferred to London in May '93. My real friendship with Jane Barlow began after her mother's death, which took place just before Christmas of that year. She died with tragic suddenness—if indeed a long illness is not more tragic than a sudden death. She had come in from a drive: sat down in the hall and died. There had been unsuspected heart-trouble.

And so the pillars of the house were down for poor Jane and she was amid the ruins of her happiness. It is at such times that one feels acutely that all women and all men, but especially all women, should have the chance of making new ties before the

old are broken. I once knew a scientific man who argued, out of bitterness, I think, and knowing he blasphemed, that the love of a human mother is the same as that of an animal and ends with the child's dependence. Well, perhaps our children are always dependent, or we think they are. I answered his question—"Do you think a mother of eighty cares anything for a daughter of sixty?" by instancing Christina Rossetti and her mother: but I could have given him Jane Barlow and her mother, though the ages would not have tallied, and many others.

Jane Barlow never recovered from the grief of her mother's death, though she kept a hold on life while her father lived: a very gentle sequestered, twilit life. In those years before the shadow finally descended upon her, she had still the energy for friendships. She was very large-minded and tolerant of other people's ways, even when they were not hers and her shyness might have found them repellent.

1893 had brought the fashion of interviewing, which lasted for some ten years or so. I did some interviewing, and since Jane Barlow was at that time representing Ireland in what we used to call the Kailyard School, she was to be interviewed. Let me explain lest the epithet sound irreverent. There had sprung up a demand for stories illustrative of peasant life and feeling in their simpler aspects and variations. The genus came from Scotland,—hence the Kailyard. It was fostered by the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll. *A Window in Thrums* was one of the harbingers: and there were Crockett and Ian Maclaren for Scotland. Of the peasant mind of Southern Ireland Jane Barlow was the most distinguished exponent.

These tales were idylls and idealizing. Jane Barlow possessed a beautiful prose style: she had depths of feeling with vision and gentle humour. We were all given to idealizing our own little patch of ground in those days, and doubtless with Jane Barlow, as with others, a little less of the rose-tint

would have made for more truthful observation. The Anglo-Irish in those days nearly always idealized the peasants. It was an amiable but a distorted medium. The best of the Anglo-Irish remembered that it was they who had always led Irish rebellions. They had the colonists' jealousy of the mother-country: and so they swelled the national vanity which only the subjects of it did not share.

My brother-in-law, John O'Mahony, said to me once when I was hard at it gilding the Irish,—to my considerable offence—"Sure, you don't know a thing about them. They are a great deal worse and a great deal better than you make them."

I knew the dark streaks better than Jane Barlow did, but she must have known some of them. There was a sharp division at that time between Realists and Idealists. The Realists stood for all that was ugly. We chose to be Idealists.

Frank Mathew, who was both, as far as Ireland was concerned, said once that there was something of the district-visitor in Jane Barlow's books. I believe that was true. Outside the servants at the Cottage she would only have known the people as someone in a cottage, who set her a chair having first wiped it with an apron.

All the same her work was sincere even if it was steeped in poetry and there was a deal of truth in it. There is no formula for the Irish. They can be saints and villains; let it be conceded that their villainy is more often amusing than the villainy of other peoples. Mean and generous, cold and warm, kind and cruel, gentle and violent: the extremes meet in them.

To come back to the interview. When I was asked in that year of my marriage to interview Jane Barlow she sent me a generous amount of "copy" almost by return of post. Interviewing, one would have said, would be anathema to her shy and retiring nature. She made no protest when she sent me that

abundant material, whether from affection for me or a tolerance of other people's strange likings and curiosities I do not know.

At that time the Irish leaven stirred and surged in her. The Fenian Rising of 1867 had gone out like the spluttering of a damp squib, but its ideals and the quality of its leaders had lifted it to the regions of Romance. Imaginative and generous children all over Ireland, in the Unionist houses as in the others, coloured their dreams with that romance.

It was startling to find how much Jane Barlow and I had been thinking alike in childhood. The moon behind a hill had represented for each of us the watch-fires of the Fenians: a distant sound that suggested drums set up delicious thrills of hope and fear that the Fenians were coming: a rumble that might be guns, blown on the wind brought us news of the battle: strange lights in the sky meant the enemy strongholds were afire. We were of the children who listened and watched for those lights and sounds when our parents thought us asleep,—she at the North side of Dublin, I at the West.

It might have been said of a good many of the Anglo-Irish gentry of those days that they always praised yesterday's Rebellion but never to-day's.

We had read the same books in childhood though her reading and choice of books must have been far wider than mine. One of the most precious things in my small library was *Cornhill*—the wonderful early volumes, with Thackeray and Anthony Trollope and Mrs Browning and Owen Meredith, the illustrations by Millais and other shining lights. Those volumes, read and re-read, belonged to the very stuff of the child's mind.

Her home, like my home, was the place for a romantic child to grow up in. There were delicious long corridors, steps up and down into the rooms, and the Cottage had a tight-fitting *cloche* of thatch

exactly as the cottage-part of Whitehall had, projecting in such thick eaves as came by a century or more of thatching. Under these sheltering eaves the Cottage garden grew all manner of old-fashioned flowers. At one point, where a projection of the house made a sheltered and sunny corner, there was an aviary of canaries that lived in the open all round the year. The canaries were Kitty's. Perhaps because of the open-air life they had qualities not belonging to the ordinary cage-bird. We had a dear little Dicky from that aviary whom we carried to London one cold October day. He had a most lively intelligence and was full of pretty tricks. He would pretend to eat your finger like a loving dog and then fondle it. Many a time his rivulet of song lifted for me a foggy morning in London.

Jane Barlow and I were drawn closer together by a community of sorrow. When death—the death of the innocent,—came to me, we sorrowed together. She sent me plants to cover a tiny grave,—pansies—"They are the most faithful of flowers: there is not a day in the year that you will not find one in bloom," she wrote. During those eighteen years of London life her letters and mine passed regularly across the Irish Sea. Our various gardens were beautified by flowers from the Cottage. A Rose Ciel or a Striped York and Lancaster Rose may yet bloom in a London garden and none know its derivation.

We had common charities. There was an old man we kept from the workhouse, for whom Kitty sewed. Little gifts of one kind or another were always passing. Our books went to each other as they appeared. I have a complete set of Jane's books and many years' collections of her letters in the minute handwriting which is like none other that I know.

I remember Jane and Kitty coming to lunch at Roebuck House where I stayed with my friend, Mary Gill, when I revisited Ireland: so Jane must have been getting out of her cell. They came to

know Father Russell and others of my friends. There was a period when Jane was less frightened of her world. Miss Purser painted her during those years, and she appeared at literary gatherings now and again.

When we came back on visits to Ireland we always went to the Cottage for lunch or tea. If it was the latter meal it must have been of the "high" variety, "because we had come such a long way." But it was oftener a most delightful lunch. Kitty, the housekeeper provided generously for our robust appetities. I never saw Jane eat anything at those banquets beyond about the size of a nut of mashed potato, washed down with a glass of water. She did not even love tea. Kitty used to say in a dear plaintive voice, which I can hear now, "Yes, do scold her, Mrs Hinkson, please scold her. She is really dreadful, starving herself as she does."

But Jane persisted in a fare which would hardly have kept a bird alive.

I think they always wore soft black garments. The house was very silent except sometimes when the father played on the organ. He must usually have been absent in the daytime,—at Trinity College probably, where he had become Vice-Provost. Trinity had had time to forget the Gorham Controversy. The walls were brown-panelled, sometimes hidden in books. Mr Barlow was an omnivorous reader of novels. At the stair-head, outside the drawing-room door was that particular and attractive portion of the library. We always went away with armfuls.

Once Mr Barlow was at home and Jane brought me into the library, and with something of the pride with which a schoolboy presents a favourite schoolfellow to his family, said: "Here is another Fenian, Father."

There was always a little time when she and I were alone in her room upstairs, under the thatch, when we talked quietly of our secret and sacred

things. It was a dim, long room full of a girl's and a woman's treasures. Against the wall stood the doll's house which had belonged to the family of Lord Kilwarden, that noble Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, who was killed by accident in the Emmet Rebellion of 1803, the same who, as Judge of the Common Pleas, had done his utmost to save Theobald Wolfe Tone from the military law.

The doll's house was unfurnished and quite big enough for two children to creep into and sit close together. One could not but think on the children who had forgathered and chattered there.

There was a winter, 1899-1900, when we had a house at Dalkey and Jane and Kitty came to see us there. Indeed, I believe in those years, perhaps as a distraction from the still house, Jane fared forth a good deal. She visited relatives in England, travelling alone, I think, and she went to Achill and to the South of Ireland with her father. During the latter expedition they visited Mount Mellaray, the Trappist Monastery near Lismore. She wrote to me that the monks, even the one who had to do with the visitors, were quite unaware of any changes in the Government or even the Throne. I think they still believed that Queen Victoria reigned, when Edward had been some years on the Throne. When my husband visited there in the 'Nineties a monk had come to his room to ask him if Miss Braddon was still alive. On hearing that she was, he said: "There is a brother here who will be very glad to hear that. When he was in the world he read a beautiful book by her called *Henry Dunbar*, and I know he has often thought about her since."

By the time Jane visited us at Dalkey we had two children, after all the sorrow. She was very fond of Toby, especially, I think, because he was wild and freakish. My husband used to tell her she had a streak of the devil in her which made her like Toby. She shook her head and laughed, but I don't think

she objected to the accusation. It was a suggestion, I found, that pleased most women.

Toby at two years old had already begun to run away from his nurse, who had another baby to look after. We had tried to teach him his name and address, lest he should get lost. He learnt it as "Pilot View, Toby Hinkson, Dalkey." That address pleased her very much, although the inversion hardly mattered, as no one could translate his speech except his intimates.

A few years later, Jane and Kitty pressed for Toby's opinion of a very stately lady they suspected him of not liking. When the opinion came it was uncompromising. "She's a beastly lady." Jane was delighted: so was Kitty. They kept saying over and over again while their eyes sparkled: "Oh, Toby, what a dreadful thing to say about a lady!"

My relations with Jane Barlow had been very close and tender. I could hardly tell when they relaxed. She wrote to welcome us after our final return to Ireland, when we had encountered a cold rain and heavy seas. Bunny and Pamela, who were passionate pilgrims to the Ireland one had seen in babyhood, the other never, had been too miserable to take any interest. She wrote that the appropriate song for them would have been:

"'Tis the first glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see."

Somehow, in the years following, I lost her. When I offered myself for a visit, her father was ill and they could not receive me. I had always known that when he died her last real link with life would be broken, although she might go on living for a time. I cannot remember if he was dead when I met her for the last time. It was in 1913 at a little party given by Miss Winifred Letts, at which I was to have met Thomas McDonagh, a meeting which did not come till later. To my amazement she was cold,—not the Jane Barlow I knew or thought I knew. My *Twenty-Five Years*

had just been published. She said, looking down in her lap, that she might be old-fashioned but she thought the book showed a great lack of reticence. It was so unlike the Jane Barlow who had been so generous about the interviews.

I retired sadly, and when I went home flew to the book. What indiscretion had I committed?

There was none that affected her. She was not in the book. But though we were neighbours for a year or so we did not meet. Then I heard of her death. One chilliness does not blot out the warmth of twenty years. I keep her as she was in all those nights and days.

ROSA MULHOLLAND
(LADY GILBERT)

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1920

Rosa Mulholland was the object of my young girlhood's admiration and devotion. She was in the first instance one of Father Matthew Russell's gifts to me. After I had come to be of his *Irish Monthly* circle he lent or gave me all of her stories he could lay hands upon, with the volumes of the *Irish Monthly* in which her beautiful stories and poems were reprinted or had appeared.

The things he told me of her beginnings as a writer might well dazzle the novice. Her very early stories, full of a delicate phantasy, with such a prim Victorian grace and sweetness of writing as made her akin to Miss Thackeray, had appeared in *All the Year Round* and *Household Words*, under the editorship of Charles Dickens himself. *Hester's History*, *The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil*, the short stories, some of which were reprinted in volume form, should not be allowed to die. I fear there is no market for such innocent delicacies at present. What young girl now reads Miss Thackeray? Every young girl would be the better for reading her, for reading Mrs Gaskell, Mrs Ewing, Rosa Mulholland, Mrs Walford and others beloved by carefully-sheltered girls of Victorian days. Perhaps our children's children will come back to them, since there is nothing that has been that will not be again.

Rosa Mulholland's first published poem, under the pen-name of Ruth Millais, appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* with Thackeray at the helm. Sir John

Millais illustrated it, and being interested in the girl who used his name for a pseudonym, he made inquiries and discovered that Ruth Millais was a young Irish art-student at South Kensington. Her intention at that time was to become an artist.

He gave her the incredible chance of working under him among his pupils, but some prudery, not of her own, rejected the offer. I think she regretted that rejection always.

It was a time when girls submitted to the will of others for them. The Victorian dove-cotes in England were yet hardly troubled, though Mrs Lynn Linton and the *Saturday Review* had discovered the Girl of the Period. Rosa belonged to a North of Ireland family and the stock is a dominant one. She possessed a very dominant character herself, as did her sister, married to the North of Ireland man who ended as Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England. Rosa's dominating character would always have been held in check by a sense of duty and a certain saintliness. She submitted her will to that of people older and presumably wiser than herself. Irish Catholicism at that time had a puritanical tinge, or more than a tinge, and it would be intensified in the fighting Catholics of the North. Hence the family council sat on Millais' wonderful offer: it was refused, and the young artist bowed her head, doubtless with reluctance, but she bowed all the same.

When I knew her first she was somewhere in the middle or late thirties. She was beautiful in that maturity, with a noble head upon which the abundant hair waved, fine grey eyes and the Northern colour, a ruddiness which suggested the wind and the rain, something not of drawing-rooms, but the open air. Like all the Northerners she had a streak uncompromising, a little rugged. Hers was the same type of beauty to which Rose Kavanagh's belonged, only that Rose was of the soil, whereas Rosa Mulholland came of the professional classes and a family keen

about the arts. Whether the North of Ireland would ever produce the gentle outlook on life which attends on cultivation of the mind in other latitudes, I very much doubt. I have found the word, most expressive of that mellowed, serene quality—it is, urbanity. The North of Ireland may have all the gifts, but it will never be urbane.

However, I felt no lack of anything when I fell in love with Rosa. There was none in the atmosphere in which I found her. As she submitted her will to her more dominant elders, so she laid down the dominance which was her family inheritance in the presence of the older friend she adored, Sarah Atkinson. That was one of the friendships between women, extraordinarily close and binding, of which I have known several. Mrs Atkinson was old enough to be Rosa Mulholland's mother. The friendship was maternal and daughterly in its fervour and closeness.

Of Mrs Atkinson I shall speak elsewhere. Her big airy house, with its bare, light rooms, into which the sunbeams came, it seemed to me without a mote in them, was Rosa Mulholland's other, dearer home. In those days, she was living in the house of an aunt in Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, or rather in Sherrard Street, off Upper Gardiner Street.

Sherrard Street had few advantages as a place of residence beyond that it overlooked at the front of the house the Jesuits' garden and was next-door neighbour to the Jesuit Church of St Francis Xavier. It was in that particularly sad part of Dublin which was once important but has been lapsing to tenement houses for the last fifty years or so. Of the ugly yellow brick of which Dublin was mainly built, it had no chance of mellowing to anything but blackness.

In my knowledge Dublin has done very little to decorate its house-fronts. They present an aspect of unrelieved gloom. Even window cleaning was not a healthy trade in Dublin of my memory.

Yet to that one house in Sherrard Street, no more

lovely than its neighbours, with the blank wall of the Jesuits' garden opposite the hall-door, I used to go with the beating heart of a lover.

Our meetings used to be lovers' meetings. She liked my romantic attachment, and I am glad and proud to believe that she reciprocated it. I don't believe I was ever in any of the sitting-rooms of that house, though I had some acquaintance with the daughter of the house, Rosa's first-cousin. I used to go straight up to Rosa's room, which was of the bed-sitting-room kind—I suppose the house did not afford her a sitting-room, and I am sure she was incapable of doing any writing in a room where she might be disturbed. She was a costive writer, as Ben Jonson said he was a poet. Sometimes a few lines were the whole fruit of a morning's labour: sometimes she could not write at all. Her bedroom was her work-room as well and she had made it beautiful.

To me it was a wonderful room, all snowily-white like a Convent room, but less austere. There were many books in low bookcases, and there were pictures, and pretty feminine things set out in an ordered carelessness. She had other female adorers besides myself and some of them were needle-women ; and these bits of their handiwork about the rooms, all white and pink, were their offerings. I was rather jealous of the young lady who had wrought some of them, whose charming face shone out of a silver frame on the writing-table.

Âpropos, Sir Charles Russell as he was then, and Attorney General, was in Dublin one of those days and dined with Dr and Mrs Atkinson. That very pretty young lady was a niece or grand-niece of Dr Atkinson's. She was at the moment visiting at the Russells' house, 86 Harley Street, but Sir Charles had not seen her. Being shown her photograph he said, "Good Lord, is that the young woman who is loose among my boys? Where's my hat?"

Dr Atkinson, the dearest of old boys, told me the story with great enjoyment, but I think neither Mrs

Atkinson nor Rosa, who were present, quite approved. It was a queer, rigid age.

An example of this rigidity was that a book of my verse, dedicated to Rosa, had in it originally some verses concerning the old saying: "If your petticoat comes down your sweetheart's thinking of you." They had appeared in the *National Observer* and Henley had been greatly pleased with them. Father Russell read the proofs of the book and said, "I think you'll have to take that out. Oh, indeed, Rosa would not like it associated with her name at all." I took it out with docility. He used to say that the only doubt he had about my being a poet was my docility about alterations. I don't think that primness would have come in with South of Ireland people.

The thing that stands out most clearly in my memory of Rosa's room is a green window-box full of narcissi, shaken in an April wind. Rosa kept her window-box carefully: it was a sop to her natural love of gardens. If it had been in the front of the house instead of at the back, overlooking the dreary little pens of "gardens," it would have been a beacon-light to all the dreary district.

I close my eyes, see myself in a chair, looking across the tea-tray and the white bed to those narcissi shaken in the wind, and I am in the early twenties and silent with felicity in the presence of the beloved. There must have been daffodils before the narcissi, and tulips and crocuses and snowdrops and hyacinths, for the bulbs followed in an ordered succession, but what I always see is that thing of beauty, a packed row of narcissi shaken in the wind, and shutting out all that was not beautiful.

There was a lofty and a religious atmosphere in that room, to which I came at regular intervals. Warm and joyful was the greeting to which I came, and when the door of the room closed, shutting us in from the world, there was something other-worldly, heavenly, the hither side of the door.

Rosa dressed beautifully in tailor-mades which at that time were only beginning to be. I can remember her in a long straight gown, which we should call a coat-frock now; then it was a tailor-made dress or costume: the coat and skirt had not yet made its appearance. I seem to remember her in navy-blue, closely-moulded to her beautiful figure and elaborately braided. Nothing could have become her better. All her ways were very soft and gentle with me. The urbanity I miss from the North was not absent from her manners. She was very gracious and caressing to her adorer. It was only later, when she was vexed with me, that her mind ceased to be urbane: or would suave be a better word? There was something uncompromising about her judgments that shut out suavity.

She was sweet as Summer in those early days. We used to talk poetry and religion and our own affairs. She gave me her confidence, as she had mine: but it was much easier for me to give mine: I had the easier Southern Irish temperament.

They were lovely days. There must have been Winter sometimes and grey skies and rain, but I can't remember them, only Spring and an April sky of white cloud against the blue, and the narcissi shaken in the wind. There was an altar in a corner of the room, with a rosy light throbbing before a statue and always fresh flowers. The tea was suited to the appetite of a country girl who had had a journey to town—I wonder whether I was too much in love to enjoy it as I should have done? She ate hardly anything, for she was never really robust, although I should say she had been built for perfect health. Her looks, like Rose Kavanagh's, were deceitful, though she had no seed of mortal disease in her to cut her life short as had Rose. When I said to her once that she was built for perfect health she looked at me curiously, as though she realized it for the first time. She was not the only splendid-looking Irish woman I had known to be beset by rheumatism in its many forms.

Usually after tea we would go for a walk by the Green Lanes of Clontarf, coming back to the Atkinsons' high house on Drumcondra Hill, to which one climbed from the sunk road by a long flight of steps to the pathway in front, by another long flight to the hall-door. From the upper windows of that house one had the same view as Mary Delaney had at Delville, not so far away, of the Port of Dublin and the Bay beyond, although the ships riding in the harbour were even then to seek.

Arrived at the hall-door Rosa used to knock with her knuckles, a quick eager little knock, a lover's knock. She used to look at me with a sideways look of happy anticipation. At the recognized signal the door was quickly opened and Rosa was taken into her friend's arms.

Those were felicitous occasions. Mrs Atkinson used to be anxious about our walks. I, at that time, did not look as strong as Rosa Mulholland and was easily tired. Mrs Atkinson said: "I am so afraid she might collapse on your hands in some lonely place. Now you might be tired, but you would not collapse." It was quite true: I had staying power, and I outgrew in time the delicacies of my girlhood, perhaps by reason of the open-air life I have led.

Rosa was meant for a full and a free life. She should have ridden, walked, played games, if young women played any games but croquet in her young days. Croquet was inseparably associated with the curate in those Victorian days. I don't think girls ever played it together: I am depending on *Punch* and the illustrated books for my knowledge of the Victorian's croquet. As there was no croquet-playing curate in Catholic circles in Ireland at that time, when the creeds were rigorously divided, Rosa did not even get croquet. She told me once that the only form of active exercise she had ever craved for was dancing; and the stern prelate who was Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin in those days had prohibited dancing. So

Rosa was a dyspeptic as well as a rheumatic sufferer, having been built for perfect health.

She was really a Dark Rose who had been surrounded by briars against her lovers. She had had lovers, but none of them had come very near; though again the dominant relatives had sent her away somewhere and kept her out of reach of one too ardent lover, who had touched her admiration by the storminess of his wooing, but had not won her heart. I have an idea that if she had been in love with him the dominant ones might have found an equal dominance in her. She was never in love, not, at least, in young love; and she was always rather afraid of her own emotions. Her face was not made for coldness, nor her living hair with its waving grace, nor her beautiful vital figure. Marriage came to her in middle-age but not motherhood. If she had had both in youth she might not have lacked suavity: she might not have been rigid as she came to be in her enclosed convent garden of Life with the high walls built round it.

There was just a touch in her face of masculine energy. There was also in the wave of the lip and the nostril something of suppressed passion. It would always have been noble passion in her, so she need not have feared it, but I think she distrusted it; and I remember that she detested a certain bust of her by a young sculptress who had a gift of exaggeration and had exaggerated the wave of the lip and the spirited nostril. No nun could have been half so much afraid of passion as she was. She had never let it come near enough to see how great a thing it can be.

She had set herself a very rigid rule. She was absurdly, embarrassingly innocent. Her comments on what she saw were the comments of a child and might embarrass a roomful of ordinary people. I have often wondered what would happen if someone had told her one of those innocently improper stories which one good woman may tell another. She would

have thought the teller depraved, I am sure. It was an extraordinarily rigid Ireland in those days; impossibly, unnaturally innocent and ignorant, almost culpably so. I am sure she would have always averted her eyes from anything that she thought coarse or impure. It must have been a deliberate counsel of perfection she laid upon herself, but it was in keeping with the time she was born to. One side of life she would not have looked upon as anything but common and unclean; by so much her character was narrowed and cramped in the days of her spinsterhood: marriage came too late to undo that.

So it came about that in those years of my early adoration, uplifting because she was a very noble creature, I was conscious all the time that she only knew me in part, that I was not natural and myself with her, that I was not my whole self or as much of it as any human creature reveals to another. She had strange severities. Once she was angry with me for saying "Great Scot!" She said that she knew I meant "Great God!"; which I did not, and she would prefer I said it. I am aware that this sounds unreasonably severe. But it was about trivial things she was apt to be severe. I think that perhaps if some one had brought her a great sin or shame she would not have been harsh with it, especially if there had been love to excuse it. She would have been like the nun she loved, the sister of Father Matthew Russell, and Lord Russell of Killowen, to whose convent cell came many in trouble.

They come with hurrying feet,
The foolish wife and maid,
They have no fear of the lips so sweet
That teach but never upbraid.

They come with shamèd face,
They come with tearful eye,
And one hath folly and one disgrace
To whisper when none is nigh.

She hath them all in her heart—
It is deep and strong and broad—
And well I know with what loving art
She speaketh of them to God.

That nun very nearly drew Rosa Mulholland over the Convent threshold. She told me that many times when she went to see her she had taken off her hat with the intention of never putting it on again: but she never stayed. I do not think she would have been happy in a Convent, not, at least, unless she had gone in very early. She could subordinate her will to someone she looked up to, as she did perfectly with Mrs Atkinson, but I think it would have needed such love and reverence for her to be happy in that subordination.

I held back from her all my girlish follies, knowing she would not have understood them. Perhaps it was a lack of humour in her. I kept my gay and relaxed moments for other people. Once when I stayed with her for a few days at the Loretto Convent, Youghal, where she was a Summer boarder, she surprised me showing a nun, who very much enjoyed the jest, a picture of a young man and a girl in a very lover-like attitude in a swing. The nun, a comfortable lay-sister, roared with laughter, but I ran away with the picture-paper when Rosa appeared: I felt she would have thought me vulgar.

The nuns at the Convent had begged to be allowed to offer me hospitality: I was very much *persona grata* at that time with the Church in Ireland. I thought it very sweet of them, but hospitality was so easy and natural a thing at that time in golden Ireland, when we could never have foreseen those hating and warring days, that I rather took it as a matter of course and kept my money in my pocket. However, Rosa thought otherwise and she led me to drop my gold coin in the poor-box or some other collecting-box. She would have done that herself and it would never have occurred to her that I might

prefer another use for the money : I was not then an earning person to any extent. That incident I think, connoted a lack of a certain sense of humour or human sympathy.

One of those days she and I went down to New Tipperary, a folly of the Land League which had ruined the prosperous town of Tipperary and had set up a wooden market to take its place, spoiling the beloved garden of a good townswoman to make a mushroom creation that should wither in a night. There was a certain humbug and insincerity about the business. If you could but eliminate the newspapers and the politicians from Irish affairs, Irish history might not have been so disastrous.

New Tipperary had been boomed abroad a most wonderful business. We could hardly believe it when we arrived, and the priests, and representative men, whose businesses had been ruined, told us the truth. It would have been better if they had called it from the house-tops, but they did not. It is the quality of timidity, of fear of each other which is the bane of Ireland.

I can't imagine how Rosa came to do anything so revolutionary as to make that descent upon New Tipperary. She was doing an Irish letter for an English Catholic Weekly of kindly Irish sympathies at the time. She had no journalistic gift and I think the letters did her little justice. Perhaps the paper had asked for a gingering-up of the correspondence. Certain of her Dublin friends took the letters seriously, and I know that Mrs Atkinson encouraged, if she did not suggest, the amazing expedition. I should have suspected that my energy and enterprise had had a hand in it, only that I am pretty sure Rosa would never have followed my lead, not at least if she knew it. I was coming on in my profession as well as might be expected for the early twenties, but I was still the disciple to Rosa.

We made the expedition, and, though it was

still delight enough to be with her it was a much too carefully guarded expedition for my advanced tastes.

She began by making the hotel bedroom at the Limerick Junction as much of a nun's cell as possible: she had brought her sacred picture and her votive lamp with the oil and floating wicks to burn in it. So much was excellent: I was accustomed to a votive lamp and a sacred picture. But the next thing was that she thought it best, as we were two lone women, not to have our meals in the ordinary dining-room; so we had our food in our bedroom, which I found rather dull. I should have preferred the commercial travellers, who formed the staple society of the hotel.

From thence we went to Dobbyn's Hotel, Tipperary, haunted still by the ghosts of Hunt Balls, and Sheriffs' dinners. There used to be such places in all the Irish towns, with acres of bedrooms, and twisting passages, with great chandeliers and beautiful old silver and china and furniture—Ichabod! written large on everything, especially the waiter. I expect the last of those waiters has gone to a happier world by this time, and not a day too soon.

At Dobbyn's Hotel I heard the last of the night-watchmen cry, "Twelve o'clock and a rainy night." It would have been about,—I find, incredibly, that it was the Spring of 1888. I thought Land Leaguing was done with by that time, and that the night-watchman had ceased to go his rounds somewhere in the dark ages of 1882 or 1883. We spent very little time at our hotel because the priests had taken possession of us, as the priests always did in those days, and we were caught into their lavish hospitality. All the same, Rosa was much distressed by my habit of having a roll and butter (and a bottle of beer) left in my room at night (I am sure she could not bear the beer). I used to have a banquet when I awoke in the night and she jibbed at the habit. She would

not believe that I used to wake up too hungry to sleep again without food. She said it could not be natural, healthy hunger, and put it down definitely, despite my protests, to indigestion, as though I did not know more about my interior than she did.

I achieved an article in the *Daily News* on New Tipperary. It was a much bigger *Daily News* than that of to-day, and I got two guineas for the article, which I thought quite handsome payment, to say nothing of the honour and glory. Rosa, I think, only achieved a scoop for her Irish Letter.

I can remember a time when it was my dream to be her handmaiden. I was very enthusiastic. The side of me which I allowed her to see must have appealed to her, for I remember her looking at me with an air of wonder and saying, "It is just as though you looked into my mind and thought with me." I was very secretive about the side my other friends knew.

When I was in London with her—she at 86 Harley Street, with the Russells: I, in the wilds of Camden Road—I used to spend winter afternoons with her just like those Dublin afternoons. We sat once again in her bedroom despite the abundant spaces of the old Queen Anne house, and came down to the drawing-room for tea. There was an afternoon when the Dilke case was in progress and whispered reports were brought in to Lady Russell of her husband's speech.

That was a matter Rosa would never have discussed; but I can remember her saying with feeling that she could not endure Sir Charles Dilke, whom she had met at one of the Russell dinner-parties.

"He sat up like an ape," she said, "and mocked at Parnell." (That was in the winter of '85-86.) "He said Parnell was nothing, a *roi fainéant*, that Timothy Healy was the man; I could not endure him."

Well, perhaps Dilke was right. The Irish people,

or their spokesmen, flung away Parnell, and Mr Healy has lived to be "His Excellency."

She complained once that the Russells entertained too many politicians, especially lawyers, and too few artists and literary people. But she had sat beside Burne-Jones at her sister's table, and they had pleased each other.

I think she distrusted the hospitable Russell intentions towards me, for she still treated me as though I was in my teens and an unsophisticated country child. I was not very sophisticated, I admit, though I had entered my twenties, but I had an unbounded, though shrinking courage. She thought I should go home as nearly by daylight as possible, and, after tea, she used to walk with me to Tottenham Court Road and put me into the 'bus for Camden Road. Perhaps she had an extravagant idea of London wickedness. That would have been in keeping with her dislike and fear of the world.

One afternoon as we went down the stairs we met Sir Charles Russell coming in at the hall-door.

"You're not going?" he said, boisterously and masterfully. I think when that dominance came into play the others were not heard. "Not a bit of it. She'll stay for dinner, Rosa; of course, she'll stay for dinner."

I suppose he noticed a hesitation, for he went on: "Not dressed, eh? We won't mind that. We'll send you home afterwards. That's all right then. You'll stay."

He disappeared upstairs. He was not dining at home that night. If he had been I think I should have stayed. Rosa looked at me uncertainly.

"After all, I think you had better go," she said: and go I did, though I should have liked to stay.

She married in 1890, Mr, afterwards Sir John, Gilbert, a very learned man, a historian and scholar. It was a highly romantic marriage: she would never have consented to a marriage that was not romantic.

Neither of them were young, but they were lovers, and romantic lovers. That late love came to her as the most wonderful and radiant gift from the skies. Her husband was able to give her a home which was the realization of her dreams. Just such a house as Villa Nova appeared again and again in the pages of her early delicate love-stories. The neighbourhood of Dublin abounds in such houses, many of them ruins or on the way to become ruins, the nest-like country villas of the nobility and gentry of Dublin in the 18th and early 19th Centuries.

Seen from the road that runs from the sea at Blackrock, Co. Dublin, to the mountains, Villa Nova presented just a white gable with a couple of little windows in it, a stretch of white wall and a green door with a brass knocker and bell-pull. The entrance gate was so far away that it seemed to have no relation at all to the little white gable. You went in by the entrance gate, or the little green door, and arrived at the front of the house. It was a cottage-house of but one storey in front, the hall-door arrived at by a little flight of steps. At the back it was two-storeyed. It is a very common build in such houses in Ireland.

You went up an infantile flight of stairs and down another. There was a library on the level of the ground at the back which housed Sir John Gilbert's remarkably fine library of books dealing with Dublin and its history. Above that was his workroom. There were all sorts of fantastic little corridors going off upon which the bedrooms opened, nest-like little rooms furnished in beautiful old mahogany. There was nothing of that house's plenishing which had not distinction : old furniture, old silver and china and glass, old pictures. There was a long low drawing-room and a long low dining-room facing each other as you entered the hall. Everywhere were bibelots, the precious bits of this and that which grow up and accumulate about people of education and taste. Far

down one little corridor I saw the rosy light before the sacred picture which we had had at the Limerick Junction Hotel.

The first visit I paid her there when she had shown me the house, I said—

"But it is in all your books."

"Yes," she answered, "it is the house I have been dreaming of all my life."

The new hay was lying in heavy swathes on the lawn that day. It must have been June. The place had all the amenities, the ruralities, which Mrs Delany loved at Delville. There was a dark walk round about the small domain, full of anemones in early Spring and the wild hyacinth in May. There was an old-fashioned garden with box-borders where she loved to work. There were blackbirds and thrushes ; beautiful trees, and when the leaves were gone a mountain took their place.

"My own, dear delightful home,"—wrote Mrs Delany of Delville, where this daughter of the proud Granvilles found "port after stormie seas" with her good Dean.

I always associate Mrs Delany and Delville with Rosa who had written of them, and with Villa Nova, probably not much newer than Delville. Rosa made a beautiful châtelaine for Villa Nova. Happiness brought a flush of beauty to her forty years. Beautifully dressed and stately, she presided over the charming house with an air of shining felicity. Some of the Dublin gossips had deplored her marriage, taking it as a concession to the prejudice against the single state for women, the fear of being called an old maid. They had no glimpse of the radiant young happiness of this late marriage. For the first time she was in love and wondering at her own felicity. She was to have only a few years of marriage but while they lasted they were perfect years. All the poetry, all the sensitive delicacy, the unexhausted youth, the passion of her generous nature, were poured into this

late love. Her maturity was beautiful. She trod the earth like a Queen.

I was to have occupied one of those little rooms at Villa Nova, but I never did. We had begun to drift apart. I am not sure that Sir John Gilbert liked me. Perhaps it was a vicarious literary jealousy on Rosa's behalf. Also the years of my pupilage had passed, though Rosa never would understand that. She rated me as soundly when I was a married woman as when I was twenty if she disapproved of anything I did. Perhaps the first distinct parting of the ways began, not long after her marriage, with the Parnell Split, when I ranged myself on the side of the Chief. So many of the good Catholics of Dublin disapproved of me then, among them many of the friends I most valued. I believe I saw very little of her, if anything, during the great year which ended in the darkness of the Chief's death. She was scandalised, doubtless, at my flinging myself with passionate loyalty into the cause of a man who had been in the Divorce Court. I heard that her husband was bitter about me. I had a good deal to suffer that year in the alienation of friends I cared for: but it was worth it. The Church destroyed Parnell. How many priests I have heard since deplore that deadly error!

I don't know that her nature altogether fitted her to have a disciple: or was it that the disciple, grown-up to equal rights and privileges, was a vexation? There was no fault in her towards those she looked up to. I remember her saying once that the strength of my will terrified her, but it was only that my will had resisted hers. Another complaint she made was that I wept when she was indignant with me but never budged an inch. I am sure I disappointed her; and in the end we vexed each other. She would have made me something to her mind and I was not to be made. Perhaps there was no give and take in her; she was so little of this world. When

she was angry with me I am sure it was anger with something she loved. She never knew but half of me—or less than half—and that was no solid foundation for an enduring friendship: but I think of her as an elect soul, singularly upright, stainless, and severe with herself as with others: because her standard was so high as to be almost out of reach.

RICHARD BARRY O'BRIEN

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When I met him first in 1884 he and I were both young. He was occupying chambers then with A. M. Sullivan, and I had gone in there with Mrs A. M. Sullivan. I stood in the background while they talked. My memory of that Barry O'Brien is of a rosy-faced man full of jests and laughter.

It was nine years before I met him again and a good deal of water had flowed under the bridges for both of us. For one thing there had been the Parnell Split, and Mr Parnell's death. There was love between Parnellites in those days,—even yet, I think. He had been put up for Kilkenny as a Parnellite after the Split, but had to be withdrawn because his voice failed. My friend, Mrs Henry Gill, had met him at Cannes or some such place. She had spoken of me and he had said emphatically—suddenly serious in the midst of his laughter—"That is a good woman." It was balm to me. I was getting some hard knocks in Ireland for being a Parnellite, and I did not like them much.

He was always joking, not an uncommon thing in Irishmen of his generation. Perhaps it will come back again. The laughter in him showed a brave spirit. We used to laugh at him as a hypochondriac. He used to laugh at himself: but he had weaknesses of the body none of us suspected.

He was assistant-editor of the *Speaker* at the time I was married, and like a good friend and brother-Parnellite he had roped me in. I was doing an occasional *causerie*, and reviewing all the poetry and verse. I did it for many years. There was more

verse than poetry. I often found nothing in a parcel of books worth reviewing, but the verse was often expensively produced and beautifully bound. A young married couple I knew who had few books used to send their mail-cart to carry off these splendid volumes, which made a brave show in their else empty bookshelves.

There was another side to the laughter and jesting in Barry O'Brien. He had all sorts of alarms about his health. He was like a Frenchman or woman in his abhorrence of the *courant d'air:* he was flagrantly, deliciously selfish about it. The poor open-air people might swelter. He laughed his way through their objections. If one loved him as I loved him, and many people did, one laughed too, letting him have his way.

He did not like dogs much and I forgave him. I only laughed when he said that the great charm of London was that there were so few dogs: when he shut my St Bernard out of my own house, and, therefore, his. He was irresistible. I have usually felt with anyone who did not like dogs a something between—a gulf or a small gully. There was nothing between me and Barry O'Brien.

He would not let John O'Leary smoke in his house, except in his own bedroom. John O'Leary was a man of his own will; I imagine he would have roared down any other man who objected to his smoking: he would, at least, have labelled him as a man of inferior intellect. Whereas — with Barry O'Brien he would fling back his head with a big laugh.

"This fellow"—indicating the smiling and rosy tyrant—"this fellow won't let me smoak in the house. Good Lord!"

At the Irish Literary Society, over the meetings of which he often presided, he sat quite happily with windows tight shut while everyone else suffocated, but even the victims laughed. It was a way he had with him.

I never caught a glimpse of his pugnacious and peppery side, but it was there. He ruled the Irish Literary Society with a rod of iron, and he always got his way when there was a clash of opinions. I never met anyone whose face didn't brighten when his name was mentioned, who didn't laugh and say "Oh! Barry O'Brien!" But doubtless there were some. I never heard him say anything against anybody except once. That was a well-known politician whose name I must not mention since he still lives. The occasion was when Barry O'Brien came into our house at Notting Hill, on a Sunday afternoon, when there was a gathering of young literary men, among them Lawrence Binyon, Stephen Phillips and Lionel Johnson. He said he had come to pledge the baby's health in his own bottle, but that function did not come off. Someone mentioned the politician who was very popular with Englishmen. "That's the greatest ruffian unhung!" said Barry O'Brien, to the Englishmen's amazement.

He was held in a strange honour by Irishmen generally. I say "strange" because Irishmen have not yet learnt to be tolerant of other people's opinions. I don't know why we should all have got hard knocks from those who disagreed with us, or even those who did not, while Barry O'Brien went exempt. I suppose it must have been his personality, though some of his exemption possibly was because he lived in England and had lived there the greater part of his life.

I remember the joy with which we found him at the Shelbourne Hotel when we came up there from the West of Ireland in June 1916. One became exhilarated when one saw him. He was always trotting in and out, very busy with many things. He had been to some considerable extent political adviser to Mr Parnell. He was the same to John Redmond, for whom he had a great affection and regard. All sorts of persons were coming and going at the Hotel —Overseas statesmen, English and Irish politicians,

men of affairs of one kind or another, soldiers—it was the third year of the War and the place swarmed with them.

All day long people were coming in to give us personal narrations of the Rebellion. Sackville Street was still smouldering in its ruins. The windows of the Shelbourne were still starred and cracked with the rifle bullets. For Dublin the War was eclipsed by the Rebellion.

Once it was a Capuchin friar in his brown habit with the cord of St Francis. People stared at him suspiciously. The men of his Order had very largely associated with the men of the Rebellion; after the Rebellion they were suspect. Father John wanted to tell me all about it, but the lounge of the Shelbourne was not safe, or we thought it was not, so we went over to St Stephen's Green where the trenches dug by the rebels were still yawning. The tide of sympathy in Ireland had swung round to the rebels after the executions. Everyone was afraid of spies. But Father John, after all, was only waiting his call to go out as an Army Chaplain.

We and Barry O'Brien used to listen greedily to the personal narratives. The tellers were often quite indiscreet and the talk went on usually with a staff-officer to the right of us and a staff-officer to the left of us. Whatever they caught they behaved like gentlemen and showed no sign. In later years my acquaintance was sought by a distinguished member of the English Bar, with great legal traditions in his family. He told me that he in khaki had listened to my rebelly opinions at the Shelbourne with great interest. I take my hat off to the English tolerance.

The Hotel was full of little soldier boys coming and going—the youngsters of the War. For the moment our feeling for them was eclipsed. It was sad for some of them who thought that being a decently dressed person you must abhor the Rebellion, wherefore they got a flea in their innocent ears. For

the moment, as a young Irish officer put it to me, the old enthusiasm was out of joint. However, the coldness was very slight and it soon vanished. It was not their fault, poor lambs!

We had our friends among them. One day, when a couple had motored up from the Curragh to see us, Barry O'Brien reproached Pam humorously:

"You're a bad Irishwoman," he said. "What do you want with those fellows? If you could see my boy in the Navy you wouldn't look at them."

Again his enmity towards England—it was of the moment—was humorously tempered by the fact that he had money in War Bonds.

One day he came with "Who Fears to Speak of Easter Week?"—the very poor fustian stuff which for want of better was the rebel song of the moment. He had got it from a street hawker of such things. To possess it was penal.

"I'll give you sixpence," he said to Pam, "if you'll stand up and recite it to all these Brigadiers."

All the same he was very benevolent to the group of young soldiers, of which one was mine, just come from Ballykinlar for a few hours with us, who were all making a harmless chatter. I left the group for him. "Good God!" I said to him, "what have I to do with these boys? They are too young for me." He was delighted, recognizing Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

They were very good days, despite the Rebellion and the War. He had a dear placid wife, who just sat and smiled at him and us. She was as rosy as he was. By all the laws they ought to have been pale, that is, taking it that he imposed his dislike of fresh air on her. She used to go off on expeditions amusing herself, in her own way, while he saw all the politicians.

Though the Rebellion had awakened old trumpet-calls for him as for the rest of us, there was no slackening of his friendship with John Redmond, whom he was seeing constantly. John Redmond had not heard

the trumpet-call, but they did not quarrel over it. Barry O'Brien might be arbitrary, but he would never quarrel with a friend: I think I should have found even his arbitrariness delightful.

He was the only man I ever knew who left his hat on the piano or the tables in the Shelbourne lounge, ready to clap it on if he detected the slightest draught or thought he did. He would have put it that way: he's always laughed at his own alarms. Once when a waiter looked at it in amazement—he must have been a new waiter—he had the happy thought of telling him to take it away to the men's cloakroom. "The lounge is not a place for hats," he added.

Then when he wanted a fire—in June—he would tell the astonished waiter that some lady or other insisted upon a fire, and so got it. In the same way he would get a window shut on the outrageous pretext that *I* could not endure it open.

A year later he was writing to me that I must come up to Dublin for the Convention, of which he had high hopes. It was a great historical occasion which I should on no account miss. I did miss it and I missed him. I never saw him again, and he had not gone long before his dear, peaceful wife slipped away after him. So much of innocent joyousness went with him, but at least he was spared much.

A YOUNG SOLDIER—

JAMES BEAUCHAMP STANLEY ALDERSON

JAMES BEAUCHAMP STANLEY ALDERSON

Some gentlemen of the late Royal Irish Regiment, no longer in their first youth, may have some memory of Jim Alderson who was killed at Bethlehem in the South African War sometime in the Summer of 1900.

He and I were young together and he remains in my mind as the very type of an honest, clean and brave young soldier. He wanders through many of my books, the novels which so many people have called fairy-tales. When a reader of mine comes upon a freckled, angular boy, in rather shabby homespuns, with a heart full of all the chivalries, that is Jim Alderson. He has helped to make my stories fairy-tales. There was no griminess possible where that gay heart and bright spirit entered, and the memory of him persists with me: it persists against any experience to the contrary in the case of other young men. I always think of him as—

"Dear and stainless heart of a boy."

I met him first in 1889 when I was visiting at a Norfolk Rectory where I was a beloved guest. He came to meet me at the station, in the very shabby homespuns which so unmistakably clothed a gentleman. He had been sent in the absence of the host. I can see him still, walking by the horse's head wherever there was a rise in the road or he thought there was, or the horse thought there was. I believe, now I come to think of it, that the horse was a little Irish mare.

He was sunburnt to the last extent; his face and

hair were much the same colour and he had very blue eyes. I don't think that Norfolk, that part of it at least, afforded anything like a hill : but in my memory of him he is walking, with one hand on the shaft, the reins in the other, looking upward and backward at me as we talked.

He had come to meet me with a prejudice. My host, with whom he was coaching for an Army Entrance Exam., was an Irish patriot and very much flamboyantly so. He had apparently prepared Jim Alderson to find in me an irreconcilable and aggressive patriot like himself. Jim Alderson was a loyal young Englishman and he had suffered a good deal from his tutor. He confessed afterwards that he had not wanted to come to meet me, would not have come if there had been anyone else available. But in the three miles of distance from the station to the Rectory we became fast friends and so we remained to the end.

For some six weeks of that Summer we were thrown upon each other for companionship. He was amazingly, delightfully uncomplicated. He was far from intellectual. I believe now that he only scraped through into the Army at the second or third attempt. He was immensely cheerful. He used to go about the house shouting ridiculous songs in a perfectly untuneful young voice. I think his stories usually lacked point. His politics were of the Diehard kind and extremely simple, at that time, at least. They might be summed up:—England, the Church and the Queen; and all the rest of the world nowhere. I cannot remember that I was ever impatient with him or ever bored.

I have said we were thrown on each other for companionship. Everyone else was away that Summer, and my host, in the house where I came and went as though I was at home, did a good deal of reviewing and article-writing, so that he was pretty fully occupied. The young women of to-day have

shed the Victorian convention that women were something to be guarded, and the young men have accepted it. The time was still Victorian, and in that companionship of six, or perhaps eight weeks, Jim Alderson, some years younger than I, gave me just that guardianship which I believe the young women of to-day may sometimes sigh for when they read of it, or hear of it in the talk of their mothers.

Sometimes the companionship was uproariously gay. We used to take messages for our host, and our still absent hostess. On some of these expeditions we had to hire or borrow a horse. I can remember a day when one of these steeds grazed his way over some miles of country. He simply could not be detached from the roadside pasturage. Perhaps we had no heart to detach him. We laughed helplessly through that slow progress, with wild outbursts of gee-upping on Jim Alderson's part that got on the greedy one for a few yards of road and no farther. I believe we took about eight hours to the expedition; and more light-hearted hours it would be impossible to imagine.

He was the kindest creature. It was a Summer of many thunderstorms; and I was very much alarmed of thunderstorms in those days. How kind and comfortable he was and how distressed at my being frightened! Once I had a terrible adventure for a person who dreaded the dark and the hours of the night and loneliness and many other things. A bat came through the open window in the depths of night when I was asleep and got entangled in the curtains. I, being wakened by its fumblings, got up and lit a candle, whereupon the bat, attracted by the reflection of the light on my white nightgown, was upon me.

I lay face downward on the floor absolutely paralysed with terror while the bat lurched against me, beating and blinding me with its impact. I was not even sure it was a bat, though I had glimmer-

ings of an idea that it might be; and there was the terror of its getting itself entangled in my loosened hair, for there were fearful tales of what happened when that contingency occurred.

Every time I tried to get up from the floor the bat thudded against me and down I went again; but, at last, I wriggled my way to the door, opened it and escaped into the darkness, the bat still in pursuit. In the dark corridor I eluded him and got back into the bedroom more dead than alive.

My hostess, being told this tale on her return, remarked sadly, "You should not have let the bat into the house. They harbour such horrid things under their wings."

But Jim Alderson was most deeply distressed at my having had that midnight encounter with the strange beast. He had what was common in men then, which now in the younger generation at least seems somewhat in abeyance, the instinct of compassionable protection towards women.

Another time, when I was frightened at night by what I thought were stealing footsteps about the house, instead of laughing at my terrors he was troubled. He had his sword already: I do not know how he came to have it, but he had it and was very proud of it. Perhaps it was an inherited sword. He bade me remember that he had his sword to his hand if any possible danger threatened. Of course he was very young and very simple and chivalrous. I believe I was a little thrilled at the sword, because it was an emblem of his cleanness, his courage, his eager heart, "steel-true and blade-straight."

We were the best of good comrades that August and September when we were thrown on each other for all society. We kept some of the social engagements of the family in its absence. I remember a tennis-party to which we went together. He was the only young male thing there, so he was probably an asset. For the rest, the sex was, I think, repre-

sented by a few elderly clergymen. There were crowds of women and girls. It was a delicious garden, with every artifice a garden can have, high hedges of box and yew, winding walks, arbours, sheltered nooks, each with its hidden seat. I caused some scandal by remarking cheerfully that it was a beautiful garden for making love. Everyone looked at me or glanced at me with amazed disapproval.

The amenities were interrupted by Jim Alderson chancing to overhear one lady tell another that I was the daughter of a famous Tynan, No. I, whose name had figured in the Times Commission as a person connected with dynamite plots. He contradicted the lady with, I have no doubt, considerable heat, and we went home early: he was too ruffled to make himself agreeable or to pretend anything.

On our return home he sat down and wrote a letter to our hostess of the garden-party: I forget if I saw it. It would have been a delightful letter. He could never learn how to spell and his letters had all the fascination of misspelling which one finds in the young letters of W. B. Yeats and the delightful diarists and letter-writers of the 18th Century. I'm afraid his guileless letters to me have long since disappeared: I remember that he spelt "goddess" with one d, and Dublin with an o before the u, and this latter spelling persisted after he was an officer of Her Majesty's Army.

I was his confidante in everything and it was a very clean sheet he laid under my eyes in the talks of that long-ago Summer. Not that he was a bit too wise and good for his young manhood, nor pretended to be. To be better than his fellows would have been an immunity he could not have endured. He would not have wanted anyone to idealise him. *Homo Sum!* His Latin would hardly have run to that if he had suspected idealism, but, of course, he would never have suspected it. He was so entirely simple and uncomplicated.

There was no hatchet of politics to be buried between us: if there had been it would have been so easy to bury it. Our host's excessive and aggressive Irishism had rubbed his pupil up the wrong way. He made handsome concessions to Ireland when we became friends, still retaining a few English prejudices, so little rancorous that one only smiled at them. One was that the Irish made splendid soldiers under the command of English officers. I don't know if he modified that opinion when he joined the Royal Irish Regiment; or if it belonged to his soldiering days. Anyhow, one might combat his opinions with energy; but he would not have been Jim Alderson if he had not kept a few English prejudices. It was a part of his simple loyalty.

Later I saw him in London and we had various jollies together. I remember the switchback at Earl's Court when my hairpins all fell out in the bottom of the car. It was the Summer I spent with the Meynells—at least I had spent the early part with them and had come back again in September. He must have been on the eve of joining his Regiment then.

When next I saw him I had been married for some months, and he had just come back from India. In his mufti he was a slim, elegant young man, quite unlike the boy in the shabby homespuns I remembered, but the same boy at heart. We saw a good deal of him on that leave. We used to walk across the fields from Ealing to the old Ballot Box Inn on Horsenden Hill, where they kept the most wonderful Brown Burton, amber-clear and the perfection of a beer—so I was told. I cannot say I perceived it for myself, but it was very good to look on.

Sometimes Jim Alderson and I walked alone with Pat, my St Bernard: sometimes my husband, free of his coaching at Maguire's in Earl's Court Square, was of the party. We were then three in good comradeship. I saw in him at that time the

growth of a great good-will and good-humour to mankind in general.

Once he and my husband, cycling in Richmond Park, were accosted by a dangerous tramp of the most ruffianly type. They had been lying on the grass, talking, when he came up. His manner was more threatening than cajoling. My husband would have bidden him be off, probably with unpleasant results. He told me afterwards how Jim Alderson turned over lazily on to his back, eyed the intruder and took the matter in hand. To the amazement of the onlooker he was offering the ruffian a fill of tobacco, producing his tobacco-pouch and his matches. The first intention of violence died down. Jim Alderson was talking to the tramp like a man and a brother, extracting from him something of his miserable history, congratulating him on his strength, advising him to get work on a farm. The tramp listened quietly. He had been filthily profane at first.

"If all blokes were like you, guv'nor!" he said, as he shambled away.

Jim Alderson spent some of that evening in speculation as to what kind of soldier the fellow would have made, or if he was too far gone to be made a man of.

Four years later I remember him again at our house in Notting Hill, where the other guests were Lionel Johnson, Frank Mathew and a poor Irish artist. He had the same slim elegance as when last I had seen him and he looked oddly unlike the group of artists of one kind or another. I said to Frank Mathew that evening when Jim Alderson had been a little bit befogged by the literary talk: "He would do just as Sir Philip Sidney did. If he was dying and they brought him water to moisten his parched mouth, he would give it to the least of his Tommies in like case."

Frank Mathew glanced at him and said: "I believe that."

I had to wait for the years of the Great War to realize how poignant and beautiful a thing can be the fatherliness of some young officers to their men, as I saw it in 1918 when we had a camp of soldiers on our park at Brookhill, Claremorris, Co. Mayo. Hardly less touching at the other end of the scale was the tenderness of a young officer for his band-boys, irrepressible young rascals, up to all manner of tricks and depredations. He was a very keen young soldier and very masculine. I can still remember the odd tenderness with which he spoke of his "dear band-boys."

Jim Alderson went out with his regiment to the South African War. We kept up a desultory correspondence. He had got his Company by that time and he was as happy and as much at home in the Regiment as any Irishman. I am glad now to think that he belonged to the Royal Irish, that name of glorious memory: I am glad that he added to its imperishable laurels.

That goodwill of his must have grown and expanded. So far from hating the enemy, he was extremely interested in the Boers. He was a perfectly good soldier, but I think at heart he loathed the War. He had no stomach for this fight against burghers and pastoral people. He would have had no use for propaganda.

The night before the Battle of Bethlehem,—was it July the 7th, 1900?—perhaps it was not a battle but only one of the skirmishes which took place about Bethlehem,—he sat up half the night talking to some Boers in a hut. Before retiring to sleep he wrote a letter to his mother:

"I don't know what we are fighting them for," he wrote. "They are very good fellows."

The next day, in battle against his hosts of the night before, he fell, wounded in seven places. He was carried down in a jolting cart, in which he must have suffered tortures, to the base—many, many

miles over a broken road. The extent and seriousness of his injuries were not known till he reached the base hospital. He had made no complaint and had seemed cheerful all through. He died a few hours after his being taken into the base hospital.

When I heard of his death, sitting in my little Ealing garden, I wept, not so much for his death as for the waste of it. I felt one might have given him without tears to a great cause. But that he should die in that War against burghers and farmers, that much-disputed War, which may or may not have been a War of Aggression, he, with his love of humanity, his great benevolence, his brotherliness! That was the bitter in the tears I shed.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR—MRS BLACKWELL

MRS BLACKWELL

She belonged to the feudal days which were finally to be broken up by the War. It was such a golden and pleasant place, Feudal England. There were signs and portents that it was cracking, dissolving, before the War came to hasten it, bringing it down in the general cataclysm that broke up so much for all of us.

She was Lady of the Manor of King's Langley and Chipperfield in Hertfordshire. The daughter of a doctor in King's Langley, she had made a very fine marriage, from a worldly point of view, when she married the Squire, a new man: but she had the blood of Sir Henry Wotton in her veins. From thence came her charming high-bred courtesy, her distinction of look and manner. She was over eighty when I knew her first, but so fresh and young that one could not think of her as old: age could not wither her.

When we came first to Chipperfield, five miles from the nearest Catholic Church at Boxmoor, my dream had been of Father Gilbert Dolan coming there, in a very humble and small way, to look after the scattered Catholics of the Hertfordshire highlands. Someone—I cannot now remember who—said to me: "Mrs Blackwell will never permit it," going on to tell a story which, I am sure, was absolutely untrue, of her having dismissed a man from her employment on discovery of his being a Catholic. Nothing could have been less in keeping with her character: but we did not know her character at the time and we got the impression that she was a bigot.

Let me turn aside for a moment to speak of the man who then spent all his days in shepherding the tiny Catholic flock in the outlying parts of Hertfordshire. His name was Father Hardy. He had been an Anglican Vicar before he entered the Catholic Church and became a Catholic priest. They used to call him "the Apostle of Hertfordshire." He had spent his private fortune, whatever it was, in setting up small Catholic missions all over Hertfordshire. His *modus operandi* was exemplified at Boxmoor, which had been his headquarters for some years. There he had bought two "condemned" cottages. He could live in them himself if it pleased him, but he could not let them. He turned them into his parochial residence.

At first he worked at Boxmoor alone, using one of the cottages for his services. In time he had a little iron church. Later he required a curate, since he had to say Mass at outlying places on Sundays and holidays.

I never sat under Father Hardy. I wish I had had that experience. When I knew him the curate had come and Father Hardy went to Berkhampsted on Sundays, alternating with other places. The curates were not always so well content with the condemned cottages as was Father Hardy. To be sure they were insanitary, and they threatened to tumble about the ears of the occupant any time at all there was a high wind. An Irish curate thought the cottages lowered the dignity of the Church.

He was much esteemed and respected in that very Protestant county of Hertfordshire, where he was much in the public vision, acting on the School Board and other representative bodies. He was known to everyone. I am sure wherever he went his presence made for sweetness and reasonableness. Darkness and ignorance, hatred and distrust must have fled before his face.

Once he lunched with us at Chipperfield. He

had very little time for social observances. It was a clerical party,—a Paulist priest from New York, Father Francis Aveling from the Westminster Cathedral, and one or two other priests. They talked with the freedom priests usually talked with at our board. They knew they could trust their Irish hosts, though one was a Protestant. I'm afraid English Catholics have a way of setting their priests on pedestals and keeping them rigidly there. I can still remember some of the conversation and how liberal, how cultivated, how human it was.

At Chipperfield I remember Father Hardy coming into the lit house from the Winter darkness. He would have been on his rounds. He must have been over seventy at that time, but he was extremely brisk and cheerful, trotting about with an apparently unabated vigour. He would have a cup of tea, go up to the schoolroom to see the children and romp with them, have a little talk of men and books, and then off into the darkness again for the five miles walk to Boxmoor. He still had rather the outward semblance of a parson than of a priest,—a shabby but well-brushed parson, and he wore spats on his shoes, a funny bit of dandyism in him and an appealing one.

People loved to tell stories of his simplicity and innocence and of how various rogues imposed on his good nature, but I think he knew better than they thought. It was only that his charity had no limits; he had a shrewd and a twinkling humour which might well love a rogue.

I don't think Mrs Blackwell knew him personally. If she had she would have delighted in him. But I think she must have referred to him on a certain occasion when, being annoyed with her Vicar, she played off Father Gilbert Dolan against him in his hearing.

"My dear," she said, "Mrs So-and-So was here the other day and she was praising the Father over there: and I said to her, 'My dear, I am sure he is a charm-

ing man, but I cannot believe he is as charming as the Benedictine Father who is an honoured guest at Chipperfield Manor House.'"

I expect the visitor had been praising Father Hardy, whom everyone loved.

All this, however, was far ahead of us on the day when we took a walk through the cornfields skirting the Manor House grounds, and our Irish terrier put up a pheasant and hunted in the woods beyond our reach.

We must have been very new to the place then for we imagined the Lady of the Manor as something of a terror, and were rather frightened of what might happen if a gamekeeper came along. When we had succeeded in capturing the lawless Irishman we led him home by the collar.

Later on we told Mrs Blackwell of this alarm of ours.

"Do you know what I should have done to you, my dear, if I had caught you?" she asked.

We did not know.

"I should have carried you off to tea and kept you for dinner, if you would have honoured me."

A little while after that day someone was telling us that Mrs Blackwell, at eighty years old, always walked up Whippendell Hill, the steep ascent from one of the ravines with which Hertfordshire is intersected. It was nearly as steep as a house-wall. In the Summer, excursionists from London used to come down to that beautiful country, and sometimes they would go up Whippendell and the other hills behind the wretched horses.

"Tell them," she would say to the flyman, "that the Lady of the Manor always walks up."

When I heard that story my ignorant prejudice against her flew clean away.

Still, she might be a lover of animals and of mercy and a strong Protestant who would not welcome a Catholic to the countryside she presided over with such feudal dignity.

She was away for some weeks after our arrival. Then one afternoon, when we were sitting on the lawn with some guests, of whom Alice Meynell was one and, I think, Ezra Pound another—a queer collocation!—a carriage stopped at the gate. The Lady of the Manor had come to pay her call.

To know her was to love her. The simple, hackneyed, old phrase expresses it. She had an extreme dignity of look: she had a clear rosy-and-white complexion despite her eighty years, and clear blue eyes. But the thing that exuded from her, that was her atmosphere, her aura, that took possession of your heart, was her charm. I use the word in its finest, truest sense. It was a charm of good-breeding, of kindness—she was wonderfully kind—of dignity and graciousness; the charm enfolded all manner of people.

It was rather remarkable that with her very positive character and very dominant will she was so generally beloved. I never knew but one man who did not smile with a certain softening of the expression when she was talked of; that man was blind.

She was truly in her whole character a great lady. Let me recall Chipperfield as it was in those very last days of feudal England, when we came to live there. I remember it as always golden weather which, of course, it was not, for the place caught the North-Easter, and one of us suffered so much from the chalky water that we did not stay beyond the period of our three years' tenancy, though we loved the place.

Her old Manor House stands on Chipperfield Common, an ancient red-brick house, Elizabethan or Jacobean, wrapped up in ivy. The windows looked through a screen of ivy at you like kind dim old eyes. Those at the top were blinded because of the window-tax. I have sometimes wondered what kind of life went on in a long row of rooms behind blinded windows and what ghosts came.

The house was panelled in oak and very dim, with high lights in the dimness from the glimmer of old china and silver and glass, from the gilt tooling of books, from pictures and polished furniture. The drawing-room was upholstered in rose-coloured damask. The windows, deeply-set, admitted not very much light, but the rose damask made the room cheerful even by day.

On the wall hung the portrait of a little girl in a stiff white satin frock, made with stays, Tudor fashion,—Mary——I have forgotten the name. The portrait must have been nearly as old as the house. She was the last child born in Chipperfield Manor House. My beautiful old lady had no child. That was a grief she did not allow to disturb her high and calm dignity: but it was there all the same: it had been the one sadness of her married life. No child had been born in Chipperfield Manor House since that little white satin child with the stiff stomacher of Elizabethan days.

There is a pond on Chipperfield Common surrounded by twelve tall trees, the pond of the Twelve Apostles. When the pond dried up every Summer the frogs left it, hopped across the Common, through the Manor House, where, by prescriptive right, the hall-door and the door into the garden stood open for them; through the garden and down-hill, by paths they knew, to the water at King's Langley. I have seen a belated frog hopping through the hall though I never saw the main-guard. Perhaps, because of that prescriptive right, the beautiful iron-work screen and gates in front of the Manor House were your only barrier. A servant came through the open door of the house to unlock the gate at your ring.

Over the Manor House hospitalities she presided like a Queen. Nothing could have been more gracious, more lovely. That open door of the Manor House might have been symbolical. She loved to entertain her friends, and she loved to be entertained.

She used to say of a house that gave no hospitality, "I call that a lost house."

I am sure there was a dinner party at least once a week at the Manor House. There was a strange happiness about those occasions that extended over even the return home. It was characteristic of the time and place that our household used to retire to bed when we were out in the evening, leaving a well-lit hall and Paddy, the Irish terrier, on the mat to guard the open door. I can recall my turning the handle and coming in with an extraordinary sense of well-being. There must have been some lovely emanation from her.

She was Lady of the Manor at King's Langley as well as Chipperfield, but King's Langley somehow never seemed to concern her. She was the Mother of Chipperfield, and she must have had the warm, motherly design that none should be cold or lonely within her borders. Therefore, anyone who came to live at Chipperfield, if at all possible, was called upon and invited to the Manor House. I imagine that even a quite unworthy person might have become worthy to be there under the influence of her gracious dignity. I am quite sure that no one ever abused his or her privileges. Yet there were some who thought more lightly of the privilege because it was so freely extended, who would have felt more honoured at being entertained by a hostess without anything to recommend her beyond a dull exclusiveness.

Her humour played over such an one, who had said that she always waited seven years before calling on anyone. She was very much amused at the story of an Americanised parson who, perhaps by reason of his cloth, had been summoned to enter the exclusive portals. He arrived by the back of the house instead of the front, and was beginning an extravagant account of his misadventures on the way, when his hostess remarked freezingly—"Mr So-and-So, we

expect our guests to arrive at our house by the front entrance."

"I'm sorry I didn't know," said he, flippantly. "If you wish I'll take my hat and go out by the back way and do it all over again."

"I think he would be much more at home at the Manor House," said the dear old lady, who always knew how to guard her dignity.

I daresay her special love for Chipperfield had its foundation in romance. There was a white house in King's Langley where she had grown up as the doctor's daughter. Now and again you got glimpses of the life of the Eighteen-Thirties.

"Perhaps once a year my sister and I used to go by the stage-coach to London. You wouldn't believe what we wore. Well, my dear, I can remember a flowered muslin on myself and a beaver bonnet and a fur tippet and big muff; and, actually, sandal shoes with open-work white stockings."

She must have been a beautiful and gracious girl when the young Squire came courting to the white house. She was very fond of that white house and always took an interest in its tenants. I remember one very pretty young woman there whose husband was in business—apparently a tabu person or a tabu business—since, in that place in which so many who held their heads inexplicably high had their solid foundations in trade, she was barely accepted, or was accepted in a very grudging spirit. I can remember evenings after bridge-parties when she would have walked home alone, outside the circle of her late partners if I had not been there to walk with her.

That was a case Mrs Blackwell took up warmly, even asking the business husband to the Manor House table, an honour to which a great many of the King's Langley ladies had never attained. When it came to King's Langley or any place outside Chipperfield she discriminated.

Once, as we drove by the white house she said, with a little blush: "Just here, my dear, was erected a beautiful arch on my wedding day. As we drove under the arch Robert discovered that he had left a penknife he greatly valued behind him. I said, 'Robert, I believe you are thinking more of your penknife than of your wife.'"

She quoted Robert as devoutly as ever did Queen Victoria her Albert. There was a picture of him, in the old brown-panelled dining-room, by Richmond. He looked as though he had little humour and a sense of his own importance; somewhat opinionated in fact. She adored his memory.

His obiter dicta, as she repeated them showed the feudal mind as it might have belonged to our old nobility. Like her, apparently, he abhorred the thin virtues. She had turned down her favourite parson because he advocated Total Abstinence and suggested her giving up her glass of wine by way of setting a good example. "My dear husband," she would say, "always said that if you deprived a man of his beer you must give him a beef-steak in its stead."

That was good feudalism.

There was a famous punch that was always brewed for the Tenants' Dinner. The recipe for it was kept a secret, but it was a drink for giants. I believe now that the proud parson, before his fall, had actually suggested that some of the more potent ingredients should be left out. She could not forgive him.

I remember her once at a garden-party at a very Evangelical house, which was really a missionary meeting in disguise. She came rather precipitately from a tent. "Would you believe it, my dear," she said, catching sight of me, "I have just escaped from Lady Victoria, who wanted me to join the young Abstainers' League."

One remembers her at eighty looking as though she was in her prime. Her fine freshly-coloured face, firm and handsome, her upright figure in its rich

black silk, the stately carriage of her head; her clear thinking and speaking forbade the assumption of decay.

There was a Summer evening when Alice Meynell dined with us at the Manor House. Before dinner we sat at the end of the garden on a smooth plateau of grass overlooking the sloping fields. Over against us was the red South wall of the garden.

Alice Meynell was greatly pleased with the occasion and her hostess. She said afterwards—"Eighty! But she looks a fresh sixty."

All that evening the dim Manor House rooms were flooded with silver light. The younger members of the party were playing tennis by the ghostly light at eleven o'clock. We could not understand it till, going home at midnight, past the village, still in a strange fantastic daylight, we saw behind our own house the Northern Lights showing above the horizon. They had not been visible from the Manor House. That was a very fine Aurora Borealis: it was an experience to be remembered.

Once when our little boy had run away from school, when we were searching for him in much distress of mind, we came upon her driving in her Victoria, and she stopped to speak to us.

"Oh, Mrs Blackwell," we said, "Toby has run away from school again."

She took my hand in hers and softly patted it.

"My dear!" she said, "but *how* flattering!"

It was so unlike the good people who prescribed the birch for a confirmed runaway.

I was alone and she had come to enquire if the boy had come home, when she said to me: "You won't send him back again, dear! I've heard it said that some children are God's, some are God's children and their mother's. Keep him with you."

Another time when the same boy had upset the urbanities of a children's party by a stand-up fight with a boy twice his size, but not very much older

than he and the consensus of opinion was that he had provoked the combat, I met her again.

"Wasn't it terrible, Mrs Blackwell," I said. "Toby hit Theodore Buchan full on the nose and the blood ran down all over his beautiful white waistcoat. Mrs Buchan won't look at me, and everyone is so down on Toby."

"My dear," she said, "I was so pleased that the Chipperfield boy won."

She had a great charity of speech. At her table, if anyone was spoken of unkindly, she would immediately change the subject, markedly. People very soon learned not to provoke that tacit rebuke.

She loved and preserved all the amenities of Chipperfield. She would have no tampering with the beauties of the Common, no encroaching on her Manorial rights which she held as a sacred trust.

Her last year or so was troubled by a difficulty with the villagers over some question of the extension of the cricket-ground. It was something for which her permission had not been asked. She held fast to her right of veto, although knowing her as I did I firmly believe that she would have conceded generously if they had but met her in a proper spirit. The contention was ill-directed and ill-advised. There was a night when the Common was on fire and all the little living inhabitants of it in fur and feather fleeing before the flames. Fortunately she slept in a room at the back of the Manor House away from the Common and she knew nothing about the fire till next day. It had been got under with but little serious damage.

She felt it very much, especially as the fire was probably malicious—it had started at several points—but she said:

"The Common will be better next year: there was a deal of old undergrowth that required burning out."

She had a great affection for animals, especially for horses and dogs. She scattered *Black Beauty* over so many hansoms,—for she used to carry that humanitarian volume with her and deposit it in any hansom she drove in, that quite a respectable pile of the volumes grew in the Lost Property Office to which the honest cabbies conveyed their finds.

I have said that it was golden weather at Chipperfield. Well, there were beautiful golden Autumns, but I doubt that there has been a more miserable, dark, wet cycle of summers than 1907-8-9-10. The gold was spiritual gold.

In 1910 we left Chipperfield to our exceeding sadness. We had come on a June day of 1907, when the East wind cried dolorously round the pretty house on its heights and the cold pierced to the bone. We left it on a May day of 1910, when we motored through a snow storm to our new abode.

She had felt the depression of those dolorous Summers, though she had not yielded to it. She would order her carriage on a day of pouring rain and go up to town to a theatre. A young friend of hers, who had come on one of the wettest days of the wet Summers for the purpose of attending the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, which Mrs Blackwell never missed, told me this of her. The visitor had not thought it possible to go in such weather and had resigned herself sorrowfully. Mrs Blackwell had said nothing at all, but had kept sending the girl queer little glances from time to time. The morning went by hopelessly, till, just before lunch, Mrs Blackwell said half-shamefacedly: "Let us go, after all." "By all manner of means," said the girl who had been feeling very much disappointed. "Oh, my dear," said Mrs Blackwell, "I was so afraid you would discourage me."

"It was one of the best days I ever had," said the teller of the tale.

We left Chipperfield on the day King Edward's

death was announced. We had our last meal with her at the dear Manor House. She was taking the King's death, as people used to take royal deaths in those feudal days, as a matter of personal loss and mourning. I am sure it affected her health adversely.

She was a great Church and State woman always, and liberal as she was she would not permit any playing about with the religion of the Established Church as she saw it. No innovations for her. The aspirations of a young relative of hers after High Anglicanism were severely nipped in the bud. I believe she would have seen her become a Catholic with comparative resignation.

Indeed she once said to me that she was no bigot, that she had had friends of my religion before she knew and cared for me.

She had, indeed, all manner of friends. Many famous people had come to Chipperfield Manor House, drawn there by the magnet of her beautiful character and gracious personality.

She felt our going very much.

"When I drive by your house," she wrote, "I always turn away my head."

She could not accept her age. Perhaps like my other great old lady, Mrs Rowan Hamilton, she might have been proud of it if she had lived to approach her century. She told me once that before she had had influenza she could quite easily walk to Watford and back—fourteen miles. She always blamed the influenza.

In the same way she showed her doctor the door and never let him come back again, because he informed her brusquely that some malaise of hers was the result of old age.

She was very much upset when shortly before her last illness one of the villagers referred coarsely to her age. I am not surprised. She would never have been brusque and insensitive herself.

I think the word oftenest in her mouth was "kind." She had a way of saying it that gave the word its full value. When we went down to her funeral her young cousin and adopted daughter, who was still carrying everything to that unhearing ear, said:

"I am going to tell Granny that you have come all that way. She will say, 'But how kind!' You know the way she used to say it."

AN OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN—
THE RIGHT HON. MR JUSTICE GIBSON

The Right Hon. Mr Justice Gibson

He was the type of the old Irish gentleman which has passed or is passing. Ireland used to be full of them, young and old. I dare to say that the type was gayer, more debonair, a little wilder, more charming at its best, than the gentleman of other countries.

He was extremely handsome, fresh-coloured, with blue eyes, and hair just silvering: a cajoling tongue, a musical speech, a charming voice. He was big and broad-shouldered and he had a great dignity of bearing. So I saw him stepping down a country road under the mountains, on a day in 1912—that year of happy memory of our return to Ireland, although the wettest Summer I can remember.

He met me with an outstretched hand and a gracious speech. We had come to be neighbours and we were congenial spirits. I believe I had met him a few days earlier at a house built by John Hungerford Pollen, sometime in the 'Sixties or 'Seventies, and a house of a strange design—Bavarian perhaps—with the reception rooms upstairs a-top of a steep ladder of a staircase, and the bedrooms tucked round about the ground floor. On the ceiling of the drawing-room, against the steeply sloping roof, was painted a series of designs for Chaucer's *Praise of Good Women*: a house already in possession of memories. The man for whom it had been built, also a Judge of the High Court, had in the 'Eighties been in danger of his life from the Secret Society which called itself the Invincibles. Coming home to this delightful house after dark, he had had to take circuitous routes by his neighbour's parks and gardens.

Oddly enough the man who was to bring the Invincibles to justice was also a resident of Shankill.

Shankill, Co. Dublin, was in those good years before the devouring War a place of uncommon dignity and beauty, so far as its social circumstances went. It was unique in my experience in Ireland: it would have been unique anywhere. Very few places of the kind, I think, can have contained within their borders at the same time so many people of distinction and interest in one way or another. The houses lay in their grounds and gardens, under the beautiful mountains, with the sea at their feet. At Shanganagh Castle dwelt Mrs Rowan Hamilton, the mother of Lady Dufferin and Lady Carnock, then coming up to her hundredth year and one of the most wonderful old great ladies the world can have seen. There were Sir David and Lady Harrel. There was Mr Willie M^cDonnell at Barnclose, an old College friend of Judge Gibson, like him a Classical Scholar, a cultivated man of the world and a fine gentleman. There were others, Bishops and Deans and men in the Services; there was a delightful old soldier, a brother of the Judge, with less than the Judge's beauty and distinction, but a most attractive, roguish, simple, dear old boy.

I should say that in the years before the War fine gentlemen were more in evidence in Ireland than anywhere else in my experience. Perhaps the type was more pronounced and distinguishable than in other places. There were the old Irish gentlemen like the Judge and his brother Lord Ashbourne, like Sir David Harrel and many another, and there were also the gallant young Irish gentlemen who would have come in time to be as they were, but, meanwhile, filled the somewhat dingy streets of a beautiful Dublin with debonair youth and gaiety. Much of it went down in the calamitous, the disastrous War, or has gone since with the disbandment of the Irish Regiments and the general drifting away of the class to

the Colonies. Some of the old Irish gentlemen remain; but when they are gone there will be, so far as one can see at present, few of the type left. Our children's children may see it restored. There is so much that is gentle in the simple Irish.

After those early meetings we saw a good deal of Judge Gibson. My husband and I used to meet him very often on our walks. We always stopped to talk. What talks they were! A few preliminaries and we were in the atmosphere of letters, of cultivation, of affairs. After a time we would move on, still talking, towards the habitation of one or the other of us. Arrived there we would turn back, still talking. Many times we must have seen each other home before we finally parted.

It was delicious talk in which the ideas flowed almost too fast for speech. Anyone looking on or listening must have classed us with the intemperate talkers of whom Ireland or Dublin then possessed some notable examples. "Stephen M'Kenna (not of Sonia), James Stephens and I are all of us intemperate talkers," A. E. said to me one day. There were a good many others who might have been included.

It was not wrangling talk as it would have been at almost any time since. It was luminous, illuminating talk of the world, of Art, of Affairs, of the big movements of men. He was an extraordinarily receptive and stimulating companion. He drew forth from those he talked with the best they had to give. That urbane and debonair presence, gay, good-humoured and witty was a stimulant in itself.

Sometimes we went to his house or he came to ours, and it was always difficult to break away. I can never remember in these conversations a pause or a languid moment. They are always associated in my mind with the happiness of the return to Ireland, the beautiful, soft smiling country, the kind friendly people, the laughter and garrulity of the

days before the storm broke on the bowed head of the world.

Some years afterwards when I was preparing a volume of Reminiscences, we discovered to our amazement that except for one memory of Mr Parnell, when they sat together in the House of Commons, as the possessor of beautiful manners and an unfailing dignity and patience, we could remember nothing he had told us, so I suppose him less concrete than abstract. I am sure he talked a great deal himself, but he was also an extraordinarily sympathetic listener. He was interested in all you were doing, the books you were writing, the people you were seeing, all you were talking and thinking about. He loved to see books in the making. He would come into the big room walled in books and very pleasant, where we did our writing, and look with the greatest interest at the manuscripts, the typescripts, the heaped letter-baskets, all the paraphernalia of the writer's art. He had a way of being impressed, which was very flattering. The discovery that I had been doing occasional articles for the *Times* impressed him enormously. The *Times* was still the Thunderer to him.

As each of our books came out he bought it. He was one of the excellent few who would never accept a presentation copy, though he would permit you to inscribe the one he had bought.

He would tell you at one meeting that he had ordered your book and was awaiting it impatiently, at the next he would discuss it with you. He was an insatiable reader like many men of his time and type.

Looking back on the Irish Bar and Bench—the Bench especially—in the light of personal knowledge and still more of tradition, I wonder if anywhere else a body of men existed whose cultivation of mind and love of learning and the Arts equalled theirs; these qualities would be at least more thinly spread

over a greater number elsewhere. Gibson, Madden, Lawson, Munro, Deasy, Palles, Ross; they had their counterparts doubtless on the English Bench but the qualities would hardly have been so diffused.

The gifts and graces were indeed widespread in the Ireland of that day. Everywhere you went you found great old or ageing people, of whose years you thought sorrowfully that when they were gone there would not be their like again. It was a golden time. There were the "darling young" of Francis Thompson, growing up like slender young saplings by their fathers,—to be blown in pieces or their beauty and grace brought to the slaughter; to survive the horrors only to be overshadowed by them; to come home to be no country's children, to stand in the market-place, waiting, with a growing terrible diffidence, for some man to hire them. After all, it was better for the old who had had their Summer and their Spring and were come to a golden Autumn and a lusty Winter, frosty but kindly. It was not they who had had their illusions shattered and must go evermore naked and cold for them.

Our last vehement talks with the Judge were of the early days of the War. I can remember a year before that, a day when he met us and said: "This is a week of high importance to the Irish Judiciary." There were three marriages in the families of Irish Judges. Two of the bridegrooms fell in the early months of the War. The third did not survive it.

Again we were talking of the German advance upon Paris, and he was saying with a grey dust over the roses of his cheeks: "Liége has fallen, and they will be in Paris within the week." After that our talks were all of the War. I remember that he was angry with me once because I said I did not believe the story of the Belgian babies whose hands were chopped off at the wrists, but the anger soon passed. I can hardly remember his face without an expression of beaming friendliness for us and pleasure in seeing us

He had the charming way of the old-fashioned Irish gentleman with women. His whole manner was a subtle compliment. The last time I saw him, in the Autumn of 1920, when we met in a Dublin Street, he was as debonair as ever. There were so many things to say that he would have held up the traffic if Dublin traffic had not been so thin.

People passing by turned to look at him. Of course he was well-known in Dublin, but it was not for that they looked. It was because of his air of high, old-fashioned, gay courtesy, because he was so charming.

To talk about that generation of Irish gentlemen and their sons is to tell a fairy story to the bereft girls of this stripped and naked world.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN—
RICHARD FRANCIS TOBIN

RICHARD FRANCIS TOBIN

I HAVE always a great love for "old boys"; I don't really think that there are many "young boys" to be counted with them, though some have come my way. The best I can wish for young boys is that they should live to be old boys like Barry O'Brien, like Richard Francis, otherwise Dick Tobin, like others still happily with us. Indeed I feel that any really brave and gentle and innocent and simple young boy, of whom the War has left us some, is bound to grow into a dear old boy, and that will be very happy for the world when this generation of old boys shall have passed away, a very heartening thing, indeed, to think of all the dear beautiful old boys who are in the making every day even though the beloved young must pass. It must have been of such as these Browning thought when he wrote

> Grow old along with me
> The best is yet to be
> The last of life for which the first was made.

Conceivably—indeed certainly—dear old boys like Barry O'Brien and Dick Tobin, and my Father and John O'Leary must have been very charming young boys, but not nearly so charming as they were yet to be as old boys.

Richard Francis Tobin belonged to the Army Medical Service in the old days when there was no such body as the R.A.M.C. There were the regimental doctors who were officers and belonged to the Mess. It was a much more homely and comfortable arrangement, I imagine, than the new; and when a doctor was a fine gentleman and a man and a brother

like Dick Tobin he was a very popular and valued officer indeed.

Having retired from the Army Medical he had set up as a surgeon in Dublin, and when I knew him he had come to have a very large practice, a considerable part of it gratuitous and among the poor. I have not known very much of Dublin doctors of late years, though doubtless they keep up the traditions. But I have known Dublin doctors who were princely in their generosity and were absolutely knights and saints in their dealings with the poor, entirely heroic and fearless of deadly infection or loathsome disease, ready to share what they had with the poor, as St Martin shared his cloak with the beggar in whose rags the Lord of All was hidden. "The charity of Christ urgeth me," might have been the motto for the Dublin doctors and, indeed, many doctors outside Dublin. Such doctors were quite common in my youth. Two of them I knew intimately, Joseph Kenny, who was Mr Parnell's friend and physician and for a time a Member of Parliament—and Richard Francis Tobin. But indeed all Irish doctors were, in my knowledge of them, splendidly disinterested. I should have known if there was one unsympathetic or a niggard because he would have stood out. I never knew one.

I can remember a small-pox outbreak in Dublin when Dr Kenny shut himself up in the quarantine sheds at the North Wall, carried the infected patients in his arms, made their beds and laid them there, nursed them in the first onset of the fever, when nurses were few, doctored them, comforted them, often when they died buried them for lack of a grave-digger.

I think most of the Dublin doctors are known to the poor, and there never were poor in any city who need so much the charity which is the charity of Christ.

One heard generally of Tobin's devotion to the poor. He was not a man to be ostentatious about his good deeds. He looked at things generally with

a humorous twinkle. A great many people loved him —such diverse people—a Montefiore and a family of old English Catholic aristocrats were among his devoted friends. The Tyrrells—Robert Yelverton Tyrrell is treated of elsewhere in this volume—were devoted to him, and even those who had a cynic tongue (outwardly) grew gentle and tender when he was spoken of.

I knew him for a good many years only superficially, visiting at his house when we came over once or twice a year to Ireland during the years of our English residence. He had always a rallying way when he talked to me; and it was one of the compensations of the War that we became friends, that I saw him clear as he was, a wonderful and shining Old Boy. Nor did he slip away from me after the War, as did men who bared their souls to me in suffering, and afterwards—shy about that revelation perhaps—had met me almost as strangers.

When we came back to Ireland in 1911 I met him and talked with him often with no more than a lukewarm interest. By this time deafness had grown upon him. He used an ear-trumpet; and as I did not know him very well it did not seem to me that any commonplace of conversation was worth the trouble of an ear-trumpet. That ear-trumpet now might have been fatal to his dear old-boyishness. Deafness is so apt to make those afflicted with it suspicious and rather cross. It did not affect him. He still trotted to and fro, looking after his poor, attending his ordinary patients. Indeed, when he beamed at you over the ear-trumpet held in his hand it might have been an emblem of all goodwill and loving kindness.

His family were interested in literature and the arts, especially the dramatic art. In the good old days Mrs Tobin had a little *salon* where one met everybody who was anybody of Dublin or visiting Dublin. I remember knocking at that hospitable door on a day in 1899. Mrs Humphrey Ward's

father and mother were on the doorstep with me, as was Miss Beatrice Grimshaw. Mr George Moore came in behind me, and we found there all the young lions of the Irish Renaissance and the new dramatic movement. It was the first time the emancipated Irish had arrived at writing English superbly well—that is to say, a body of them: and naturally they were greatly excited about it.

I cannot remember Dr Tobin at those *séances*, though I am sure he looked in. He was too genial to let the occasions pass without a host. The household was much given up to theatricals just then, as was the Tyrrell household; Mrs Tobin's young nieces, the Wogan-Brownes, descendants of the Chevalier Wogan, were remarkably promising and performing actresses. The Irish, like the French, take naturally to dramatic art.

Dr Tobin would surely be benevolently interested in it all—but too busy with his sick to be present: his sick would have been his real business. One of those days he was called in to attend a servant maid suddenly taken ill at the house of a friend. He objected to the room—it was small and sunless. He prospected for another room, took the sunniest he could find, flung off his coat, pulled down the curtains, opened the windows, made the bed to his liking, and then carried the infectious patient in his arms to her new domicile.

"The kindest creature!" said Ada Tyrrell. No Tyrrell ever indulged in superlatives when they praised. I like to remember that the same witness gave testimony: "Ah, poor Fanny Tobin! When she had a carriage no one that wanted a drive need ever go without it."

He was a loyal old soldier of the Queen—and the King—yet I think many Republicans of the early War days would have bent the knee for his blessing. He had one young son who went to the War and was killed with many other gallant Irish gentlemen

at the Suvla landing in August 1915. He was already a Captain though not twenty years old.

His death ultimately killed his mother and the aunt who had lived with them from his childhood. It uplifted his father, revealing him in his true greatness of soul.

It was one of the miracles of the War that the stricken were so ready to be uplifted. Doubtless there was the invisible Hand. Letters from the cruelly bereaved to whom one had written, had a way of coming by return of post. In my "Wandering Years" I have written pretty fully of Richard Tobin, and the book is too fresh in its readers' minds —at least I hope so—to venture on a full repetition, but I will repeat what he wrote to me in his first letter which was to me a blinding, a revealing flash on the greatness of the human soul, of this dear valiant soul.

"When my boy sits down in Paradise I pray that the Turk who killed him may sit down beside him."

It was an incomprehensible saying to ladies in drawing-rooms who talked glib hatred of the enemy. Once, when I had told it in such circumstances and had anathematised my own folly, too late, I caught the uplifted glance of a woman whose cheeks were flushed as by fever. Her son had been left mortally wounded. He said to the soldier who tried to alleviate his sufferings. "Never mind me! How goes the battle?"

After all I had had an understanding listener for my great saying.

I wrote a poem for Captain Patrick Tobin which immensely gratified his father. He wrote to me after receiving a letter of mine—"I am a real Irishman. When I receive a letter from you I go along the street so pleased and uplifted that the people passing by stare at me and say to themselves—'Now what *is* that fellow so pleased about'?"

When the 1916 Rebellion broke out in Dublin he

went off quite cheerfully across St Stephen's Green which was in the hands of the rebels, where the bullets were raining, to see his patients at the Castle Hospital, as he did every day. When someone reproached him for wilfully endangering his life, he said: "I never thought of that. It was the shortest way."

When we came up to Dublin after the Rebellion we found that he had taken James Connolly's wife and children under his protection. The most notable leader of the Irish Revolution had left his family practically penniless. Tobin had attended James Connolly till his shattered ankle was sufficiently mended for him to be taken out and shot and had fallen under the fascination of that most remarkable man. In looking after Connolly's clever young son he hoped, I think, for an anodyne for his own wound of sonlessness. He was quite unorthodox about many things religious, social, political, while preserving the essentials. I don't think anyone doubted his being a loyal man because he helped the Connollys, except perhaps an official of Dublin Castle, with whom he had a stormy interview in which the trumpet really sounded a note of War. But all that I might tell of these episodes is told in my "Wandering Years." The last time I saw Dick Tobin he asked me not to publish certain things he had told me, lest they should create hatred in anyone.

Mrs Tobin never recovered the blow of her son's death. I used to see her praying in Newman's University Chapel on St Stephen's Green with that fierce spot of throbbing colour in her cheeks which one saw so often in those days. After a time she escaped into invalidism and oblivion. It was the most touching thing to see her husband pushing her about in a bath-chair up and down Greystones where they and we had all been so happy, where every stone must have remembered the dead boy. He would not acknowledge any need of sympathy or pity. "Fanny is quite happy," he wrote. "She has found Paddy."

Those years of his bereaving were the years of thanksgiving. When she knew him a little at the end, his Te Deum went up joyfully, and when he was left alone in the house which had been so full of warmth and hospitality,—since his remaining child, a daughter, was married—he was still full of the supernatural joy.

He had the natural joy too of seeing his little grandson, which almost filled his emptied heart.

I saw him last on Easter Monday 1919. Grief had come to me at the end of the War as though the immunity of the boys had been bought with their father's life. Never was a hand so gently laid upon a wound. We went a little way together up the high hill that led to the stretch of mountainous road overlooking the wonderful view of Killiney Bay, the Wicklow mountains, Bray and Wicklow Heads. He held my hand in a warm clasp before we parted.

"We know," he said, "there's no such thing as death. There's only life and safety. If Paddy had lived: why, he might have made a marriage I didn't like: there might have been lots of things. Whereas now there's no trouble at all, only happiness."

The light of the Western sky was on his dear old face as he wrung my hand and went running along the road to his tram, like a boy. He died in the following Summer when I was in England. He will not die out of my heart while I live.

A PAINTER OF THE BOGS—
PERCY FRENCH

PERCY FRENCH

PERCY FRENCH was so versatile, so quick-witted, so extraordinarily accomplished in such a variety of ways, so sensitive to human and natural appeals, that one must think of him as having a touch of that quality by which talent is dull, the quality of genius. He loved to paint one effect of the Irish skies, the down-raining light that spills itself between the clouds and falls to earth as though Heaven had opened. He must have stood in that light and it must have flooded his heart and brain and understanding.

The general public knew him as an Irish entertainer, whose entertainments were purely human in their fantasy, with sensitive touches of pathos; entertainments from which one came away happy and uplifted. He loved the innocent love-making, the innocent domesticities. He was incapable of a *double entendre* or of any griminess.

His "deludherers" were, as we know them in Ireland, so delicious in their roguery that they were and are irresistible. He was set high above vulgarity; and he had a unique gift of making his audiences love him.

I have a vision of him now, as I saw him at the close of one of his entertainments during the War, handing out to eager soldier-boys those ingenious sketches of his which might be a tree or a ship or a mountain, but, turned upside down, proved to be a lady in a bonnet, a well-known politician, or a policeman. He was thoroughly amiable and benevolent. One thinks of him as incapable of harshness or unkindness as he was of dishonour or meanness.

He was a type of the Irish gentleman; and there is no finer type, gay and with laughter, easy and without conventions, somewhat wild and always a sport; these things differentiate the type from the gentleman of other countries; and to it Percy French belonged.

He had a unique sense of the oddities and whimsicalities of his own people, and he could get inside the skin of a policeman or a car-driver, a little western farmer or blarneying servant-boy, with anybody. His were the little Irish girls of the brogue and the sweetness, the round-faced, soft-eyed, smiling colleens, who in these days of the Irish war are fast coming to be a tradition or a convention.

He could make a song with any ballad-singer at the fair. "Are Ye Right There, Michael?" and "The Mountains of Mourne," written and set to music as well as sung by himself, have become almost classics in Ireland, but they too belong to an Ireland that is at least in abeyance. His Irish songs deserve to live for they were never burlesque. The tendency to burlesque which for so long clung to the humour of Ireland never, even remotely, touched his work.

His water-colours of Ireland, flung out with a lavish prodigality, bestowed upon friends or sold for a song, are—now that the incessantly working hand is stilled—coming into their own. He would arrive at a house unexpectedly early, ask for a table, a chair, and a glass of water, begin painting the things he had seen on the way, the wonderful colours of the bogs and the distant mountains covered with heather, the white-walled, gold thatched cottage by the side of the bog-road, which seemed to attract to itself all the light in the picture: the rushes and the bog-cotton by the bog-pools: the little trees with their feet in the water: overhead the soft and tumbled cloud through the chinks in which the light came raining. He was the interpreter of still-life land and skyscape in Western Ireland.

A French of Roscommon he grew up to the bogs and the mountains and the great skies and the atmosphere, clear as crystal, of Western Ireland. He let the country make its own appeal, express its own significance. The cottages are the only human touch in his pictures.

Let me touch on the man himself. He was most lovable and impossibly unpractical. The Good Fairy who dropped so many gifts into his cradle had forgotten or disdained the drab but useful gift of being practical. He was more unpractical than anyone I have ever known. Fortunately he usually found a friend willing to undertake the practical side of things for him, though the result was occasionally despairing when he chose to intervene, which happily was not often. Once when I had been selling pictures for him to the officers of a camp which had dropped down one War summer at our doors in the West of Ireland, he, arriving on the scene, gave them a much larger choice at a quarter of the price. He was incapable of bartering. To give would have been his choice. He had nothing at all to do with the money-changers who were driven out of the Temple.

The hard realities of life must have forced themselves upon him many times, but he fortified himself against them, wrapping himself in a cloak of dreams. One often wondered what happened when he went on tour, say in England. Ireland was studded up and down with people who loved him and laughed at him while they undertook to do his business.

Those early arrivals now! He was coming on to Claremorris from Sligo and we had asked him to dine and sleep at our house. About 9.30 a.m. his figure appeared in the avenue. He was carrying a paint-box, a palette and sketching board, and he was very hot in his fur-lined coat.

"Why didn't you give us warning and we would have sent for you?" we asked.

He was a little annoyed, I think, that he had not been met but he only remarked that he had left Sligo at 7 o'clock. We asked if he had had breakfast. Oh yes, he had had breakfast. He wanted nothing but a glass of water and to be left alone till lunch-time to paint. We suggested sending for his luggage. He said he had left it in a shop in Claremorris, but what shop he could not remember. He remembered after he had left it passing, he thought, a harness-maker's shop. He could get no nearer to it than that.

The practical little parson at Claremorris counted his money for him at the conclusion of the entertainment, making it up in little packets and inculcating upon him—as though he had been a child—that he should take care of it. I am sure he must have lost many material things on those tours of his, but I daresay he never discovered his material losses.

He had great sorrow in his life, and like all artists, he had to see men acclaimed who were mere journeymen in his profession and could never be anything else. But he was never soured. The things which might have soured other natures had sweetened his. There was much of the immortal child in him to the end—"The young lamb's heart amid the full-grown flocks." He never wearied of his art and he was unceasingly industrious at it, even when his bodily health was failing.

A fine, brave, clean gentleman, loving his kind, without guile, simple and honourable. That was Percy French as seen by his friends and lovers.

MY FATHER

MY FATHER

My father belonged to the Victorian type, which in England and in Ireland has given way to a much less genial type. He was told sometimes that he was a John Bull, but, as a matter of fact, the type was quite common in the old Ireland of his youth and manhood. In England it was represented pretty generally in the Victorian statesmen between Melbourne and Gladstone, excepting, of course, the Jew Disraeli. In Ireland it was represented by contemporary statesmen between O'Connell and Butt. It was a full-faced type and it went with ruddiness, blue eyes, curly hair, and whiskers. It was a fine, open, candid type. One could not imagine such men being plotters or envious or bitter or anything but frank and friendly. I suppose there was Anglo-Saxon blood somewhere. My father's cousin and steward, Dan Kinsella, had the same looks and the same broad and generous character, though he developed less than my father did. They were both of Wicklow, which is a county of mixed blood. Both were very handsome and very lovable.

My father had straight features and a firm mouth which people used to admire. He had a well-turned leg, and one of his tales was of his exploits in step-dancing. He used to say that there were a hundred steps to the jig or the reel—I forget which—and he knew them all. Many a time he cursed the advent of trousers, for he was very proud of his legs and feet. As for his curls, he had a tale that when he was a boy he could draw them to their full length and tie them under his chin before releasing them, when they would fly back again into tight rings.

I did not know him in the days of the knee-breeches and cut-away coats, the passing of which he deplored, but to the last day of his life he kept the tight fringe of curls round his head which showed what his hair had been in its glory. His blue eyes were as frank and innocent when he died as they had been in childhood. I shall never forget the misery I felt when I saw those eyes filmed over for somebody's misdeed. I have never seen it in anyone else, the thin film that came and lay like a mist on the blue of his eyes.

He was a countryman bred and born, though he came to the city from the mountains of Wicklow in childhood, and remained there many years before he became a countryman again. Although he was a countryman he had a natural zest for the life and eventfulness of the old city of Dublin—for the politics, the amusements, the social life of a city. Over the fire at night he would re-create it all for me, or when I drove with him through the fields he loved as though they were flesh and blood, behind his little pony. He made a good many of my opinions during the years when I was pretty constantly his companion. I learnt to look up to Davis and Mitchell and to have a certain dislike of O'Connell and his type.

Perhaps my mother did not altogether share my father's tastes: perhaps the cares of an ever-increasing family tied her down. I cannot remember that she was ever of the party when a bunch of children, with perhaps a dog, were tucked into the dog-cart behind one of the fast little horses he drove and carried off into the country. There was a farm we used to go to while we were yet town-dwellers. It was on the banks of a little river which fell over a weir, within hearing of the dim rooms. I remember long Sunday mornings there, feeding the chickens and visiting the animals, and a young woman who was good-natured and gave us the things in her work-box to play with,

mother-o'-pearl reels and a beaded needle-case and ends of silk, and wax for waxing one's threads, all contained in the most delicious series of little boxes covered with padded, scarlet silk. Also there was a doll's house, big enough for two or three children to creep into. But these must have been for days that came on to rain. I only remember the beautiful fresh mornings when we trotted away and away behind the fast horse till we came to the mountains and the waterfall. The waterfall is in all the memories. I suppose it was always in one's ears. But I can never remember returning from these expeditions. I must have slept on the homeward way, being little.

Once we were taken to a picnic,—crowds and crowds of people on outside cars, usually with a child of the company. That too was a Sunday, and our footgear must not have pleased my father, for he knocked up a bootmaker's shop. I can remember the smell of leather in the bootmaker's closed shop to which we were admitted by the hall-door to get our new boots, Victorian boots with patent leather toes and elastic sides; very fashionably Victorian in those days. I wore then a bright clean dress of gingham in little checks with what was called a pepper-and-salt mushroom hat with a pinked-out green silk ruche. Also I had a parasol of which the handle folded in the middle. I think we must have done with hoops by that time and all the world had gone perfectly flat, as flat as though every woman had suffered the *peine forte et dure* or gone through the old box-mangle. We drove to Carton the Duke of Leinster's place that day, and I can remember sitting up beside a friend of my father's, a very precise person, who asked me questions suited to my years which I rather despised.

My father at that time must have been quite a young man. I can see him dancing at an evening party at which I looked on unseen for a time through a chink in the heavy curtains over the folding-doors

between the drawing-room and the smaller room where supper was served. He was dancing with a very tall young woman and being very gallant and flowery in his manner, as he always was with women. It was not a jig nor a reel, but a quadrille or lancers they were dancing. The jig and the reel belonged to the country days of his youth.

I can see him taking the place my mother might have taken if he were less dominant and she another type of woman. I was perhaps six or seven when he stood beside me in a doctor's reception room. The house had double doors and the hall by which we entered had squares of black and white marble or perhaps diamonds: I could only see dimly. Outside, the quiet traffic of Harcourt Street went by; and there were short wire blinds on the windows. I was bidden to look at the doctor, which I did with difficulty. He said: "God bless my soul, the child's going blind." He looked exactly like an old gentleman in Boz's illustrations to Dickens,—Mr Pickwick, perhaps, and he had a bunch of seals where his watch-chain went in which he fiddled with while he talked.

After that there was darkness. To my mind it lasted years, but I don't think it can have lasted so very long. I remember myself kneeling by a big chair, my face on my folded arms, because I could not bear the light. But presently I was seeing again.

My father always had charge of our Christmas pleasures. I think he feared lest my mother should have too frugal a mind. I remember him very angry once in those days when I was always reading behind curtains or even under a table covered with a deeply falling cloth and so hearing things not meant for me. It was because my mother, having been given by him what she thought a too generous cheque as the salary of "the reduced lady," who presided over our studies, had saved some portion of it and handed it back to him. Anyhow we had glorious Christmas trees. I believe I was with him when he bought

some of the toys at a shop in South Great George's Street, over against which the first "Monster House," as the people called it, Messrs Pim Brothers' drapery shop, rose shutting out the sky. I think Dublin must have had the comparatively low Eighteenth Century buildings before that, or perhaps the building was more monstrous because of the narrow street. Even with my father to inspire confidence I could not endure that immense façade: I always thought it would fall and crush me so as I passed it by.

When we went home with many parcels my mother said he had been too extravagant, but he must have been prospering, for not so long after that he bought Whitehall, the long, low, white cottage, with an annex built on, which was to be my pleasant home till the time of my marriage.

It was my father also who took us to the Pantomime every Christmas. I never remember my mother there, but we had a nurse who went everywhere with us and was more approved by our parents than by us,—a sleek, hypocritical, rose-and-white, downy-cheeked, red-haired tyrant to the children, who were too much afraid of her ever to speak. One year my father took eleven children to the old Theatre Royal, or so he said long afterwards, and all his own. Perhaps the number grew in his memory. We went in three cabs he said, and occupied a whole row of seats. I can still smell the orange-peel from the pit as we traversed passages endlessly long to a child's mind. I imagine the Theatre had been little altered since Peg Woffington played in it. Somewhere about '79 or '80 it was burnt down, fortunately when no performance was taking place.

My father said that on that occasion there were more people looking at him than at the stage. He was as happy as the happiest of us, which is to say a good deal.

I remember when I thought that the day, or rather the night, of the Pantomime would never come. In

the parlour where my father and mother sat and talked there was a sideboard, underneath the arch of it a row of great shells, pink-lipped. I could sit there for hours with a shell against my ear listening to the sea. Perhaps it was because I was so blind that I was allowed to stay there or between the window and the heavy red moreen curtains with a gold band down them. I cannot imagine where the other children were. Once I got into trouble because I was suspected of eavesdropping by my mother, when I was discovered hidden behind the curtain, but my father said: "Nonsense, Lizzie, the child was lost in her book." My mother said that he never would learn to be careful, and that children could do much harm by repeating things they had overheard. At which he laughed and said he had never any secrets to hide.

My mother was a simple, innocent narrow woman, with whose milkmaid large beauty he had fallen in love as a young man, but I think they hardly ever met on the same plane of thought. She counts for no more in my life that was full of him, than if she had been a person in a book.

It was a pantomime day when I sat under the sideboard, pressing one of the big shells against my pinafore, holding myself in with all my might so that I should not lose control of myself in my joy and do something desperate. The pantomimes were certainly wonderful. They were still under the influence of Taglioni and Madame Vestris. The immense stage of the old theatre lent itself to wonderful effects of long glades of sunny woodland, down which danced an exquisite procession of fairy girls, their rosy limbs pirouetting under skirts which were layers upon layers of diaphanous rose, azure and green, lavender, gold and silver.

It was a painful shock when, after my school-years, I beheld the beginning of the bad change, the brazen young women in tights and jerkins of *La Fille de Madame Angot;* the fairies were gone for-

ever; the vulgarity and pruriency had set in at the theatre which has mounted ever since in an ascending tide.

Other memories I have of my father: of his dogs: there was Flora who was lost and bitterly mourned and found only to be lost again irreparably; and there was Mac, a greyhound of great speed and beauty. Later on he did not possess dogs himself: he provided them for me, and had an odd pleasure in my love for them and their devotion to me. Even when the sheep-dogs became my slaves instead of doing their proper business, he would say: "Kate would spoil the best dog that ever lived," beaming over it. He was one of two or three people in the world who called me Kate.

Other things I remember out of the mists and shadows of childhood: his tears when a little sister died, tragically, having been given the wrong medicine by accident of the compounder. He let the unhappy man pass although he had raged in his first anguish and grief. Again when my eldest sister died, just after leaving her Convent school: she had hoped to return to the Convent as a nun. She had all the gentleness and refinement of the Convent and he delighted in her. So did I at eight years old—she was my first love. She died of typhoid. He came to tell us she was dead at Whitehall where we were with our nurse. By that time we spent all our Summers there. We met him on the road between the green hedgerows, driving fast. He stopped the horse, looked down at us from his seat in the high dogcart, said "Mary is dead," and burst into tears: turning his horse about and driving back again to Dublin.

We returned to Whitehall in a properly chastened mood. His tears had frightened us. It was then a real cottage, unenlarged, white-washed under golden thatch. There was the prettiest of kitchens, with a red-tiled floor which used to be ochred from time to

time, and a fire-place set in red bricks. It was entered from the long grass-plot in front, set between the boundary hedge of the little lawn of the cottage. The kitchen was lit by two square cottage-windows of four panes with very deep sills: the walls were thick. One window overlooked the old orchard at the back: outside, under the front window there was a stone bench on which one used to sit when given a task of shelling peas or picking the heads and tails of gooseberries or currants. Once I ate all the peas and all the fruit absent-mindedly and got into most serious trouble with the red-haired nurse.

Inside the kitchen there was a long bench under the window. I loved to stand there when I was permitted with an open book in the deep window. At that time Heaven was to me a place where I should have endless books to read and no one to chivy me at the reading,—the nurse was the kind to whom a taste for reading connotes the original sin of idleness and general worthlessness. That day she let me alone. I had been devoted to Mary, and was supposed to be weeping: I did weep, but one cannot weep for ever at seven or eight years old, and there lay in the deep window *Picciola the Prison-Flower* of which I had been permitted only few and hasty glimpses. I lost myself in the book that day till surprised by the nurse, who gave me a good smack for my hard-heartedness and deceitfulness.

I did not come near to taking Mary's place with my father for some years. I am not surprised indeed if his younger children had become somewhat indistinguishable to him. She had emerged by reason of her soft beauty and graciousness. My mother was by this time beginning to enter on a long period of invalidism, and we were a rabble of children. He was very busy buying land and settling into the farming life he loved. But as yet there were the long country Summers for us, glamorous, despite

the carking care of that nurse, with her incessant tyrannies, her petty favouritisms. Let them pass! There were heavenly mornings and evenings: and sometimes we were sent on errands without her to the little roadside shop, at some distance, to bring a loaf or sugar or butter, our supplies having run out. This entailed a long dander through the fields. We grew to know every inch of those Whitehall fields: being so young we did not wander beyond them. The first wild roses were the most miraculous visions of beauty ever revealed to a child's eyes. Perhaps the darkness had hidden them from me before, for we were always within reach of the country and in touch with it, since my father held his grandfather's old farm of Cheeverstown. He had not yet added the big farm he loved, which was bought for an aerodrome during the War and had all its beautiful hedges and trees torn out by the roots, its peaceful sanctities profaned. It is now a camp of the Free State Army.

We used to dawdle on those errands,—I and a sister a little older. When we had crossed the front lawn and passed through the gate into the Ten Acres we were out of sight of the sharp eyes, out of hearing of the nagging voice that bade us acrimoniously not to delay. We straight forgot those terrors as children do. Just within the gate of the Ten Acres the wild convolvulus climbed all the hedges—flinging out great white trumpets. It was very rich earth and all the ditches were full of running water. At one side of the Ten Acres there was a stream that ran under the grasses, flowers and grasses lying full length in the water. There was a very thick hedge there, in fact a double hedge with a stream which ran below it before it found its way out in the next field. When you had crept between the double hedge, you were hidden from all the world like the birds, wrapped up in a green mystery. I don't know that the world possesses a more de-

lightful thing than a double hedge. Green leaves and water and a blue sky and the sun outside. Long afterwards my father diverted that water and dammed it to make a drinking-slip for his cattle. It was muddy then and I ceased to care for it: it was not the little stream I knew.

But in these days when we made such very bad messengers it was still lucent and crystal-clear. The ditch on the Ten Acre side had a report of a badger that the dogs had sent to earth there which gave it a terrifying fascination of its own. At the end of the Ten Acres our domain ceased; the fields beyond had also a mystery. There was something there which might have been the beginning of a bell-tower. It rose about three feet, was circular and had a wall like the wards of a key inside. No one knew what its history was, but it was very old and the people had a tradition that a secret passage below it led to Belgard upon the hill which had been a castle of Talbots long ago. I took refuge there from an infuriated cow when I was some years older, and I had a very uncanny feeling, as I stood within the beginnings of the tower, although it was better than the cow. We believed that the cattle gave that queer building a wide berth: certainly the angry cow thought better of it on that occasion and turning went back to the others.

It is an odd thing that a lonely building in an eerie field—and Irish fields are very often eerie—should add a fantastic touch of horror. The fields are eerie with the eeriness of Fairyland, of ghosts and goblins and fairy wraiths and enchantments in which a young man spends a day as he thinks and returns to an earth which has forgotten him, withered and old. But when there is a building, an ancient one, *anything* may have happened, *anything* may happen.

Our neighbours across the boundary-hedge were known as Smiths of Ballymount; they must have been very retiring people, for in all my childhood and

girlhood I never saw one of them to know them. They had succeeded one George White West, of whom my father used to say "George White West was a scholar and a gentleman." He liked giving people their full names and titles, rolling them off like poetry, mouthing the big words he loved to employ. To the name was attached a story of his young days and the occult. Surely all those fields were haunted.

"I knew George White West was dying, and I was sad at heart for it, for his like's not easy to find: but it was in London he was and from there had come the news that he was fighting his last battle. In the dusk of the May morning when we were at the milking and the dew on the grass, there came a wind with a great sound as though it was horses riding and it swept by us where I sat, with my head buried in a cow's side milking her, and old Tommy Hogan with another cow beside me.

"'Glory be to God!—What's that, Tommy?' says I: for it was like as if something touched me on the shoulder as it passed. No sooner had I said it than the wind came sweeping back again. If we'd had any lights it would have blown them out. Then it died in the distance and the fields were quiet again, but the cows had taken a scamper and it was little milk we got that day.

'That,' said Tommy, who was a great know-all—'that was George White West goin' round his boundaries for the last time. He was a terrible man always for his fields an' his cattle, for all that he took sarvice in His Majesty's Army.'"

My father would add, telling the story,—"And sure enough, poor George White West died at the very minute the wind passed."

Our way to the roadside shop, however, did not go by these eerie fields. In a corner of the Ten Acres there was a tiny gap through which a child could wriggle, emerging on to a little wedge of grass

and flowers which at some time must have been filched from the field, and beside it the road.

On the hedgerow, which had a green bank, between the field and the road there used to hang snail-shells which in the sun shone transparently showing all the golds and roses of the rainbow. They were like jewels, but when one collected them and the snail died or refused to surround himself with the viscous fluid, they became dull and disappointing. Across the road was the Six Acres, also my father's property, in which stood the Moat, a mysterious hill clothed in trees, with a dry quarry-hole in it, and all clothed in briars which produced the early large species of blackberry,—if it is a blackberry—by which the best of the later crop is dry and flavourless. It was not precisely on my father's land; it rose sharply from the boundary hedge, and one had to creep through a hole in the hedge to get at it. If it was not a fairy-rath it ought to have been. One did not at all like going there alone or even with a dog: and many a time have I watched from a window, to see through the trees a strange light upon the Moat. Sometimes it was blood-red. I did not believe those who said it was the moon rising, though I believe the moon did rise at just that point.

Of Whitehall as it then was I could write many pages without hoping to capture the glamour, for that was in the child's mind. It had everything to delight a child. My father claimed that John Philpot Curran, the great Irish orator, the politician and advocate of the end of the Eighteenth Century, the father of Robert Emmet's hapless love, lived at Whitehall and he liked to collect Curran reliques. A portrait of the squat, ugly forceful little man hung in the dining-room. I do not know if he ever lived there. If my father wanted to believe it he would believe it. Whitehall, as we came to it, was a truly delightful abode. I have said that it had all the

amenities for children: nor was it lonely, for the other side of the red-tiled kitchen, with the two little windows and the door opening on to the grass and divided only by a partition wall, dwelt Dan Kinsella with his wife and children. The wall in fact was only the back of the cupboard which held our china. It was comfortable when we were only a party of a nurse and young children to be able to tap at the lath and plaster wall and call to Dan at the other side for comfort and help if we needed it. Dan would have faced a lion in defence of anything helpless.

That china now had its part in the glamour that hangs over those days for me. My mother had a closet of china. Perhaps because she was an invalid and the things were chosen by a servant, who had no sense of its value, the delicate old china, embossed with sea-shells in umber for a pattern, were in daily use. That china was sacrificed like the more beautiful Harlequin China, with a pattern of humming-birds and diapering all in different colours,—but at least they did not die in vain for they fed a child's fancy and made rich her dreams.

The orchard at the back of the kitchen grew the most beautiful apples since the Hesperides; all growing on low apple-trees and guarded by a bull which my father had named Young Leviathan, out of his passion for fine words. Beyond the kitchen was a dining-room with two small windows of twelve panes each, looking back and front. I never loved the dining-room. Once I sat there, *perdu* as usual, and heard my mother tell a sympathetic woman how a baby brother had been laid in the coffin by her hands,—she could not bear anyone else to do it—and then she wept. Perhaps that gave me the cold feeling about the dining-room which never quite left me, even after my father had opened a wide window into the orchard and it was quite cheerful and bright. You could never make it but a slip of a room, yet

Scots roses and jessamine from outside had somehow found their way through the stones or the window frames, and none denying them admittance, grew round the window and up the walls of the room. It was wonderful how it expanded in later years to take in the sixteen or eighteen people who were entertained there Sunday after Sunday,—though, of course, the window, with its window-seats, took another table.

There were three little bedrooms, with flowery paper on the walls, each with a deep window high up in the wall, overlooking the orchard. It was the most wonderful thing to sleep in one of those flowery little rooms and awake to Young Leviathan bellowing at your ears,—just the wall and the window-shutters between you and him. The window-shutters were always put on as a protection against him. You might pull yourself up in the dewy, drowsy, sunny early morning, and see him between a chink in the shutters quietly grazing,—but he always discovered you as soon as you saw him. His baleful eyes were upon the chink: he was bellowing, pawing the ground, charging before you knew where you were. Oh, it was deliciously terrifying; and so comforting to feel that there was the stout wall between, although if he *had* charged he *might* have been through the shutters and down on to your bed; but that only made the thrill of a delightful fear the keener.

Beyond the little bedrooms was a drawing-room, also with two small windows on either side and a half-glass door leading into a heavenly garden within box-borders, a maze of little beds in geometrical designs with a summer-house to one side and a dial in the midst. That flowery place was a quarter of the garden proper. The rest was fruit and vegetables, with tall hollyhocks and sweet-william and Canterbury bells and poppies and irises inside the box border. It was too indeliberate for a herbaceous border. Two long white walls and a thick privet hedge with a seat in the middle, often occupied by lovers on Sunday

evenings when the dancing went on in the drawing-room, enclosed the sweet garden. On the seat in the privet-hedge I used to sit and shell peas on the Summer Sunday mornings, looking away to the white gable of the little house which closed the garden at that end and anticipating the joys the day had in store. But that was yet years away.

Into those early years at Whitehall my father only looks and away again. He and I had not yet discovered each other. The real alliance came after my school-days, when he had given up a town life and settled down at Whitehall, which had been added to to meet the needs of the family. I was three years at a Convent-School where I only learnt what I wanted to and that was not very much. I was withdrawn at fourteen wholly and solely, I believe, because my father wanted my society.

Then began the good years. There had been and there were to be some very prosperous years for him and the country before the wretched Summer or Summers with which the 'Seventies closed brought famine and the Land League. Those early and middle Summers of the Seventies weather, when, to use my father's phrase, the sun was splitting the trees, were golden; but I remember best the Winters. I think my father's affairs were in such a way that he had a mind at ease. Like a great many Irishmen he had a passion for the theatre which had been starved since he had lived in the country. He never could bear to go anywhere alone; in my society he recaptured the old joys. Perhaps twice, certainly once a week, in those good Winters he and I used to jog off behind his little pony to Dublin. He had a succession of ponies and all were dear and usually very wild. He would talk to the pony as he drove, calling it "my pet," and caressing it with soft strokings of the whip which he never used otherwise. We used to put up the pony at Dycers on St Stephen's Green,—I think

that was the name,—an old-fashioned livery-stables long gone. From thence we used to walk to the theatre. Afterwards we had an oyster-supper, or perhaps we brought home our oysters, or other shell-fish if oysters were not in season, Dublin Bay prawns, or a lobster or crab, or, even failing all else, the humble cockle. My father loved shell-fish and liked to tell of the good old days when he could buy six dozen oysters for his supper for one shilling. He *may* have magnified the number or minimized the price.

I don't think any of the family envied me those jaunts. My father never minded wind or weather and he had a wholesome belief that neither could do anybody any harm. He was not to be baulked of my company, not even when I had an atrocious cold and sneezed and snuffled all through the performance. He said the drive to and from Dublin, five Irish miles each way, could only do my cold good, and I daresay he was right, but he was only so positive because he could not bear to do without my society.

It was such a comfortable companionship snuggled up close together in the little pony-cart. He had a large way of doing things, and one of these afternoons he took me to the best shop then in Dublin and bought me a coat of real sealskin. I suppose he may have had some slight misgiving about those colds. We never imagined in those days a time when people should wear rabbit and call it seal or beaver. About that time Gainsborough's famous Duchess of Devonshire picture had been stolen and Gainsborough hats were the fashion and were worn by many people who had never heard of Gainsborough. He bought me a magnificent hat with sweeping feathers of brown turning to bronze and green, much too magnificent for my youth and opportunities, I am sure. When I had chosen myself a dress of purple velvet I must have been a brilliant

patch in the Dublin streets, which perhaps then were not so drab as they became later.

We drove home together on many a dark Winter night. Once it was so dark that he had to leave it to the pony. The low reflection of the Dublin lights in the sky threw an almost imperceptible illumination on the roads. "Glory be to God, what would we do without the lights of Dublin?" he used to say fervently.

One night there was a violent thunderstorm. I was at that time and for long afterwards desperately frightened of a thunderstorm, but he was absolutely fearless and in his company I was never afraid. He kept talking to the little pony, caressing him softly with the whip, while the artillery of Heaven broke and roared overhead and the whole country was revealed in one blinding flash after another with impenetrable blackness between.

Sometimes he told me stories of his youth, of the days when he went to the old school under the shadow of Dublin Castle which had once been kept by Mr Ogilvie,—the "Mr O." who married the Duchess of Leinster, "the proudest woman in the Three Kingdoms," said Mrs Delany. Mr O. made an excellent stepfather to the progeny of the late Duke, including that romantic figure, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as well as an excellent father to his own two daughters, Ciss and Mimi, whom the aristocratic stepmothers and sisters loved without distinction. The school was in Hoey's Court off Werburgh Street: Dean Swift had been one of its scholars.

I always think of my father as growing up among the mists and shadows of that most storied of old cities. He had seen and parleyed with Major Sirr who had captured Lord Edward,—Major Sirr was Town Major of Dublin,—in that surprise attack in which the Beloved received the wound that caused his death. I shall try not to repeat here the stories of my father already told in my *Twenty-Five*

Years, so I shall not tell at length the story of my father's meeting with Major Sirr.

He liked to tell how he had acquired the art of reading before anyone set out to teach him. There was a tobacconist's sign outside a shop under which was inscribed "Monkeys Smoking Cigars." His curiosity as to what the blackened figures meant spurred him on to learn the meaning of that inscription, and so he was started on his education.

Tales of the supernatural; of Bully's Acre, the old overgrown graveyard by the Royal Hospital, choked with cholera victims and closed since the last great visitation of cholera: tales of the cholera, when he was left for dead by those who should have nursed him and recovered of himself, coming back a ghost to the land of the living; tales of body-snatching; all these flowed in a steady stream from his lips. He was a delightful story-teller, entirely absorbed in his theme and making you see the scenes and persons he described.

Apparently he had had a great many sweethearts in his youth before he married my mother, and he loved to talk about them. I can remember him in his latter years receiving the son of an old sweetheart who had come on the business of wanting some of my father's land for a stud-farm and racing-stables. My father could hardly be detached from his reminiscences of the man's mother, the sweetheart of his youth. I can see now the hard twitching face of the man who thought he would never get my father to business and the bewilderment of the English trainer who accompanied him.

The time came when his affairs were not going so prosperously. The fat years were over and he had taken on Army contracts. He held at one time the contracts for the supply of live cattle to Aldershot, Chatham, Portsmouth, the Curragh and Dublin. He did it alone and it was too much for him, though his energy was superhuman and he slept in trains night

after night, travelling from English market to market, from Irish fair to fair. He lost a small fortune over those contracts. Just before he had entered on them he had gone to America to buy cattle and bring them over to Ireland, a commission from certain rich men in the cattle-trade. There was a good deal of excitement about that experiment among men who dealt in cattle in Ireland. The idea was to buy American cattle and fatten them on the Irish grass-lands. I have always thought it needed his courage to come back as he did without having bought a single beast.

One of those days when he was supplying the Army he bought about a hundred Spanish bulls at some English market. The amazement and alarm of the drovers who went to receive the cattle at the North Wall can well be imagined. These bulls created consternation in the quiet countryside when they came in a rushing herd, tossing their heads and bellowing, but they looked much more alarming than they really were. My father, who was perfectly fearless himself and exacted fearlessness from others, brought me quite close to the herd as they were being driven through a narrow gate, so that I might admire the dexterity with which they manœuvred the immense, spreading horns.

During those strenuous years, when he was working day and night to save himself from irretrievable loss, I was left a good deal to my own devices. As I had known the fields of Whitehall in my childhood I came to know the fields of Cookstown lying beautifully under the mountains, of Newhall and Doorly's and Cheeverstown. These were the names of his farms, Cookstown I loved best. It had been a race-course within the memory of many people and a more beautiful natural race-course could not well be imagined. The road ran between it and Belgard wall—Belgard had come to belong to Sir Henry Lawrence, the half-brother of George and Geoffrey

and Hilton Young, the grandson of Sir Henry Lawrence of Lucknow. Newhall and Cheeverstown lay just beyond the confines of Belgard. To stand at the highest point of that road and look away to the mountains was an ever-fresh delight. There was the whole sweep of the land downwards towards the quiet and beautiful mountains. You could see the townships along the coast lying in the sun and haze, and the mail-boats coming into Kingstown Harbour. From another side it was possible in certain clear conditions of the atmosphere, looking away North, to see the Mourne Mountains. They were not often visible, though even I saw them. I think people who could not see them put the vision down to my father's imagination, but of course they were really quite visible at times.

My mother died just before the bad times. The younger ones of the family were at school and some of the older ones out in the world. During the years when my father was battling against adversity there were only myself and a sister at Whitehall, with a maid-servant. We hardly ever saw him and I am sure we missed his energy sadly. We sat at home a great deal and read enormously and incessantly—perhaps that was in Winter. A circulating library subscription would never have sufficed us five miles away from Dublin, and without direct communication, but we had discovered a queer library at the Mechanics' Institute in Lower Abbey Street, the theatre of which, with the space of the old Morgue thrown in, is now the Abbey Theatre. Fanciful Dublin people shiver in their furs and ascribe the chilliness of the Abbey to the fact that it was once the Morgue. I suppose that is why the Russian dramatists are so much at home there.

I used to walk to the Inchicore tram, a good four Irish miles, on my way to the Mechanics' Institute and come back the same way. Sometimes my sister drove to meet me or I got a lift from someone.

Bound volumes of magazines were the only things to suit our hunger for reading. *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Frazers*, *St Paul's*, then dead, but full of good things; among them Trollope's stories, and Meredith's poems: those precious early volumes of the *Cornhill*! with Thackeray and Mrs Browning and all the company of the great; the later ones; with Stevenson among others as contributor. Great food it was. Even though there are still *Blackwood* and *Cornhill*, is there any magazine now crammed with the golden treasures of those old magazines? *Temple Bar* was perhaps on the whole the dearest to us. We were young, and we loved the romance of the serialists—Rhoda Broughton and Mrs Annie Edwardes in *Temple Bar;* Miss Thackeray in *Cornhill;* Miss Braddon in *Belgravia.* I should like to put the girls of to-day back on that innocent and idealising romance from the poison of the modern novelist.

If I was making a portrait of myself instead of trying to make one of my father I should tell many amusing adventures of those days, but in the fields I had no adventures so far as human folk were concerned. My father had utilitarian ideas oddly tacked on to his imaginative mind. He had spilt money on Cookstown, more than he could ever get back from it: he had over-drained and over-fattened the land, and he had put up buildings for the cattle which were rather an eyesore, though it was pretty to see the cattle, when a shower was coming over the hill, cock their tails and fly for shelter. He drained the water out of the ditches into troughs, which was a mistake; and although there were still the beautiful mountains and green fields and the flowery banks where one could sit in the sun or the shade, the music of water had gone from the ditches.

I learnt all the loneliness of Autumn fields in my wanderings, the loneliness which Irish fields have more than English fields. I always carried a basket, picking mushrooms or blackberries; something or

other in its season, flowers or leaves or grasses if fruit failed me with always the company of a dog. Someone had given me a beautiful St Bernard puppy in the later years, and when he died in distemper my father had sent to the English breeder for another puppy. Pat succeeded a long line of dogs from my childhood up and accompanied me into my English life when I married, but during all those wanderings of the years between twelve and twenty I never had any need of a dog's protection. The fields were innocent.

I think my father was very much beloved by the people, even those he quarrelled with. His anger was sudden and blustering. I remember in my childhood an occasion when he lifted a man who had insulted him and flung him down a flight of steps into the street. Once when he came upon a youth over-driving his cattle, he pinned him against the wall and all but choked him. When he came into the big kitchen at Whitehall where the dogs used to lie in a circle around an enormous fire, in an angry mood, the dogs would get up and go under the long table by the wall and lie there sighing. But those loud angers never left any sting behind; and he was unaware of how stormy they were.

Once when he had a dispute over the quality of some seed supplied to him and the case had come before a Dublin judge, his denunciation of the plaintiff was so eloquent that the Judge, looking at him mildly and with interest, remarked—"I'm afraid you are a very hot-tempered man, Mr Tynan."

"My Lord," he replied, "I have never heard a more uncalled-for observation."

Some of his friends were characters like himself. He could not do without friendships, and the men of his own calling afforded him little congenial. They had no sympathy with his theoretical farming, his desire after the newest machinery and the latest development: I am sure they scoffed at him and were glad when he made mistakes. He was the sort of man to

excite the sneering dislike of the incurably ignorant and self-seeking. They were justified of their mocking since after all, from a money-point of view they were more successful than he. It would have taken more worlds and time than he possessed to have realized his dreams: but happily he died before seeing the ruin of his beautiful fields.

One of his friends I must recall. His name was Peter Devey, and he was constantly coming and going through my growing years. He had a long, much wrinkled, benevolent face, and his mouth was perpetually chewing something, the end of thought perhaps. He had been, like my father, a Young Irelander in '48; their common hero was John Mitchel, so they had common memories and admirations. They both belonged to the old Dublin that is dead; and were steeped in its atmosphere. Peter Devey had at one time been a drunkard, or so he said, and had been saved by Father Mathew. In religion he was some sort of very unorthodox Protestant, with a leaning towards Rationalism and Posivitism and many other "isms." He was most intemperate as regarded tea, and must always have a large bowl of tea as soon as he came into the house, before meals and after meals, before going to bed and when he rose in the morning, and at intervals during the day. He used to look at my father drinking his glass of whiskey and water with a queer humorous smile which had infinite tolerance in it.

My father when he took his whiskey always explained that though he took it he disliked it so much that it made him shudder from head to foot. The nearest Peter ever got to remonstrance was to say, "Why take it then?" whereupon my father would answer,—"Why indeed, Peter?" and go on to expatiate on the lure of the thing, with an adjective to "lure," as though Peter did not know it well enough already.

They talked usually of politics and books when

they were not exchanging memories. They had both read Darwin and had a great admiration for Tyndall. Some of my father's orthodox Catholic friends were disturbed over his absorption in *The Origin of Species*, and his admiration for Carlyle and *Sartor Resartus*. My father, I think, found his style difficult: he said it was involved,—with an adjective. He very frequently used adjectives without being conscious of it: it was part of the picturesqueness of his conversation. He enjoyed *Tristram Shandy* with a half-ashamed enjoyment: and he knew Shakespeare, and Dickens; indeed, in a very busy life, he read all that came to his hand or had it read to him. He liked to be read asleep at night and we took turns at that, but he was the most difficult person to get quite asleep. Half-a-dozen times the reader would extinguish the light and go stealing softly away only to be recalled before the door closed. It was his love of company, I think. He could not bear to be alone, even when he slept.

There was a paper called the *Nation* in those days, not so good as it had been, but my father loved it because of its traditions. It had been the organ of Davis and the '48 men. Under A. M. Sullivan and T. D. Sullivan it still encouraged the poets. There were two of these bards introduced to my father by Peter. One was like Peter himself, a reformed toper,—not quite so reformed as Peter, for he still had relapses. When he was after a bout, he wrote temperance poems. They were not as good as his more Anacreontic ones. Over all the years I remember a verse of one:—

> Cast the fatal cup aside
> Not for one day but forever.
> Death and shame therein abide
> As sure as in a poisoned river.

Peter and my father used to discuss such poetry gravely with the poet and all three discussed the

other man's. I have forgotten his name. Peter used to refer to him as Friend Murphy or whatever his name was. He too, I think, had the drink habit at intervals, but when my father used to say in his grand way, "And now, gentlemen, what refreshment shall I have the honour of providing you with?" he would answer wistfully:—

> "Water for me, bright water for me
> Oh water, bright water, pure water for me."

This second poet was a shoemaker by profession, and my father's tribute to his poetry was to order shoes for all the family to be made by the poetic hands. The poet-shoemaker used beautiful soft leather; and the shoes made with hardly any sewings, looked the perfection of comfort. But they pinched somewhere in every case. My father was the last to wear the poet's shoes. He insisted that they were comfortable till a bunion began to appear, when he damned the poet and his shoes; but he was mollified by the poet's excuse that the insteps of the family were so abnormally high as to make fitting a difficulty. My father liked that because the high instep connoted breeding.

Since his interest in politics was for the ideal, the Land League touched him not at all. It had no romantic appeal for him. Indeed, I think he was a Conservative at heart. Various politicians visited us from time to time. I remember that he and I went to see Michael Davitt when he was in Kilmainham Jail, on my initiative, I am pretty sure. Davitt said he would pay us his first visit when he was released, and kept his word. My father took the chair at various political meetings in the neighbourhood. But a real new interest came into his life when I began to make literary and political friends—they were almost synonymous in Ireland.

Before this time he had paid joyously twenty pounds for the publication of my first volume of

poems, as joyously as he sent me a cheque to buy myself a Redfern coat when I was in London, and visiting at various notable houses.

I had already made friends in Dublin in whose friendship he shared. First Father Matthew Russell, through him Dr and Mrs Atkinson and Rosa Mulholland, Dr Sigerson and the Yeatses.

Dr Atkinson had at one time been proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* and he was still on the Committees and Boards of Governors of various Catholic institutions. That was still a day when the difference between Catholics and Protestants in Dublin was mainly a social one: still the Catholic upper, middle and professional classes had a way of standing apart as though in an enclosed garden. It was not that they willed it but that circumstances made it so. Few Irish Protestants were to be met with at the house of people like the Atkinsons, where the atmosphere was one of fine cultivation and an ascetically high-mindedness and dignity. One met there friends from Oxford and Cambridge who would have been unaware of that strange aloofness between the creeds, but there was one brilliant and arresting personality an honoured guest there, in the person of Dr Shaw of Trinity College, scholar, don, editor, wit, — a first cousin of Bernard Shaw and markedly like him in mind. Dr Shaw's being a Protestant set no barrier between him and the Atkinsons. He was pretty constantly to be found at their board.

Dr Atkinson, a dear, lovable old boy, well on in the seventies, delighted in my father. When we dined there he was always in a sense the guest of honour. Every one listened to him and made much of him. Another person to appreciate him was Madame Belloc, a close friend of Mrs Atkinson's, whom we met first at that kind house, with her daughter, Marie, a charming round-faced girl then, with beautiful skin and hair, fine open eyes, and the

calm and considering gaze of the eyes which are widely apart. I have seen few more charming sights than the Marie Belloc of those days, singing, to the banjo suspended round her white neck by a broad blue ribbon, delicious French songs.

After I came back from my first long visit to London, which cost my father a pretty penny since it lasted four months and I went about a good deal, he decided that it was time I should have a room of my own in which to receive my visitors, so I had a room allotted to me, but it was not until two years later,—I had spent the Winter and Spring of 1885-6 in England extending my circle and coming to know among others the Rossettis,—that he set about giving me such a room as I desired and he thought I deserved. W. B. Yeats meanwhile had come to be of my friends in the Summer of 1885, but my going away in the Autumn had held up that and a good many Irish friendships.

Those were very good years, the latter years of the 'Eighties, when I had come to make friends with the writers and artists who in those years were so busy in Dublin. My father had been immensely proud of my beginnings as a writer. All the happy things that came to me we shared together. I can remember reading the interesting letters and the reviews of my first volume of poems to him while he shaved, and recall how his blue eyes beamed at me, bright above the lather. I suppose I had to run to him with my sheaves without waiting for a more decorous moment.

It was then he decreed that I must have a room in which to receive my friends, or rather that the room I had was not good enough for that purpose and had to be fittingly adorned. It was one of the little bedrooms of the old cottage in which I had lain fearfully, near a score of years earlier, listening to the roaring of Young Leviathan in the orchard.

The room had certainly been rather dark, with its

small, deep-set window high in the wall and the shadow of the deep thatched roof over it. He had a great belief in light: he never could endure the half-drawn blinds which we thought contributed to a pretty interior: I have never known the man who could. As soon as he entered a room up would go the blinds. So the deep window of small panes was done away with. Out went a big bow-window which doubtless swore at the ancient cottage, but at least admitted air and light. That done we went in search of paint and paper, and found an accommodating decorator on Bachelor's Walk who was quite pleased to talk to us for hours at a time. It must have been an infinitely leisurely Dublin. Once my father had taken out his pipe and tobacco-pouch, had rammed in the tobacco with a finger deeply stained, and lit up, time passed in a happy oblivion. I learnt more about wall-papers and the mural decoration of houses in these talks than one small head could contain. My father was infinitely pleased when at last we decided on a blue paper with a dado of lilies in pots,—very like, if not quite Morris paper. Then he had to find me a blue carpet sprinkled with roses, which he did, with gold-coloured curtains and blinds to match. I think most of the vendors were deeply interested in my room. I'm sure we talked enough about it, and we never lacked for sympathy. My father said that no lady's room was complete without a mirror: so a mirror had to be found, it was one of the tall gilt-framed mirrors which the æstheticism of the day abhorred: so we compromised on having the frame of the mirror painted blue to match the woodwork of the room. There were more little lines of gilding about the woodwork of doors and windows than my artistic friends absolutely approved, but it was all very bright and pretty, and the work was done by a man who loved doing it, such men my father was always attracting to himself, great characters of working-men, with a literary or poetic streak to them.

I forget his name now, but he was as little like the ordinary English artisan as could well be imagined. It was Summer weather and he enjoyed to the full the beautiful days in the country. While he papered and painted I was in and out all day long, watching his progress. He did his day's work on the room and then he would turn in and paint anything in the house that needed painting and it wasn't an Irish house to be out of the want of paint: and we had much talk of politics and books and people long gone and the old movements in which he had taken a part. When my father came in from the business of the day he joined in the talk. There were wonderful old men in those days.

The painter brought his grandson, Georgie, to get the benefit of the country air and sunshine. I suppose they must have lived in one of the cottages. I've forgotten about that, but Georgie, a pale anæmic town-child was about the place all day long. Once my father discovered him pensively pouring water from a watering-pot on a sick turkey, too dispirited to get out of the way of the shower.

Georgie's excuse made my father roar with laughter.

"I were waterin' her because she had a great hate (*i.e.* heat) in her back," said this Washington of five years old.

I don't know how long that painting and papering took. I connect it with June, and the roses climbing about the windows, the curtains softly blowing in the Summer air, the birds singing, and everything sweetly-smelling: and with July and the July lilies outside the window and the heavy heat. Again I am sure there was infinite leisure and the work probably took nearly all Summer. To be sure, when he had painted all manner of things in the house, he went on to the garden-seats. He liked painting a bust of Shakespeare, on which some of us had tried our prentice-hands. I can see him shaking his head

sorrowfully as he looked at it. "That's terrible coorse paint," he said: "I doubt I'll ever get him to look what he ought to look." But at last the job was done and our man, with Georgie, went back sorrowfully to Dublin.

Then there were Liberty cretonnes to cover the furniture and that work was done by another misplaced genius. This one was called Joe. My father knew them all by their Christian names. Joe was very gentle and a dreamer, but a good workman when free from his temptations. I think one of my father's reasons for employing him was that "it kept the poor devil out of the way of drink." All went well till he departed one day, taking with him a beautiful piece of gold-coloured silk which I had intended for a *portière* to be fitted for a rod or some such excuse. He never came back and the silk disappeared with him, but my father, though a little ashamed of his *protégé*, had never a hard word for him.

"The poor devil!" he said, "I suppose the thirst for drink was on him."

Afterwards there had to be china, and my father and I went to auctions at which I bought pretty well what I pleased. Our purchases included a tea service of old Crown Derby: Dublin was full of beautiful things after the breaking-up of the big houses, following the storm of the Land League. There were many other things, and one day we bought some books, all nobly bound in purple and gilt-tooled crushed morocco,—books worthy of the binding too.

When all was done and the rich colours and gilding of the china gleamed in the corner cupboards, and my books were housed in a couple of tall old bookcases, I was not better pleased than my father was. I doubt that he ever had had a much happier time than over the making of that room. He loved the room. Often when he came home tired from fair or market I would find him, after an absence,

fast asleep in the big arm-chair he called Molly Ryder. It had belonged to an old woman of that name who had died very rich and he had bought it at her auction. He could remember her sitting in it in extreme old age. He never ceased to lament the rashness on his part which had sent the chair to be repaired without waiting to examine it carefully, for he was sure it had contained hidden hoards which must have made someone rich. It was the romantic in him which made him think of treasure.

Yet when there was an advertisement in the newspapers for the heirs of a man of his name who had died intestate in Australia he refused to handle the thing. He was very secretive about it, but I heard from another source long afterwards that he had had a relative transported for sheep-stealing. That he would have thought a blot on the family 'scutcheon. His degenerate daughters would not have minded if there had been money in it. And—after all—sheep-stealing! Why it was a venial, almost an honourable crime.

When my room was finished, with a dog on the hearth-rug—I never think a room really perfect unless it has a dog on the hearth-rug,—it was a huge delight to three of us, my father, myself, and the dog, who was Pat, my St Bernard. My father always gave me my dogs. He used to say to people —"I can't see what she sees in them. Now, I never cared for dogs, yet they had always a terrible fondness for me. She'd spoil the best dog that ever lived."

He always said it with a naïve and humorous pride.

When I got caught into the little Literary Movement of the time in Ireland and my friends began to visit me, he was even more of a delight to them than they were to him. I have never known a more charming and urbane host. The young men admired him immensely, and so did the elders, like J. B. Yeats, and Dr Sigerson and Richard Ashe King and others. W. B. Yeats came and A. E. and Douglas Hyde

and the young Johnstons of Ballykilbeg and various politicians and journalists, and English and American and Australian visitors. He and I went to all manner of places together. It was the time of the Union of Hearts between the Gladstonian Liberals and the Irish, and we went to political parties and outings and banquets and all manner of good things. We had begun to live.

There were wonderful parties at the Dublin Mansion House, for the Liberal Home Rulers and their ladies—and many outings. Once it was a wonderful long day at Powerscourt from which we returned under the moon, singing as we came. Once he and I came home from a picnic, not political this time, followed by a dance, at five o'clock of a Summer morning—at least it was five when we got home. We had driven through a sleeping country, under a foggy dew that blotted out the fields and the mountains, and hid the grazing cattle, though we could hear them blowing great breaths through their nostrils: the dew hung on our hair and eyelashes, and drip-dripped till suddenly the sun leaped through it and the fog began to drift away, leaving a soaking wet sweet world of new hay and the May blossom.

That was an Ireland in which it was joy to be alive.

But I am not sure that our greatest moment did not come with the Parnell Split. He was away on a round of fairs when the great betrayal came. I had been reading the report of the proceedings in Committee Room 15, with feverish excitement, and unable to settle to anything, had been pacing to-and-fro, to-and-fro, longing for his return.

He came at last.

"What are we going to do, Kate?" he asked. "Do you think he ought to resign, as they say, and come back after a while?"

"Never!" I cried and banged my fist on the table. "We stick to our Chief!"

"I think you're right, love," he said. "We'll stand by him."

Then came the crowded hour of glorious life which was to end ten months later in deepest shadow. One lived hard in those days. It was well worth an age without a name. The record of those days I have written in my *Twenty-Five Years:* how we received him when he came back to Dublin with such a passion of loyalty as uplifted him and us from the dull earth.

> There's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee! Thou hast great allies.
> Thy friends are exultations: agonies,
> And love and man's unconquerable mind.

Well—as I write this, Mr Timothy Healy is Governor General of Ireland, but—we lived once, greatly, and we were proud.

Those were the days when the literary gatherings became political, and for the matter of that the political gatherings became literary. Politics predominated now at our Sunday symposia. John O'Leary, the old Fenian Chief, was by this time one of us. How we used to talk at that Whitehall dinner-table, Sunday after Sunday! I don't think we could have listened: our pulses were beating too hard for that. I am sure we all talked together.

All those Summer Sundays of 1891 my father was off at peep o' day to the great meetings which Parnell was holding all over the country—the dying lion at bay. He used to get back in the evening, sometimes before the visitors left, and there would be silence while he told the happenings of the day, silence, and flashing of eyes and clenching of hands and stormy indignation and love and delight. Oh, it was worth the living, even with what was to come after.

Heaven help the unfortunate Anti-Parnellite who happened to stray into those gatherings. He or she did not get much chance of stating or defending his or her views. But they very seldom came.

Indeed I can only remember one such unhappy visitant and she was not at all militant. She did not get much chance to be, and she came no more.

Ireland, as I have said elsewhere, had been strangely puritanical up to that time. The Parnell Divorce Case loosened the somewhat unnatural silence that was responsible for the danger of ignorance. Prior to that time Irish girls were brought up as though there was no such thing as sex in the world. I can remember grown-up, even mature women who were embarrassingly ignorant of the origin of life. Up to that time a divorce-case would never have been discussed in a mixed company. Now tongues wagged fast enough and no one was scandalised. I daresay the change was all to the good: anyhow it was inevitable. I can remember John O'Leary roaring: "Good God in Heaven," it was his favourite ejaculation and there was no intention of profanity in it—"Did any sane country ever throw over a leader for gallantry?" No one thought of blushing.

My father was innocently prudish where women were concerned, especially the women of his own family. I can remember his face of half-shy, half-roguish apology when he wanted to share a good story with me. The stories were of the school boy kind, and were often examples of his own wit, which he could not bear to keep to himself. He might have prefaced them, as another friend of mine used to—"I'm afraid, Katherine, this story is a little on the jocose side." The stories were as innocent as their tellers: but it was strange to see my father presiding over those impassioned discussions, too fiery to bother about over-niceness.

I like to think of him in those great days, sitting in the middle of the "young fellows," as he used to call them, in the dining-room at Whitehall after the big mid-day meal. He loved to sit in the midst of the argument, looking from one face to the other, applauding, objecting, interjecting, especially elated

if the speaker happened to be related to him or likely to be.

I have said I often came home to my pretty room to find him asleep in his arm-chair before the fire. He would be off to fair or market at four o'clock in the morning. Later on, after my marriage, when I revisited my old home it always struck me as a pitiful thing to hear him being called in the dark of the morning by Tommy Merrigan, one of his men. The calling would go on patiently perhaps for a hour before he could be got sufficiently awake to rise. He was then seventy or more. It seemed so sad that he should not have a son to take his place: but he never had a son to take his place.

It must have been a terrible blow to him when I married and went to live in London, though he facilitated me in every possible way. During those first years of our separation he used to run over to London when he could endure the absence no longer and he came unannounced. I remember the sudden rat-tat-tat at the hall-door of a Summer morning about 7 o'clock, he having come by the night-mail and driven across from Willesden. Golden days! One wonders why one was ever discontented then.

I will not dwell upon him when he was old; when to go to see him always meant a poignancy of parting, when he would pray for one more day, pray hard for it, no matter how long one stayed. At least he knew me happy and in safe keeping, and that was a happiness to him.

He was so strong: and all men were his brothers. I have so many stories of him, but I have tried as far as possible not to cover the same ground as I did in *Twenty-five Years*. He had an abundant sense of humour. He had a keen sense of the oddities and absurdities of the people about him. He could tell a story against himself as long as he made the laugh, but he could not endure being laughed at: and he never forgave anyone who wounded his dignity.

An American visitor to us about 1887, Mr George Pellew, who afterwards wrote a book on his Irish experiences, devoted some delightful pages to a drive he had with my father, who used to fetch my visitors from the steam tram on Sunday mornings and take them a mountain drive to show them the country while awaiting the hour of the big early afternoon Sunday dinner. The American described my father as "A massive man. He was dressed in a navy blue serge made of the wool of his own sheep. He had a magnificent Landor-like forehead: and his face was one large smile." It could be one large frown or one tempest, for his anger was stormy. He swore like the Tudors, in peace as well as in anger, but his anger even was dignified, though it came in violent gusts. Very often it was for a just cause. I have told how he came near killing a boy who had over-driven his bullocks; and another time it was one who had got drunk and driven his horse on to a steep bank where cart and horse overturned. We came upon that one morning as we drove early to town, he and I. The man, still in his cups, was lying between the horse's feet, the horse being pinned down by the heavy cart. They had been there for many hours, the horse making no effort to get up because he must have crushed the man. I think that attachment and the knowledge that it was reciprocated saved the man from the last violence of my father's anger. The same man was found between the same horse's feet many a morning in the stable, and the horse always saved him lying motionless for his sake.

But no one ever bore my father malice for anything he might do in his tempestuous tempers.

In W. B. Yeats's *A Knight of the Sheep* there is some kind of portraiture of my father, probably mixed with so much fancy that it is him only in part.

My father had a liking for all sorts of wandering men. The truculent tramp or beggar was afraid of him perhaps because he was so absolutely fearless. He

waged a long war with the Tinkers, *i.e.*, the Irish gipsies who are Christians, though they don't always go to church, but the Church christens and marries and buries them.

There was a big Tinker who used to wander about the County Dublin, carrying the wherewithal for an encampment, with a drove of asses, a few mules, a number of mongrel dogs, and I presume a wife and children, though I cannot remember them. I cannot remember the encampment either, but it must have been there.

Anyhow, there were incessant flurries when my father discovered the Tinker's asses on his young grass. The asses were as Tinkeresque as their owners, and it was almost impossible to turn them out or drive them off. The Tinkers used to open the gates of my father's best fields for the asses, turn them in, close the gate upon them and go home with an easy conscience to a happy sleep.

My father had a great idea of "Living and letting live." He was very slow to invoke the aid of the law against his humbler neighbours, even the Tinkers. A day came when he was earlier abroad than the Tinkers and discovered that the asses had been committing terrible depredations, or he was perhaps liverish or something, so off went all the asses to the pound, as soon as reinforcements could line them up.

Presently arrived the big Tinker, more in sorrow than in anger.

"I'd never have thought it of you," he said. "You was always a good neighbour. Now, how am I goin' to get me little asses out o' the pound."

"That's for yourself to consider, Joe," my father said. "I should say by paying for them. It's the four hundredth trespass since January : my land might as well be a Commons."

"Let ye gimme the money to get th' asses out," said Joe, not questioning the accuracy of my father's numbers. I suspect indeed that my father had not

kept a tally. "The divil a penny I've got to pay for them. Ye wouldn't be keepin' me out o' me little asses, now would ye?"

In the result my father paid. He never could resist a roguish impudence like the Tinker's.

In the same way he paid the fine of a workman of his own whom he had summoned for abusive and threatening language and for frightening the women and children in an adjoining cottage to his own. The woman had said that Tommy's language was "laborious" and that she wouldn't repeat it for "goold or di'monds."

He was given the option of a fine or a term of imprisonment. He had no money to pay the fine, of course.

"Maybe ye'd pay it for me, Sir," he said, turning hopefully to my father. "Sure I'd drink taken. Ye wouldn't be blamin' me sober for that I done drunk!"

Again my father paid. I heard of Tommy's marriage in this way: I had come over from England on a visit to my old home and, hunched up by the kitchen-door into the yard, in the familiar attitude of the Irish pensioner, a shawl over her head, I recognised an old friend.

"It's Biddy Doyle, isn't it?" said I.

"I've changed me name," said she mournfully. "I wonder they didn't tell you I'd no more sense nor to marry a terrible wild drunken card from the mountains!"

So quite accurately she described Tommy.

You might find my father any day at all talking to a beggar and exchanging views with him. Once after such a talk he said to the beggar:

"You say you can't find work. Take that fork there: go in to that shed: it needs cleaning out. I'll give you a shilling for an hour's work."

"The fellow looked at me," he reported, "with a grin. Then he turned about and he pointed towards Dublin. 'D'ye see that town over there in the smoke?

Well, that town has maybe two or three hundred roads and streets. There'll maybe be thirty houses on an average to aich of them. Maybe wan out o' every three or four houses will be worth tuppence to me—on an average. D'ye see, guv'nor? To hell with your fork and your shillin' an' your dirty job.'"

"I was so pleased by the damned philosophy of the fellow," said my father, telling the tale, "that I threw him the shilling and he went off laughing."

That was fair and square, something he could understand and appreciate.

I used to warn him against his tempestuous rages, telling him they were bad for his heart. He would answer me with a tale of how despondency had seized on him after my sister Mary's death; how he was fast sinking into a bad state of health: how, going miserably along the streets one Winter afternoon he was snowballed, which he did not object to, being a sportsman; but one snowballer had had the wickedness to hide a jagged stone in the snowball. It caught my father's forehead inflicting a bad cut; but he had marked the youth who had flung the snowball. He was on to him in a second and was shaking him like a rat, might have shaken the life out of him indeed if the onlookers had not intervened. "I was my own man again after that," he used to end up with.

He could not bear to be had. Once he was had by a tale of privation and brought food with his own hands to feed the starving man. It was spurned by the lusty beggar who bade him give it to his dog, saying it was money he wanted. My father seized the first handy weapon which happened to be a hay-fork. The insolent beggar forgot to shamble for once. He did the distance between the yard and the gate-lodge in record time. Meanwhile my father had relinquished the pursuit, laughing, but the ruffian still felt the prongs of the fork in his back and ran without looking round to see if the pursuit continued. Meeting some of my visitors outside the gate he said:

"There's a madman in that place and I've only just escaped with my life: if I was yez I wouldn't face him."

Once he came home from a fair and we told him a tale of how we—there were only two girls of us—and the women servants, had been terrified by a big tramp who had come in, seized upon the kitchen wag-by-the-wall clock, which had not gone within living memory, and insisted upon cleaning and winding it, as he said. He had demanded an exorbitant sum for this service at first, but coming down by degrees, had finally offered to take twopence as an instalment. After expressing, with much spitting, his loathing for a house of so much outward prosperity which did not afford more than tuppence—I believe we were almost penniless for some reason that day—he had said that he would come back at six o'clock for the rest of his wage and we had seen him depart with untold relief.

My father was having his tea in the sort of hall-room we called the parlour when the ruffian swaggered in at the kitchen door, roaring like a Bull of Bashan for his money. There had been no men about the yard all day, since it was high Summer and hay-making, and the place could be very lonely in these circumstances.

I was presiding over my father's tea when we heard the arrival. He had listened to the tale of the bandit with intense indignation, being of the old race of men who were up in arms if a woman needed protection.

He was out like a flash and full-tilt into the ruffian.

"Are you the scoundrel that's been frightening my womenkind?" he shouted.

The tramp waited to hear no more. My father had an extraordinary way of inspiring fear in such a ruffian, as he had in a dangerous animal.

I can remember a day when I interviewed a

strange person. I had come out of my pretty room at the sound of a trembling knock at the hall-door as I often did, since the house wandered so much that very often a knock was unheard by those whose duty it was to open to it. A man in seedy black, with shifty, watery eyes, was holding my hand in a fervent clasp, while he repeated over and over to himself in varying tones of ecstasy: "Her very image! Her very image!"

He meant that I was the image of my mother. He was a hopeless kind of reprobate of whom I had heard before, who had come down from a dignified position to be an outcast.

Next he was asking me if I was not glad to see him and embarking on quite apocryphal anecdotes of my childhood, still holding fast to my hand. Once more it was a haymaking day and my father was in the fields. The visitor had probably ascertained that fact before knocking at the hall-door.

"Would a half-crown be any good to you?" I asked, wrenching my hand from him with a great effort.

"As a matter of fact I've bought forty sheep," said he, "and I've got to pay an instalment. My cheque-book has unfortunately not arrived. Couldn't you make it a little more?"

I had the half-crown in my fist, for I had viewed him through the coloured panes of the upper part of the hall-door, and had concluded that half-a-crown would get rid of him.

While he wheedled, with a threat under the wheedling, I heard a sound always welcome to me—how often I had listened for it at night!—the sound of the trotting feet of my father's little pony coming fast.

My father shouted at something or somebody. The wastrel listened like a frightened hare.

"Don't tell him I was here," he said, with chattering teeth. "Not till I get away, anyhow."

He grabbed at the half-crown and went off at the long shambling trot of the tramp, calling back softly as he went: "This shall be returned in stamps." Needless to say it never was returned.

My father smiled grimly when he heard the tale.

"Let me catch him here again," he said.

He was only a terror to the evil doer and not always to him.

Sometimes his whimsical sense saved the situation for him in difficult circumstances. He had had a rick of hay burnt. I think malicious injury had to be proved, and the Insurance Company was ready to pay him down on that ground on condition he went afterwards to the County. He was really greatly amused when the small son of one of his workmen confessed with his knuckles in his eyes: "It were me. I just 'truck a match on a 'tone."

Somewhere about the period of the South African War—it would have been the time the Tinker's asses went to "Roadaisy"—he announced to me one day that two young Army officers had just bought a mule from him. I said in surprise, "But wasn't the mule very old?"

He took the everlasting pipe out of his mouth, gazed reflectively at the distant view and said, in the manner of the Saga:

"Farrell Fox of the Green Hills died the other day, a very old man. And Farrell Fox's father died before him a very old man. And when Farrell Fox's father was a very young man none living remembered the age of that mule."

He was much amused about that time by my story of the Big Tinker and Johnny Nolan. Johnny Nolan was a handy-man who was engaged just then in building a house for my father. I don't think he was a very good handy-man and he was terribly deliberate, so deliberate that we all felt and said that it would be much better and cheaper in the end to employ skilled

workmen. But my father had a real liking for Johnny and endless patience with him.

It would have been about the time when the Tinker's asses went to the pound.

It was an Autumn evening and I had been out for a walk. Any of us who passed that road of the house that Johnny was building usually turned in to see what progress was made, though indeed you'd have to take a magnifying glass to see it.

I was arrested on the threshold by the big Tinker's voice.

"Ye h'ard what he done to me—shut me little asses on me in the pound from me, so he did."

"Bad work!" said Johnny, with a groan.

"That's a terrible hard man," said the Tinker.

"Hard as nails," said Johnny, with enthusiasm.

"A terrible hard man to the poor," said the Tinker.

"It's thrue for you!" sighed Johnny Nolan, who had at that moment two month's wages in advance in his pocket and did the work or didn't do it just as he liked.

The chorus went on till I had had my fill of eavesdropping and went on my way. When I repeated the conversation to my father he smiled a smile of infinite humour. I could never see that it made any difference in his appreciation of Johnny.

I have spoken of his infinite leisureliness, the leisureliness which sometimes goes with a strenuous life. Business had a way of becoming pleasure with him. He was always ready for a talk. The police would call about something or other—the old R.I.C. who were so typical of Ireland, whom we shall miss like many other types. I never knew them as anything but soft and kindly, very good to look at, very well-mannered and with a brogue you could hang your hat on. They were always a source of joy. I can remember the fearful embarrassment of a young constable when we went to take out our dog-licences and the sex of the dog had to be filled in. Covered

with blushes he offered to do it for us. The result was most amusing. He *would* put "Lady" after such a dog as Jack, a kennel-terrier, a famous ratter, and such a dog for fights that hardly an inch of the original skin—not sin—remained; a dog of a masculine personality that hit you in the eye: while Flossie, a little, silken female, went down as "Dog." Nothing on earth would induce anybody who was at all respectable in the Ireland of that day to mention the proper designation of the female dog. Years afterwards the Constabulary were caused untold suffering by a downright person accompanying me, who *would* use the proper designation.

Well, the Army of No Occupation, as Tom Kettle called it, in those old kindly days was a godsend to my father. When the sergeant and a constable, or perhaps two, came to see my father on some small business and the decanter was produced, it was always a long sitting.

Other people he found pleasure in, strangely enough, were tax-collectors. My father was never in a hurry to pay his taxes, especially his Income Tax, which he loathed. After the "Third Application" and "Fourth Application," and finally red ink, which were really matters of form, for he knew he would not get it that way, the tax-collector took a day off for collecting. If my father happened to be absent we had him to meals all day long. I have a memory of hot Summer days, the smell of jam in the making, and the tax-collector fast asleep on the drawing-room sofa. When my father appeared he would begin by cursing the Income Tax and all taxes, the collector cordially agreeing. Next they wandered off into general talk over a glass of whiskey. It would be a very long talk, full of reminiscences of days and people gone by. At the end of the talk my father would suddenly and easily call for his pen and ink and his cheque book, write his cheque, and he and the tax-collector would part in a glow of mutual goodwill.

There was a time when my father had taken on Government Contracts, and, practically unaided, was fighting against rising markets everywhere. He dropped a huge proportion of the earnings of his lifetime in that calamitous year. At the blackest moment came a demand for increased Income Tax, because of his supposed new channel of earnings. He blamed the Income Tax collector, not the one he liked who used to come and lie on the sofa, but a grey, anxious man, upon whom, obviously, the world pressed hardly. In an interview at what served for his office my father told the tax-collector what he thought of him, and he did not leave much unsaid; he was in a towering rage; and the tax-collector protesting was in an equal rage, only feebler, he being a feebler person. After that interview the relations between them were more than strained. The tax-collector stood on the doorstep with his applications. I rather imagine that he spent much less of his time in getting the money than the others of the social gifts, but my father used to throw him the cheque as though he was an importunate beggar, soliloquising to himself the while on what motive made a man choose to be a tax-collector when he might be a decent scavenger.

This went on for a time. Then we heard that the tax-collector's son, a young man of remarkable promise who was doing brilliantly in the Government Service, was dead. I could see that my father softened at the tale. He would have liked to have a son he could be proud of.

One day the tax-collector called. I put him into my little room. The change in him was harrowing. Having got him into a comfortable chair by the fire I went to my father. I said:

"So-and-so is here for his cheque. He looks heart-broken. He is in my room. Hadn't you better go and ask him to have a drink?"

"I will do that, Kate," he said.

I sent in the decanter and glasses. I was not present at any part of the interview, but it was quite a long one and it ended in reconciliation. My father had a blur on his eyes when he came out side by side with the tax-collector and walked with him to the gate; he had been hearing about the dead son.

That tax-collector fades out of the picture. I think he had only an unsubstantial hold on life. The one my father liked best had a fine Norman name. He knew my father's ways perfectly and never bullied him over the taxes.

In time he went and was succeeded by a man with a very Welsh name, something like David Caradoc Griffith Jones. He did not understand my father's ways and his applications were on an ascending scale of urgency and annoyance at the deaf ear and blind eye my father turned to all the applications. At last he called and found my father at home. On making his demand in a bellicose way my father answered him with a blandness, which covered extreme ferocity, that he did not propose to pay any more Income Tax, and that the tax-collector could put that in his pipe and smoke it.

"I paid your predecessor because he was a decent fellow," he ended up, "but I shall not pay you, now or ever."

The collector was aghast. He had never known anyone before who refused to pay their Income Tax. While he gasped and spluttered my father, with something of a battering-ram force bundled him out of the house.

A day or two later an outside car drew up in front of the house. There was a rat-tat on the hall-door, and in stepped the tax-collector with the Norman name. My father was at home and welcomed him with enthusiasm. They sat down in a fine glow of good feeling and the decanter and glasses were produced. The talk flowed for a while. Then the friendly tax-collector came to the point.

"Now, what's this you've got into your head about poor Jones?" he asked feelingly. "He's a decent fellow and a new man, and if he doesn't do at least as well as me in getting in the money it will be a black mark against him."

"So that's what you've come for!" said my father bitterly. "Then I'll tell you to your teeth I'll never pay a penny to that dashed insolent puppy of a Welshman."

"Welshman! Is it poor Jones? He can't help his name, but he's no more a Welshman than you or me,—or at least they've been here long enough to wash the Welshman out of them. Isn't he a son of old Owen Jones that married Dora Kelly above in Ballinascorney Gap?"

"Owen Jones's son!" said my father jumping to his feet. "Didn't I dance at his mother's wedding? and wasn't Dora an old sweetheart of my own? I declare to God I'm sorry I was so short with the lad. Why I might have been his father."

"That's all right," the other man said. "He's waiting outside on the car. It's a cold day to be sitting on an outside car, and people enjoying themselves within."

"Five minutes ago," said my father, "I'd have let him freeze to the bone before he'd have got a drop of my whiskey: and he Dora Kelly's son! She had the bluest eyes and the blackest hair and the whitest skin a woman ever had! This chap's fair."

"That's nothing against him. The Joneses were all fair."

But my father was hurrying out to shake David Caradoc Griffith Jones by the hand and to ask after his mother and to apologise for calling him a damned Welshman. While he wrote the cheque for the Income Tax he cracked jokes with the two collectors; and so all ended well, and Mr Jones became of the fraternity of friendly tax-collectors.

I will not dwell on the years of his decline: they

were not many, happily. He was so strong, so virile, that old age seemed in him an indignity, an injury, not a thing to be accepted happily in which to be "lovely as a Lapland night" or "like a lusty Winter, frosty but kindly." He was before his time, and his imagination was a stumbling block to him so far as his business went. He loved his land as a man loves his wife and children. He poured money into it till the grass was about your knees on the hardest day in Winter. It could never give him back what he poured into it, and it was a curious irony of fate that all the richness went to make an ærodrome and a camp. I think the wealth of the grass must be always bursting up through the trampled ground as the heather came up in "The Heather Field."

He left a memory behind him. People said he was part of the country and that the country was lonely without him and the little feet of his pony coming trotting along the roads under the mountains.

The first time the daughter who succeeded him found the Tinkers' asses on the new grass she talked to them with something of his energy.

"Go on!" they said. "You'll never be what he was. He hasn't left anyone behind him half as good a man."

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